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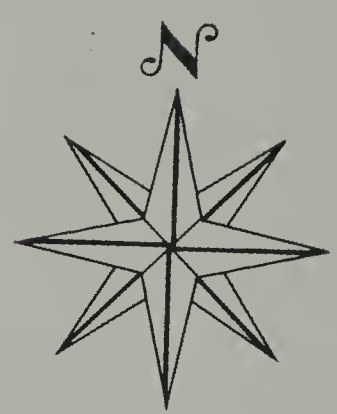

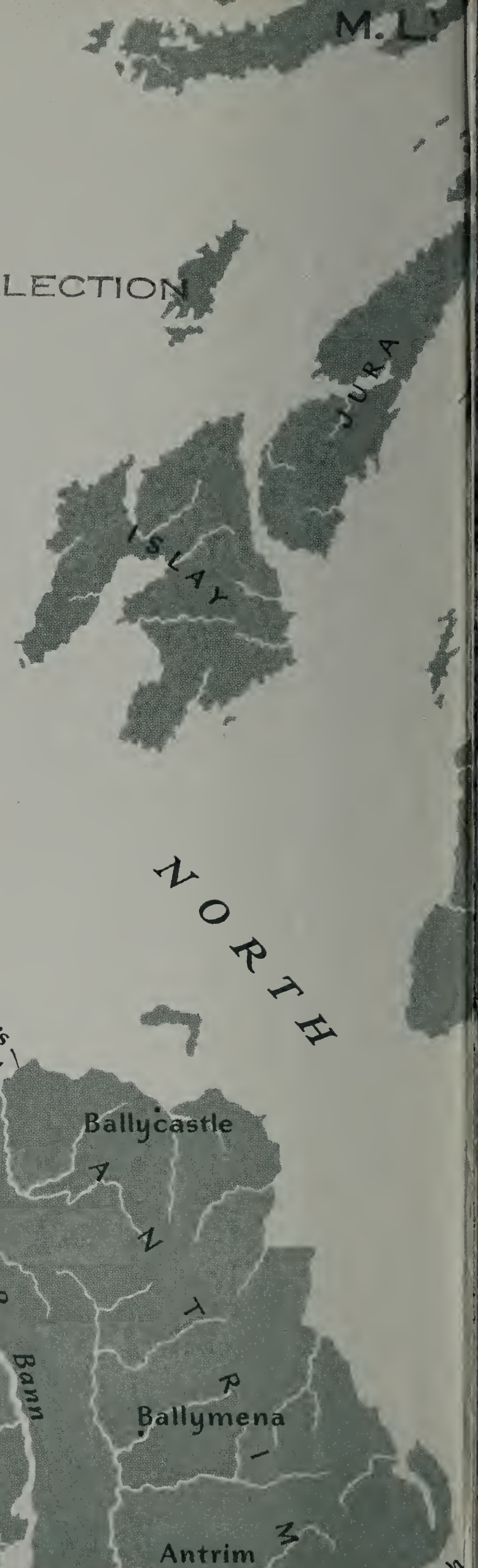

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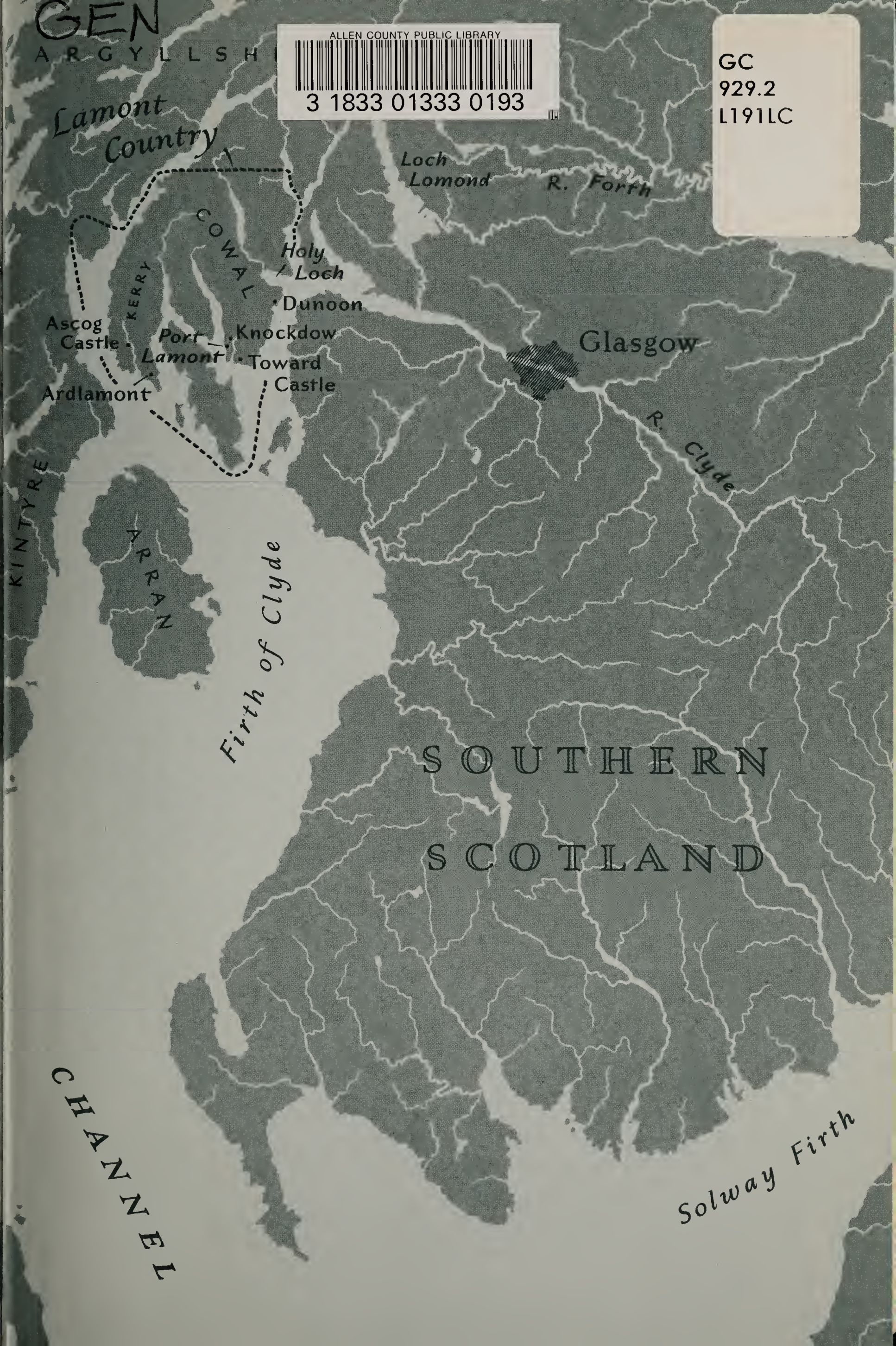

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THE THOMAS LAMONT FAMILY

The Lamont Coat of Arms.

THE THOMAS LAMONT FAMILY

by

Reverend Thomas Lamont
Thomas William Lamont
Thomas Stilwell Lamont
Corliss Lamont
Margaret Lamont Heap

with Recollections and Poems *by*
John Masefield

EDITED BY CORLISS LAMONT

HORIZON PRESS NEW YORK 1962

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TO THE LAMONTS – PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

CONTENTS

Preface by Corliss Lamont

PART I THE LAMONT FAMILY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
by Reverend Thomas Lamont

page 9 Introduction
13 Background of the Lamonts
35 The Lamonts in Charlotteville, New York
65 The Reverend Thomas Lamont and His Times
137 The Jayne and Ferguson Families

PART II A LAMONT REUNION IN 1876
151 Report by Reverend Thomas Lamont
153 Two Poems Read at the Reunion
157 Comments by Thomas William Lamont

PART III THOMAS WILLIAM LAMONT AND FLORENCE CORLISS LAMONT
165 A Memoir of My Father and Mother
by Corliss Lamont

193 A Memoir of Palisades
by Margaret Lamont Heap

203 Phillips Exeter Board of Trustees Resolution on Thomas W. Lamont

205 Statements on the Death of Florence C. Lamont

PART IV RECOLLECTIONS AND POEMS
by John Masefield

209 Some Memories of Thomas William Lamont and Florence Corliss Lamont

221 The Western Hudson Shore

229 To the Great Friends in Lifetime

PART V OF THE FAMILY PAST
231 by Thomas Stilwell Lamont

APPENDIX

278 Clan Lamont Names and Septs
Foldout Family Tree

ILLUSTRATIONS

Frontispiece: The Lamont Coat of Arms

(Following page 166):

1. The Reverend Thomas Lamont
2. Thomas William Lamont
3. Florence C. Lamont and Dwight D. Eisenhower, 1950
4. The Thomas W. Lamonts and guests on board the *S. S. Saturnia*, 1931
5. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont, with their children and grandchildren, at North Haven, Maine
6. Aerial view of Pulpit Harbor, Maine
7. Thomas William Lamont II
8. Group at former Lamont house at Palisades, New York

PREFACE

BY CORLISS LAMONT

Forty-nine years ago, in 1913, my grandfather, the Reverend Thomas Lamont, then in his 81st year, wrote a brief history of our branch of the Lamont family in the United States. My father, Thomas W. Lamont, edited the manuscript and arranged its publication in a small private edition in 1915, a year before my grandfather's death. This little book had a long title: *A Brief Account of the Life at Charlotteville of Thomas William Lamont and of His Family, together with a Record of His Ancestors, of Their Origin in Scotland and of Their First Coming to America about 1750.*

Since this book has been out of print for many years, we of the present generation thought it would be worth while to publish it again. I joyfully undertook the task of editing the new edition, with certain added material about the Lamonts, especially my father and mother.

To prevent a possible confusion over names, it is to be remembered that there have been three Thomas William Lamonts: The first was my great-grandfather, a merchant and

farmer in Charlotteville, New York. The second was my father, a banker of New York City. And the third was my nephew,* who was named after my father and who gave up his life fighting for his country in 1945 as a Seaman First Class in the war against Japan, when the United States submarine *Snook* went down in the Pacific Ocean. As the citation from President Harry S. Truman said: "He stands in the unbroken line of patriots who have dared to die that freedom might live and grow, and increase its blessings. Freedom lives and through it he lives—in a way that humbles the undertakings of most men."

In his story of the Lamonts, my grandfather states that our first American ancestor, Robert Lamont, was born in Antrim, Northern Ireland (Ulster) in 1720 and emigrated from the nearby port of Coleraine to America about 1745 or 1750. During the summer of 1961 I took a special trip to Northern Ireland, flying from London, to try to find out more about Robert Lamont and to obtain some information as to when his ancestors came to Ireland. Making my headquarters at the capital city of Belfast, I drove several times to Antrim, Coleraine and through the surrounding countryside—a green, undulating, agricultural land made lush by plentiful rain. I also took the longer route to Coleraine over the beautiful highway along the northeast coast from Belfast. From this road I saw splendid views of sea and cliff, and occasionally glimpsed Scotland in the distance.

Coleraine is a city of about 13,000 population and is situated on the small River Bann about four miles from its mouth. Ocean-going vessels come up the river from the sea to large wharfs at Coleraine itself. Looking over the dock area, I

* For an account of young Tommy's life, primarily in the form of letters, essays and poems written by him, see *Things to Be Remembered*, privately printed, 1946.

reflected that perhaps this was the very place where Robert Lamont boarded his sailing ship back in 1750.

Ten miles from Coleraine is the famous "Giant's Causeway," a striking and unusual formation of rock at the edge of the sea. I thoroughly explored the Causeway and took a long walk beyond it on a coastal path that went past huge basalt amphitheatres with remarkable columnar structures resembling great pipe organs. And I wondered whether my ancestors had seen these wonders of Nature, which can have changed but little in the 200-year interlude.

Delving into the matter of parish registries and other local records in Antrim and Coleraine, I found that such documents do not as a rule reach back much further than 1840. Moreover, almost all the records on Ireland in the hands of the British Government were burned in Dublin in 1922 by the Irish Republicans. For these various reasons I was unable to trace with any assurance the background of Robert Lamont's family. In the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland at Belfast I did discover the names of John Lamont and John Lamount on the 1663 Hearthmoney Roll (a list of taxpayers to the Crown) for the town and parish of Coleraine. Either of these gentlemen could have been a forefather of Robert Lamont.

It was after Queen Elizabeth's ruthless subjection of Ireland, 1599-1603, when large sections of Ulster became depopulated, that the Scots, attracted by grants of free and fertile farm land, began to emigrate in considerable numbers to Northern Ireland, especially to the counties of Antrim and Down on the east coast. Religious and political persecution in Scotland, and the fierce clan wars (the big massacre of Lamonts by Campbells took place in 1646*), were also important factors in persuading the Scots to cross the Irish Sea.

Robert Lamont's forebears settled in County Antrim some-

* See pp. 14, 160-161.

time during the seventeenth century, but we do not know exactly where or when. However, early in the eighteenth century economic conditions in Northern Ireland started to deteriorate; and many of the Scotch-Irish decided to go to America to seek new opportunities and a better life. From about 1718 to 1775 some 200,000 of them, probably about one-third of the Protestant population of Ireland, sailed to the New World. These included Robert Lamont, his mother and his two brothers. The large numbers of Catholic Irish who emigrated to the United States during the nineteenth century came for the most part from poverty-stricken sections of Southern Ireland.

While I was in Belfast, I was bold enough to phone, completely out of the blue, Mr. Andrew J. Lamont of Coleraine, one of the forty-seven Lamonts in the Northern Ireland telephone book. I said to him, "This is Mr. Lamont of New York, and I thought you might be able to help me track down my Lamont ancestors." Andrew Lamont was most cordial, told me he had some relatives in the United States, and invited me to come see him at Coleraine.

When I met him a few hours later, he turned out to be a handsome young man of perhaps forty, and a farmer. He took me to his house to meet his wife and children, and gave me a refreshing drink of vodka mixed with orange squash. Then he drove me to the town's two oldest graveyards, in each of which we looked at every single tombstone, hoping to discover a Lamont name relevant to my search. But we had no luck. I am most grateful to Andrew Lamont for his spontaneous kindness and cooperation.

I am also grateful to the Ulster-Scot Historical Society of Belfast and the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland for valuable assistance in my researches. The Public Record staff put me on to one of the best available books for background material, a Ph.D. thesis by Robert James Dickson entitled *An*

Investigation into the Causes, Extent and Character of Emigration from the Northern Ports of Ireland to Colonial America. The author also provides information as to why Scotsmen, especially in the seventeenth century, immigrated to Northern Ireland.

While my trip to Northern Ireland did not disclose all the historical data I had hoped for, I think that nonetheless it was most worth-while. I not only acquired many facts relevant to the life of my ancestors, but also got a vivid impression of the sort of country in which they lived in Ireland. And I came away more keenly aware than ever that the Lamonts of the United States have their origin in both Ireland and Scotland; and that they are part of the great Scotch-Irish fraternity which has played such a significant role in American history for more than two centuries.*

At the back of this book I have appended a family tree in as simplified a form as possible. These charts do not bring out the fact that several Lamont ancestors, on both my father's and mother's side of the family, fought for the cause of independence in the Revolutionary War. For example, my great-great-great grandfather, Elihu Corliss, took part in the Battle of Bunker Hill. Another interesting sidelight is that, on my mother's side, we had as a lineal ancestor William Bradford, 1589-1657, who came to America on the *Mayflower* in 1620 and later became Governor of the Plymouth Colony. He was one of my grandfathers eight generations back, that is, a great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great grandfather.†

A current source of reliable information about Lamonts

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* For information, books and historical documents relating to the Scotch-Irish tradition in America, the reader is referred to two organizations: The Scotch-Irish Foundation and the Scotch-Irish Society of the United States, both located in Philadelphia.

† See *Corliss, Parmelee, and Allied Family Histories, Genealogical and Biographical,* issued under the editorial supervision of Ruth Lawrence, National Americana Publications, Inc., 1942.

throughout the world is the Clan Lamont Society, founded in 1895 and with its headquarters at 65 Bath Street, Glasgow, Scotland. This Society, whose present Chief is Noel Brian Lamont of New South Wales, publishes the *Clan Lamont Journal* once a year and holds a general meeting annually. Any Lamont or person descended from a Lamont can join the Society by paying a small fee. Membership is also open to those belonging to one of the Clan Lamont Septs. A sept is a family group that is related by blood to one of the chief clans, or that has sought, and obtained, its protection.

The detailed and authoritative work about the Lamonts is the 602-page volume, *The Lamont Clan, 1235-1935, Seven Centuries of Clan History from Record Evidence*, by Hector McKechnie (Neill & Co., Edinburgh, 1938).* To quote from Mr. McKechnie's first chapter: "The Lamonts were compact; they were not greatly isolated; they were law-abiding; they were colonists; and for these reasons they have made a mark upon the face of the earth out of all proportion to their numbers. They were a small and united body, which gives coherence to their history. . . . They took the world for their pillow, though often no doubt with a loch of tears beneath it when they thought of the heather at their father's door. . . . No clan of the size has the same record in colonisation."

Thus, sturdy Lamont folk migrated to many foreign lands, including America, the British Dominions, even the European Continent. This helps to explain why Shakespeare, in Hamlet (Act IV, Scene vii), refers to a French Lamont in a scene in which King Claudius and Laertes give high praise to a "Lamond" from Normandy. Laertes says: "I know him well; he is the brooch indeed and gem of all the nation."

New York City *October 1962*

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* Cf. p. 160.

PART I

THE LAMONT FAMILY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

by Reverend Thomas Lamont

INTRODUCTION

More than ten years ago my children asked me to write something about our branch of the Lamont family in America. They knew that I had already given some attention to the subject. At the Reunion of the members of my father's family, held in 1876 at the home of my brother, George, at Bound Brook, New Jersey,* I read a brief sketch on the subject, which was afterwards printed for the members of the family. My children have always told me that I had a memory perhaps more than ordinarily retentive, and they have been anxious, before it was too late, to have me set down some of the remembrances of my childhood and of my talks with my aged kinsmen who were still living then. For instance, I well remember standing at his knee and listening to the tales of my great-grandfather, William Lamont, who fought in the War of the Revolution and whose own father, Robert, was the founder, about 1750, of our branch of the Lamont family in America.

It is curious to contemplate how many generations and what a long span of years such a connection covers. Here I am,

* [See pp. 151-152.—C. L.]

revising these lines, with my little granddaughter, Eleanor Lamont,* playing near me. She was born in 1910 and as I look down at her I can readily hark back to the time when I was gazing up at my great-grandfather, born in 1756. If by chance little Eleanor should live to his ripe old age, ninety-six, then two and a half centuries will have elapsed between his birth and her death—250 years with all their wonderful changes! But such contemplations as these are not especially profound, and invariably arise when one is engaged in recollections of this kind.

The following pages are intended for the reading only of my near kindred. Many of the pages are filled with the unimportant doings of the members of my father's family during my childhood and youth. Of course to the present generation such a life as that led by my twelve brothers and sisters and myself, set down in a farming community many miles from the nearest town of any considerable size, must seem very tame in comparison with the eager, restless and complex life in and around New York in the present day. Yet, if the pursuit of happiness be considered not altogether ignoble, the life of our boyhood and youth was certainly a success. We lived in a beautiful country of high hills, lovely valleys, heavy forests and rushing brooks. The Summer heat was dry and seldom oppressive; the Autumns shone upon us in a blaze of color from the high hills; Winter, with its deep snows and bracing air, furnished far more of delight than terror. And our Scotch ancestors had evidently handed down to the most of us a tradition of thrift, hard work and good nature that, together, served to make my father's hospitable home a sweet and memorable abiding place for us all.

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* [The late Mrs. Charles C. Cunningham, my sister, who died May 22, 1961, at the age of fifty-one.—C. L.]

But, as I started to say, most of what I have set down must seem trivial even to my own people. The accounts of my own school and college days will seem dull enough to my grandchildren, in the midst of their own more active times. But I know that they will be charitable and overlook the many imperfections of what is at best a hasty sketch, written at odd moments, with little recorded material available and with no attempt on my part—even had it been possible—to cast these pages in literary form.

I wish that I had been able, in the limits of this small volume, to include some extended account of the fine and useful lives led by my five brothers and six sisters after their departure from the family home at Charlotteville. But I have thought it best to stop with the date of my own marriage in 1863.

In general I have divided the sketch into three sections. The first has to do with the description of our forebears; the second with the life of my father, Thomas W. Lamont; and the third wherein I have dwelt, at somewhat inordinate length, upon my own youth and early activities.

I wish to say that the brief facts quoted in regard to the early Scottish history of the Clan Lamont, from which we are sprung, were collated by my son Hammond, when he was a Senior at Harvard, from data which he secured in the Harvard College Library. I hope that some member of the family will seek an opportunity to search the clan records in Scotland so as to satisfy himself as to the date when our branch of the family went over to the north of Ireland, before coming on to America about 1750.* A search of the vital statistics records in Coleraine, County Antrim, Ireland, might also prove of interest.

I am indebted to my son, Thomas, for the care which he has shown in going through my manuscript, editing it and making

* [See pp. 2-5.]

it legible enough for the typesetters to follow. He too is responsible for the sub-heads which serve somewhat to break the monotony of the text.

At the end of this little volume I have appended a very short outline of the ancestry of my wife, Caroline Deuel Jayne, in composing which I have had access to the records on her father's side for almost three centuries back. I am very sorry that, before he died, her father, who wrote easily and entertainingly, did not attempt to set down, as I have tried to do, some of his boyhood recollections and the stories which must have been told to him of some of his forebears.

—THOMAS LAMONT.

Englewood, New Jersey, 1913

BACKGROUND OF THE LAMONTS

The original home of all the Lamonts that I know anything about was in Argyllshire, Scotland; and the Scottish annals contain frequent allusions to the clan of Lamonts or Lamonds, the name being spelled in both ways. All the annalists of Scotch history are agreed that the name Lamont or Lamond is derived from the Norse "lagamadr," meaning law-man or lawyer. But despite this Norse derivation the origin of the clan is said to be Dalriadic, and its founders came over to Scotland from Ireland, probably as early as A.D. 500. The following summary is taken from one of the numerous books written about the Scotch clans:

"The first of the clan (Lamont) of whom there is absolute historical evidence is Ferchar, who flourished about 1200. His grandson, Laumon, was the first to use the name which has since become hereditary; accordingly the latter is counted as the first chief of the clan.

"About 1238, Duncan, son of Ferchar, and this Laumon, son of Malcolm, son of Ferchar, granted to the monks of

Paisley certain lands at Kilmun, at Kilfinan, and at Kilmory, on Lochgilp. Their possessions at that time are thus proved to have been of wide extent.

"The greatest blow to the Lamonts was dealt in 1646. The civil wars of that period gave a great opportunity for private feuds; and Ardkinglas, Dunstaffnage, and other Campbell leaders, acting doubtless under their chief's orders, ravaged the Lamont country, and besieged and took the castles of Toward and Ascog. They then carried their prisoners in boats to Dunoon, and massacred them to the number of about 200 on the Gallow-hill. Thirty-six gentlemen of the name of Lamont were hanged on a single ash tree. Sir James, the Lamont chief, was hunted for his life, and the Campbells took possession of his lands till the Restoration.* These deeds formed one of the principal counts against the Marquis of Argyll at the trial for high treason in 1661, which resulted in his execution."

Another historian says: "It is an old and accredited tradition in the Highlands, that the Lamonds (Lamonts) were the most ancient proprietors of Cowall, and that the Stewarts, Maclachans and Campbells obtained possession of their property in that district by marriage with daughters of the family."

Following are the Clan Lamont mottoes, music, etc.:

Clan Pipe Music: Lament—"Cumha an Fhograich" ("The Wanderer's Lament"); Salute—"Mhic Laomainn ceud failte dhuit" ("A Thousand Welcomes to Thee, Lamont"); March —"Captain Lamont's March." Badge: Craobh-ubhal fhiadhain (Crab-apple Tree) or Machallmonaidh (Dryas). The coat of arms is thus: *Azure, a Lion rampant argent;* Crest, *A dexter hand couped at the wrist;* and for Motto, *Ne parcas nec spernas.*† The supporters are *two wild men.*

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* [Cf. pp. 160-161.—C. L.]

† [The best translation of this Latin motto is "Neither stint nor spurn," meaning, "Don't be either mean or extravagant."—C. L.]

In the further accounts of the clan and of the achievements of its leaders, the names most frequently appearing are John and Archibald. These two names must have been very numerous throughout the clan; and it is interesting to note that the three Lamont brothers who brought the family name to America, in about the year 1750, were named respectively, John, Archibald and Robert, this last being my great-great-grandfather.

The name Robert also appears not infrequently. One account says that "In 1463, Robert Lamont of Inveryne died, and his lands fell to the Crown by reason of non-entry and for ninety years were held of the Crown by his successors." Another Robert Lamont, the records show, was "on October 24th, 1688, gazetted Ensign in Col. Douglas's Regiment of Foot. He got his company next year, and in 1693 was present at the disastrous day of Landen, when the Allies under King William III were defeated by the French under the Duke of Luxemburg."

Our ancestors came not direct from Scotland but, about the year 1745 or 1750, from Coleraine, County Antrim, Ireland. How long they had been settled in Ireland we do not know, but certainly long enough for the family to come under the general designation of Scotch-Irish.

About the time above mentioned, a widowed mother—tradition says she was the relict of one John Lamont—with her three sons, Archibald, John and Robert, settled in North Hillsdale, Columbia County, New York. The story is that Archibald, the eldest son, preceded the others in coming to America; that while but a boy he was enticed on board a vessel lying off Coleraine, and while, with boyish curiosity, he was inspecting the vessel she suddenly sailed away. When he begged to be set ashore to return to his mother, the heartless reply was: "It will be many a long day, my lad, before you will see your mother or home again."

The coming of the Lamonts about 1750

So Archibald was brought to this country and sold to someone on Long Island to serve as an apprentice, and to furnish a profit to those who had kidnapped him, a not uncommon occurrence in those times. This boy was the magnet which drew the mother and the two other brothers hither. Other families from the North of Ireland settled about the same time in North Hillsdale, the McKinstrys among them. North Hillsdale was a newly-opened part of the country and land was cheap.

We have no information as to John and his descendants, and are ignorant as to whether he finally settled elsewhere or succumbed early to the rigors of the New World.

As to Archibald, he did not marry until he was almost sixty years old. When railed on remaining single he was wont to answer: "I am waiting for my wife to grow up; I have my eye on her." This seems to have been the fact, for the story has come down quite directly that Archibald was, in middle life, boarding as a bachelor with a couple named Smith who had a little girl called Abiah. Mrs. Smith, who looked upon Archibald Lamont with a kindly eye, used to say to him: "Archie, take good care of little 'Biah and you can have her when she grows up." So, as soon as she had "grown up" to be eighteen years of age, she married the fast-aging Archie. Archibald was a powerful man physically. His prowess was known throughout the countryside. One holiday he ran into a stranger who was a bit tipsy, but who evidently was a wrestler and a fighter. The ignorant stranger offered to have a bout with Archibald and boastfully said: "I can lick any man in the county but Archie Lamont!"

Archibald had several children, lived and died in Hillsdale. His descendants removed to the western part of New York State early in the last century and settled in the region about Lockport and Rochester. A grandson was graduated from

Yale, became a lawyer, a member of the New York State Senate and a judge of the Supreme Court. One of Archibald's sons removed to Michigan, and a township in that State is named Lamont, after him.

Still another son, named Archibald, is buried in North Hillsdale by the side of his father. Old Archibald had a daughter who married a Mr. Wiltse. Their son, Benjamin Wiltse, an old man in 1876, was one of the leading parishioners in the church in Catskill of which the writer of this sketch then assumed the pastorate. This Benjamin Wiltse used to talk a good deal about his Lamont ancestry and appeared well satisfied with his origin. From some source at any rate he inherited strength of mind and of body. Curiously enough he had a full set of "double" teeth completely around both upper and lower jaws, and used to boast of his ability to bite a nail in two with his "front" teeth. All of this by way of parenthesis.

Our ancestor Robert born in 1726

Coming, as I have said, with his mother to this country, in about 1750, to join his brother Archibald, Robert, our ancestor, was born in Antrim, Ireland, in 1726, and had three sons and a daughter. I do not know the order of their births, but their names were John, Archibald, William (my great-grandfather) and Mary. I have heard my grandfather speak of his grandfather Robert, whom he remembered well, though he was but a little boy. He said: "Grandfather was a short, thick-set man, full of jokes and fun." It seems that Robert carried on a kind of weaving establishment. My grandfather said of his grandmother, the wife of Robert: "She was a real Irish woman," and added that she had a brother from the North of Ireland who visited this country when he was a very little boy.

Robert Lamont died July 26, 1789, only sixty-three years old, and lies buried in the little graveyard in North Hillsdale,

which the writer, as related further on, visited one summer's day in 1878. Robert's grave is marked by an old brown tombstone, with his name and age inscribed upon it. His wife survived him for some years, and came with her daughter, Mary, who had married a Mr. Gorse, to Fulton, Schoharie County, New York, where she spent her last days. Her grave is unmarked, but the Rev. Charles Gorse, one of her great-grandsons, whom I knew well, told me that the grave was on the farm of some relatives, and when he was a little boy it was pointed out to him as "the grave of his great-grandmother Lamont."

Of the sons of Robert, John was much given to boyish pranks and rude, practical jokes. His mother had an outdoor oven in which she used to do her baking. One day when she had filled the oven with bread, cakes and pies, John managed to slip in a live mud-turtle. Of the mischief wrought by this addition to the batch we are not informed, but may imagine. Another time, on a cold winter day, standing near a large spring, John called to his brother William (my great-grandfather, you remember): "Will, come and look at the largest trout you ever saw." As Will stooped to look into the spring, John gave him a push that sent him headlong into the water, giving him the benefit of a good cold bath. I mention such trivial incidents, not as showing any important traits in our grandsires, but simply as a matter of interest because they were related to me, a very little lad, by my great-grandfather, a very old man, and by other kindred of mine.

All three sons Revolutionary soldiers

Robert's three sons were all old enough to be soldiers in the war of the Revolution, and they all served in the patriot army. Of Archibald's war record I have been able to find nothing. John served in the company of his Hillsdale neighbor, Mc-

Kinstry, who had been a soldier in the old French-Indian war, and who was a commissioned officer. They were both captured by Brant, the Mohawk half-breed chieftain. McKinstry was a free mason, as was Brant, who had been educated in an academy in Connecticut. McKinstry gave the masonic sign to Brant, and was soon released or exchanged, but Lamont was carried away a prisoner to the Indian country. His captors planned to put him to death by torture, but among the spoils captured by them was a fiddle which John Lamont snatched up and on which he played so well as to charm the savages from their purpose of killing him. But they compelled him to run the Indian gauntlet, which he did successfully. John was then adopted into one of the Indian tribes and was assigned an Indian squaw for a wife. But watching his chance he made his escape, and in due time returned to his own people.

I have heard my father speak of this John Lamont, his great-uncle, as a rather eccentric character. His hard experiences were perhaps enough to make anyone eccentric. Nevertheless, he secured a wife and had one son, who bore his own name, John, and who went west and became a captain in the United States Army during the War of 1812 with England. This Captain John Lamont was treacherously shot while bearing a flag of truce to a British post. When the old father heard of his son's murder in this cowardly manner, he was so frenzied that he seized his musket and declared his purpose of going to the front to try to avenge the death of his son. I have no record of old John Lamont's death or burial.

Of Robert's son Archibald, the brother of both brave old John and of William (my great-grandfather), I know scarcely anything. I think, however, this Archibald also came into Schoharie County. I remember one of his daughters by the name of Orange, so-called, I have no doubt, by her staunch Protestant parents in honor of the Prince of Orange, the victor

of the battle of the Boyne. This Orange Lamont married a Garrit Van Tuyl, who lived in the town of Summit. She was a cousin of my grandfather and occasionally visited us. She was an excellent and devout woman. It is said that when Van Tuyl was "paying attention" to Miss Orange he was often rallied by his neighbors, who said: "You are going to marry an Orange Lemon"; the name Lamont at that time being generally pronounced Làmon or Lemon, the name being divided into these two syllables, Lam′-ont, with the accent on the first syllable, just as it is today in Scotland.

Mary Lamont, old Robert's only daughter, married John Gorse, as I have already stated, and settled in Fulton. She had three or four sons who lived in the same town. Among them was Robert, father of the Rev. Charles Gorse and of the Rev. William Gorse, Methodist clergymen in the New York Conference. Another son was the father of the Rev. John E. Gorse of the same Conference, and a contemporary of the writer's. Another son, Ephraim, was a successful lawyer in western New York, and a member of the State Senate. I do not know where this sister, Mary (Gorse), of my great-grandfather's died, but probably somewhere in western New York, whither her husband moved.

The old graveyard at North Hillsdale

Twice I have visited the old burying-ground in North Hillsdale, where some of the Lamonts of the first generation in this country are buried. The graveyard is close to the Methodist church in North Hillsdale. I recall seeing on the stones the names of Archibald (the lad, you remember, who was kidnapped from Ireland, and who was the first of the name to reach America), and of another Archibald Lamont, his son; of Robert Lamont (the first Archibald's brother), our ancestor; of Phœbe Lamont, our great-grandmother and the wife of

William, Robert's son. I think the latest death-date on these stones is 1796.

Close by the graves of the two old brothers, Archibald and Robert Lamont, is apparently another grave, somewhat sunken in, unmarked. I have always fancied that it must be the grave of their mother, who came with her two sons from Coleraine, Ireland, seeking Archibald.

I first visited this burying-ground in this wise: I had been told by a great-aunt, Mrs. Betsey Dibble, of Fulton, a sister of my Grandfather Lamont, that she had, when a little girl, visited her grandfather's grave, that it had a tombstone and that his face was cut on it. Of course she was mistaken—it was a little girl's fancy. The custom of course was frequently to cut a cherub on the tombstone to denote the blessed society in which the departed was presumably mixing. Aunt Betsey tried to make me understand where the graveyard was—"near four corners." But I got no definite idea beyond the fact that it was somewhere in Hillsdale.

In November, 1871, when I was pastor in Claverack, Columbia County (where my son, Thomas William, was born) I was called to officiate at the funeral of a woman in Philmont, five miles away. After the sermon I was informed that I was expected to go with the family to the burial at North Hillsdale, ten miles away. This was more than I had bargained for. However, I made no objection, as the family was poor and in great trouble. After the burial a man asked me my name. Then he asked me whether I had any kindred buried in that graveyard. I told him I was not aware of any. He said that there were some Lamonts buried there, and he conducted me to the graves. I was glad to find the old brown stones with the names cut on them, and the rude carving of Aunt Betsey's cherub on her grandfather Robert Lamont's stone.

I copied the inscriptions from some of the stones. That of

our ancestor, Robert, sure enough, at the top bore Aunt Betsey's cherub and read thus: "In memory of Mr. Robert Lamont who Died July 26th, 1789, in the 63d year of his age." Old Archibald's stone bore the following: "In memory of Mr. Archibald Lamont who Departed this life April 24th 1795 aged 71 years. For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." Great-grandmother's tombstone had as follows: "In Memory of Mrs. Phœbe wife of Mr. William Lamont who died June 12th, 1789 in the 38th year of her age. Be ye also ready."

I visited the graveyard once again, in the summer of 1878, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wiltse, of Catskill, Wiltse's grandfather, Archibald Lamont, of whom I have already spoken, being buried there. Mr. Wiltse said that his mother, a daughter of Archibald, when on her dying bed, enjoined him to visit his grandfather's grave and see in what condition it was. He said he had searched all through that part of Columbia County, had found many old family burying-grounds gone to decay, but could discover no trace of his ancestor's grave. We were chatting one day about our forebears, and when I told Mr. Wiltse I could show him his grandfather's grave he was greatly surprised and pleased. Hence this trip, of which I have spoken, so that he might carry out his mother's injunction.

Great-grandfather William born in 1756

William Lamont, my great-grandfather, was born in Hillsdale in 1756, the son of Robert Lamont, one of the brothers, as I have said, who emigrated from the North of Ireland. He served as a soldier during a good part of the Revolutionary War, but not continuously. His name appears on the Revolutionary records as William Lemon, about as the name was undoubtedly pronounced by his own father and by his Scottish

forebears. William never spelled it in any other way than Lamont. In later years, when he applied for a pension to which he was entitled, he had some little difficulty because the name William Lamont in this spelling did not appear on the record, but there were enough of his comrades-in-arms living to identify him and make good his claim. William Lamont's military record is as follows:

A private in Captain Joshua Whitney's company, 4th Regt. N. Y. State militia, Col. Kilaen Van Rensselaer. He served from October to December, 1775; then as a private in Captain Jonas Graves's company of the same regiment, eleven days in June (probably in 1776); as a private in Captain Joshua Whitney's company, 9th Regt. Albany County, N. Y. State Militia, Col. Peter Van Ness, from July to November, probably 1777. I give this year as the date of this particular service, for I heard a great-aunt say that her father served in the campaign against Burgoyne which led to his surrender in October, 1777, and was present and witnessed the surrender of the Hessians as they laid down their arms.

His next service was in the same company and regiment from August to September, 1778; again in the same regiment under Col. David Pratt, in October, 1780, at Fort Plain, New York. William Lamont had been made a corporal at this date.

I confess that I have not much confidence in these old Revolutionary records, as they are notoriously inaccurate in many cases. In the New York State Militia men were enrolled and called into service as an emergency arose, served for a time and then were permitted to return to cultivate their farms until called out again, always holding themselves ready for such a call. This will explain the fragmentary character of my great-grandfather's service.

William Lamont, probably about the year 1779 or 1780, near the close of the war, married a Mrs. Phœbe Perkins, a

widow whose maiden name was Gorse. She was an energetic, active woman, caring well for her household, deeply pious, a member of the Baptist Church. My great-grandfather bought a farm about three miles west of North Hillsdale, at the foot of the Cakeout Mountain, and built a house upon it, which is still standing. When I visited it I found a family by the name of Goslin occupying it. It had been held by the Goslin family from the time it had passed from the Lamonts.

On June 12, 1789, William Lamont's wife suddenly died. Just after working hard at her washing she sat down in a chair nearby, exclaiming, "How faint I feel!" and immediately expired. My grandfather, but a small boy then, was present, and related the scene to me with tears in his eyes. He spoke very affectionately of his mother and of her ability. She was buried in the same old graveyard at North Hillsdale.

My great-grandmother left a family of seven children, the eldest of whom could not have been more than about ten years old. Our great-grandfather married the second time a woman by the name of Rodman, and by her had three or four children. I never saw but one of them—Perkins Lamont, of Fulton, who sometimes visited us at Charlotteville.

The Lamont Clan makes a stand

At the close of the Revolutionary War the times were hard; there was a depreciated currency; there were arrearages in rent, and payments for land were overdue. The Van Rensselaers, who were large landholders in the region of North Hillsdale, tried to force collections. Archibald Lamont, the eldest brother of Robert (and the first of the name to come to this country), owned a farm on which the Van Rensselaers had no claim, as it lay beyond the limits of their patent. The agents of the Van Rensselaers and the officers of the law came and demanded payment for back rents. Archibald Lamont

denied the claim, affirming that his farm was paid for, and that he held a deed to it. The bailiffs said they would arrest him. With a loaded gun Archibald confronted the officers as they drew near, and said: "I will shoot and some of you will be killed. I, too, may be killed, but I will die before I will submit to such injustice."

They went away for the time, but one day returned unexpectedly and found Archibald without his loaded gun. They arrested him and threw him into the Claverack jail. Claverack at that time was the county seat of Columbia County.

William Lamont, our great-grandfather, got together a dozen or more men, and hastened to Claverack to rescue his uncle. With a blacksmith's hammer he succeeded in wrenching off the staple and lock of the jail door and burst in, telling his astonished uncle, "Go out and ride home!"

His uncle said: "Will, they will kill you for this."

"Never mind," Will replied, "we will attend to that later."

William was threatened by the county sheriff, Fonda, but was never arrested for his highhanded act. The probabilities are that the Van Rensselaers found that they were wrong in their claim.

About the year 1801 or 1802, having disposed of his farm in Hillsdale, Great-grandfather William Lamont removed to the west part of the town of Middleburg, afterwards set off as the town of Fulton, Schoharie County. His brother-in-law, Gorse, moved into the town about the same time. Here William Lamont bought a farm, largely forest, and began life again. He lived on this farm until his second wife died and his home was broken up, when he went to live with his children.

Great-grandfather and the cucumber

I recall two visits he made in our family, one about the year 1842, the last in 1846, when I was fourteen years old. I remem-

ber the tenderness and respect shown him by my father, his grandson. Though bent with age, Great-grandfather was still fairly vigorous. He was rather stout, had a broad forehead, with eyes set far apart, gray in color. He was bald and had heavy, shaggy eyebrows. He spoke of some of the battles of the Revolution he was in and the whizzing of the bullets by his ears; of doing sentinel duty after fatiguing marches and of the difficulty of keeping awake. His aged appearance and conversation made a lively impression upon me. The last time he visited us he was with his eldest son, Matthew Lamont, my great-uncle, when he was about to go to Owego, New York. It was in August or September, 1846. Great-grandfather walked out into the garden, which was close by, picked a cucumber and, peeling it, called for a little salt, then ate it with a relish, showing that his power of digestion was still good.

William Lamont spent his last days with his youngest son, Albertus Lamont, in West Pomfret, Cattaraugus County, New York, near Fredonia, where he died in 1852 or 1853, at the age of about ninety-six. I have tried to learn the exact date of his death and place of burial in West Pomfret, and the inscription on his gravestone, but have failed thus far.

Let me mention here a reminiscence of the journey when my great-grandfather moved from Hillsdale to Fulton, told me by his daughter, my great-aunt Betsey Dibble. She said: "It was early in the spring and towards nightfall when we were driving through Vrooman's Land, not far from Middleburg, we came to an abrupt and lofty projection called 'Vrooman's Nose.' This precipice filled me, a little girl at the time, with wonder and I said to myself, 'An angel on the Day of Judgment will take his stand on the top of that mountain and blow his trumpet and hurl the rocks at the wicked below.' "

I, myself, have seen "Vrooman's Nose" a few times, and it would naturally excite wonder and awe in a little child.

Our great-grandfather was a vigorous, active, intelligent man, with a retentive memory. I have deeply regretted that none of his sons or grandsons was sufficiently interested in family history to write down what he must have known concerning his father's family one or two generations back, who and what they were in Scotland and Ireland, and what his experiences were as a soldier. Such a record would be greatly prized now.

Grandfather's early years

William Lamont, junior, our grandfather, second son of William and Phœbe Lamont, was born in Hillsdale, New York, in 1784. In a rural neighborhood, at that time he enjoyed limited advantages for education, but he obtained all he could get, was fairly good in arithmetic and learned to write a good legible hand, fitting him for business. He was fond of athletic sports, once breaking an arm in a wrestling match. Later he was inoculated for and had the smallpox, though he bore no marks of it. He was for a while a clerk in the store of a Major McKinstry, a neighbor, of whom I have before spoken. This family was intimate with the Lamonts and visited them after our people had moved to Fulton.

Where the Stilwells sprang from

At the age of eighteen Grandfather (William, Jr.) married Jane Stilwell, a maiden of about his own age. She was the daughter of Thomas Stilwell of Greene River, a neighborhood near the border of Massachusetts, not many miles from Hillsdale. Thomas Stilwell was of English descent. An ancestor of his was a member of that English Parliament which in Cromwell's time sentenced Charles I to be beheaded. Thomas Stilwell was born on Long Island, but moved from there to Dutchess County, and took up land in a region called

"The Nine Partners." Thence he came to Greene River. He was of fair education for the times, and of considerable substance. He had a large family—seven daughters and two sons. I remember seeing five of the daughters—great-aunts of mine, and the two sons, one of whom, Samuel Stilwell, lived in Charlotteville.

My grandmother was a rather small woman with a pleasant face, kind, gentle, refined, and of a benevolent nature. This anecdote has come down concerning her: One black, stormy night, when she was a very small girl, someone said: "This is a good night for thieves to be abroad."

"How I do pity the poor thieves that have to be out such a night as this!" she exclaimed.

Soon after the marriage of this young couple they moved into the town of Fulton, whither Grandfather's father had preceded them but a short time, as I have said, in 1802. The younger William bought a small farm and set up his establishment in a log house almost in the wilderness. It is said that Grandmother, unaccustomed to the rude ways of pioneer life, nearly died from homesickness; that in the early years of her married life her father visited her and that on his departure she followed him for a considerable distance, walking and stumbling over the rough road. The life she was called on to lead in her new home was very unlike the one to which she had been accustomed near New England. In the winter after the birth of their first-born, named Thomas, after his grandfather Stilwell, Grandfather drove them both in a sleigh from Fulton to Greene River, that Grandmother might visit her family and show her father his new namesake. The weather was cold, and perhaps the baby boy suffered some on the journey, for Grandmother in later life used to relate how much he cried during the trip.

This union was blessed with a family of twelve children,

all of whom grew up except one son, who died in infancy. There were seven sons and five daughters. I remember them all well, except, of course, the one who died young.

Charlotteville becomes the family home

About the year 1806 my grandfather, having disposed of his place in Fulton, moved to Charlotteville, in the town of Summit, at that time a part of the town of Cobleskill, Schoharie County. There he purchased a small farm. His father-in-law, Thomas Stilwell, moved there about the same time, buying a tract of 700 acres, mainly forest. I have no doubt that this new move of old Thomas Stilwell's made my Grandmother contented, because she was near her own immediate kindred.

Charlotteville was situated on the upper part of the Charlotte Creek, a tributary of the Susquehanna River. The creek was named Charlotte in honor of a daughter of Sir William Johnson, whose grant of land included that region. Charlotteville at that time was little more than a black alder swamp near where four roads met. Soon after settling there Grandfather opened a small store, perhaps the first in that part of the country. He received in exchange for his goods little but barter. There was little money in circulation at that time in that region. My Grandmother Paine (my mother's mother) said she once had occasion to visit Grandfather Lamont's store, kept in a log house. Of his stock of goods she said: "I think I could have carried away with me all he had, or all I saw, except the barrel of whiskey."

A man by the name of Harman Mitchell, poor in those days, settled about the same time on a farm a mile or more further down the Charlotte creek, and came to the store to make some purchases, asking to be trusted, with the promise to pay in ashes in due time. Grandfather told him, "First bring the ashes, and you can then have the goods."

This illustration of Grandfather's caution in doing business Mr. Mitchell was wont laughingly to tell of in after years, when Mitchell himself was considered one of the wealthiest men in the town.

A little later, in company with a man by the name of Warner, Grandfather Lamont built a sawmill and a flour mill on the Charlotte creek near his house. These mills were probably the first of their kind in that immediate region. The sawmill has disappeared, but a flour mill stands on the same site where one was erected quite one hundred years ago. I have heard elderly people who had dealings with Grandfather in their early days say that he was strictly just in all his transactions, and very generous and kind to honest settlers who were in need. I heard one old man say: "He kept us from starving, letting us have flour from his mill and trusting us until we could pay for it."

William Lamont early became the land agent of Judge Smith, of Schenectady, who was the owner of a large tract of land originally included, it is said, in Sir William Johnson's patent. Grandfather soon acquired considerable land himself, buying partly improved farms that were for sale. He was elected Justice of the Peace and appointed a captain in the State Militia, holding commission as captain during the war with Great Britain in 1812-14. His company was called by a draft to furnish a number of men. In my boyhood I heard an old man belonging to his company state how the draft was made. Captain Lamont called his company into a field and drilled it for a little time, then he ordered each man to load his gun. He then placed in his hat slips of paper for drawing by lot. Taking his stand on a little eminence he called the roll of the company, one by one. When a man's name was called he was to step forward and fire his gun in the air, then march up and draw. So the quota was filled. As the names were called

some of the men marched very boldly, others were pale and trembling with fear. The men from this company were sent to Plattsburg, New York. My grandfather held himself in readiness to go when a draft was to be made for men holding a commission. I have heard my father, who at that time was only nine or ten years old, tell how the matter was talked over, and how they were dreading to have their father go off to war. But happily the war ended before the call came.

Captain Lamont a born leader

In my boyhood my grandfather was called Captain Lamont, and sometimes "Squar' " Lamont. He was considered well-to-do for that time and place. He was a large, portly man, with a fine ruddy face, a broad, high forehead, crowned with silvery hair. He had a stately, commanding air and would impress people as a marked character. Such he really was. He was born to lead, as others are to follow. The house which he built, and in which he lived for many years, is still standing and in good repair at the four corners in Charlotteville.

Grandfather took a deep interest in the politics of his day, generally acting and voting with the old Whig party. I think he never held any office higher than a town office, the party to which he belonged being generally in the minority in Schoharie County. He was a liberal supporter of the Methodist Church, a regular attendant when his health permitted, and his house was always open to the preachers. He was an invalid during the last few years of his life, a victim of diabetes. He died the latter part of September, 1847, about 63 years old. The funeral was held on a Sunday morning in the Methodist Church, the Rev. Russell S. Scott, pastor of the church officiating. The church was crowded; all his children and grandchildren of sufficient age were present, together with a large circle of kindred.

My father always evinced great respect and warm filial affection for his father, showing him a great deal of attention. I have heard my mother say that never a day passed, when my father was at home, that he did not visit Grandfather and have some conversation with him. About the only time I can recall seeing my father weep was when he was told that Grandfather was dead.

Grandmother's kind ways

Grandmother (Jane Stilwell) Lamont survived Grandfather about seventeen years. She died during the dark days of the Civil War, towards its close. She was an excellent Christian woman, a member of the Baptist Church during her earlier years. When my father was converted and joined the Methodists, she withdrew from the Baptists and united with the Methodists, saying, "I can no longer belong to a church that will not allow me to commune with my own son, who is a better Christian than I am." The Baptists held to "close communion." She was exceedingly kind to the poor, giving rather indiscriminately. She would allow none to suffer if she had the power to relieve. I recall her gentle, tender ways, her laying her hand on my head and saying: "Dear little sonny!"

Grandmother was very careful of her family, never allowing any of them to work overmuch. Especially careful was she of her daughters, always keeping plenty of household help after her husband became a well-to-do man. She desired her grandchildren to become good scholars. Three of her grandsons, William Lamont Wood, William C. Lamont and Jacob P. Lamont, this last my eldest brother, were all of about the same age. She offered them twenty-five cents apiece as soon as they could repeat, without a break, the multiplication table. They all won the prize, which was something in those days when twenty-five cents counted for more than one dollar in

these times. Grandmother Lamont must have been a fine looking woman when young, for she retained her good looks to old age. She had three married sisters living in Charlottesville, of whom she seemed very fond—Mrs. Jemima Van Buren, Mrs. Hannah Ryder, and Mrs. Charlotte Lincoln. I have seen the four sisters together, greatly enjoying one another's society.

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THE LAMONTS IN CHARLOTTEVILLE, NEW YORK

My father, the eldest son of his parents, was born in Fulton, August 3, 1803. He was named Thomas William, after both his grandfathers (Thomas Stilwell and William Lamont). No doubt the young mother was reasonably proud of her infant son, her first-born. As I have already said, she took him on a journey of over eighty miles in a sleigh in the winter time. Little was thought of such a journey in those times, as it was about the only way of traveling by land. A little later, the little boy, when between two and three years of age, saw his father coming from the field one day, and running to meet him, fell into the creek not far off, and came near drowning, but was rescued from the water after he had come to the surface for the third time, quite unconscious. His painful sensations in recovering he never forgot.

Father was almost four years old when his parents moved to Charlotteville. An occasional Indian was to be seen wandering through the valley, no longer hostile, one of the remnants of the tribes that once hunted through that region.

Grandfather, like most pioneers, had little love for the Indians, and distrusted them. He thought that they had no more right to the land they would not cultivate than did the birds that flew over it, as I once heard him say. Moreover, the settlers had a hard time, for there were plenty of wolves howling and prowling about to destroy their sheep, and bears to steal their pigs, if there were no longer Indians to kill their owners.

Tim Murphy, an old Revolutionary soldier and famous Indian fighter, in my father's boyhood often passed by Grandfather's house on his way to visit some of his children who had settled lower down in the Charlotte valley. My father said he saw him occasionally; that he was not a large man, was rather quiet and not disposed to talk much.

Some of my father's boyhood days

Slavery still existed in the State of New York. The Negroes were permitted to hire themselves out. Father said they occasionally came to his father's place, asking him to hire them, and though he kept help he always declined that kind. When father was a little boy, his grandmother Stilwell gave him a hen, and it soon had a brood of chickens, which were great pets. One night he had a dream and in the morning he, with his little brother, David, went over to his grandmother's and told her his dream.

"I dreamed that I ate up my hen," he said.

Little David, not to be behind in a dream and in order to go little Thomas one better, said: "Well, I dreamed that I ate up the chickens!"

When Father was a small boy, his father would put him on a horse and he would ride over the rough road through the woods, ten miles to his grandfather's in Fulton, and bring home a bag of apples. His grandfather had a young orchard that was beginning to bear.

School facilities were poor in that region. My father's earliest teacher was his grandfather Stilwell. Another of his teachers in his boyhood was his aunt, Betsey Lamont. His last instructor was Loring Andrews, quite a famous teacher in that region in his day. Father made the most of his advantages.

He used to talk of the long, severe winters of his boyhood, the deep snows and bitter weather, lasting for months. Like all the boys at that time, he went barefoot in the summer. I have heard him speak of how much he suffered from stone-bruises on his feet, which he received while running about over the rough, stony ground. Here is one anecdote that I heard Uncle David relate of their boyhood: Their neighbor's cow was continually breaking over the fence into their father's field. It was the business of the two little boys to drive her out; but she would soon be back again. They were quite tired of it, and determined to try some heroic remedy. There was a hornet's nest not far from the fence, and the two little boys carefully guided the cow close to it, then flung stones into the nest and ran away. The hornets swarmed out and "went" for the cow. She probably did not forget the lesson.

His religious awakening

In 1818, when he was fifteen years old, there came a crisis in my father's life. Such a crisis as came to St. Francis of Assisi; such a one as came to young John Bunyan, the Bedford tinker; such a crisis as comes to all healthy, normal minds living under Christian influences. Upon the manner in which the crisis is met depend the future character, influence for good or evil, and final destiny of the individual. Through the example and teaching of his good mother, and the influence of his godly grandfather Stilwell, the deacon of the Baptist Church, but more by the earnest and direct appeals of the Methodist itiner-

ants, who had organized a Methodist class in Charlotteville, the lad was deeply awakened to a sense of his need of pardon and a spiritual regeneration. His conviction of sin was sharp and deep for a lad of his years. He was greatly puzzled over the doctrine of election and predestination, preached by the Baptist ministers; he greatly feared that he was not one of the "elect." He sought and prayed earnestly. It is true, "He that seeketh findeth." While he prayed in the field by himself, his burden of sin rolled away and light and peace came to him. From that day he never wavered in his purpose to live a consistent Christian life. Like St. Paul, he "was not disobedient of the heavenly vision." From that day onward few ever followed out a purpose more successfully than did he, to the end of his life.

He cast in his lot with the Methodists, joining the class of which Ebenezer H. Comstock was the leader. The class formed part of an immense "circuit" requiring four hundred miles travel to cover all the appointments once in four weeks. There were two preachers on the circuit. One of them was John Bangs, of the famous Bangs family, well known in the Methodist Church in the last century. The circuit was in the New York Conference and included parts of Delaware, Otsego and Schoharie Counties. Soon after his union with the church, Father attended a "quarterly meeting," held in Sharon, Schoharie County, when he was baptized with sprinkling by the Rev. Peter P. Sanford, Presiding Elder of the District, called at that time, I think, the Hudson River District.

Father's Methodist connection brought its trials. His father, though having no objections to his being a Christian, in fact rather pleased than otherwise, was most decidedly opposed to his being a Methodist. That he regarded as a disgrace and a reproach. He used persuasion and argument, offering almost any inducement to Father to forsake the Methodists. One day

he offered a valuable piece of land, but the lad was unyielding in adhering to his convictions of what was right for him. The neighbors generally were of the Baptist persuasion and they, too, were enlisted to keep him from the Methodists. They would argue with him and ask him to tell his religious experience that they might judge whether his was a "genuine conversion." It amounted almost to a persecution, and he naturally became very weary of it. One day a Duncan Ryder, of the Baptist society, with some others, came to his father's house to argue with him, asking him again to relate his religious experience, which he had already done once. He replied to them this time: "Cast not your pearls before swine." This silenced them for that evening.

Some early Methodist experiences

As evidence of the respect in which my father at this time was held, and the confidence reposed in him, he was at the age of sixteen appointed Class Leader of the little Methodist Society in Charlotteville, a position he held to the day of his death. The principal families in the class at that time were the Comstocks, the Tabers and the Tompkins. As I have said, the circuit was large and the preachers could not visit the little society oftener than once in three or four weeks, on a weekday evening. The meetings were usually in the house of the Tabers or in a schoolhouse. But the work was looked after and carried on by an exhorter by the name of Silas Washburn, of North Harpersfield. He lived about five miles from Charlotteville. He was quite eccentric and witty, well adapted to the times and region in which he lived, and very useful. He was said to be "mighty in prayer" and exhortation and very helpful to the weak Methodist societies in all that region. He was a farmer and, after working all day, would saddle his horse and ride here and there to hold prayer meetings in various

localities a few miles from his home. He often visited our home in my boyhood, was always called "Uncle Silas," and was treated as one of our kindred.

Soon after my father's appointment as Class Leader, there was a quarterly meeting in Kortright in the winter, and he felt that it was his duty to attend. His father gave him a horse to ride. He afterwards told me that the weather was exceedingly cold; he frosted his feet and hands before he got there, and became extremely chilled. But he was amply rewarded by the warmth of his reception on his arrival, and the good he there received. The early Methodists were most hospitable, especially on "quarterly-meeting" occasions.

Perhaps a year or two later there was a camp meeting somewhere in Delaware County and my father was anxious to attend. His father gave him his permission and a good horse to ride. On his arrival at the camp his horse was taken care of and turned into a field provided for that purpose. Father enjoyed the meeting, but at its close he found that his fine horse was missing. Supposing it probable that the horse had in some way got out of the field and gone home, he found a chance to drive with someone well on the road to Charlotteville, carrying his saddle and bridle with him.

When he arrived home his father immediately said: "Thomas, where is your horse?" He told his story briefly, saying that he had supposed the horse had gotten out of the field and returned home and that he would find him there. His father was exceedingly disquieted and angry and in language more emphatic than choice said: "The Methodists have stolen your horse!" He then told him to saddle another horse and added: "Go back and find the lost horse and don't return until you find him!"

Father went away and began the search, but could get no trace of the missing horse. He stopped somewhere one night

and on getting up in the morning he found the second horse missing. He was now in a sad plight; both horses gone. He started out on foot, carrying his saddle and bridle, but failed to find either horse. How long he wandered in that region I do not know, but one day, to his surprise he met his father and one of the hired men on the road. His father, really a kind and affectionate man, had relented and was greatly changed in his tone. He said: "Thomas, go home. We will search for the missing horses." They found both unharmed in a few days. The father probably regretted his harshness and realized that he cared more for his boy—his first-born—than for the lost horses. These were some of the trials of the young man in those days. They helped to discipline him and make him the strong character which he became.

The Methodists in those days were great singers and shouters, vehement and sometimes boisterous in their worship. Father fell into their ways, had great zeal, was a fine singer, did not spare himself; no doubt he went to an excess which he himself, in his later years and more mature judgment, would not approve. He was said to have been gifted in prayer and exhortation and was given an "exhorter's license." People generally believed that he had a call to preach, and he shared that impression himself. But he excused himself on the ground of his insufficient education, and further on account of a trouble he had of hemorrhage, which came not from his lungs but from his stomach which had been weakened by an injury he had received while plowing in the field.

He had managed to acquire sufficient education to become a successful schoolteacher, which occupation he followed for a few years in Charlotteville and in a nearby neighborhood. It was his habit to open his school with prayer, a custom not common in that region. He enjoyed the reputation of having his pupils under excellent discipline and of arousing in boys

who were exceedingly dull a desire for learning. For years he was remembered in that region for these qualities.

For a few months in one year he was an assistant in a general store in Richmondville, New York, about ten miles from Charlotteville. There he acquired some knowledge of the mercantile business.

Marriage with Elizabeth Paine

In August, 1826, at the age of twenty-three, Father married Elizabeth Maria Paine, the only daughter of Jacob and Lucy (Austin) Paine. They lived in the town of Worcester, Otsego County, about two miles from Charlotteville, in the neighborhood where my father had taught school for a few terms. People said that Elizabeth Paine was regarded as one of the brightest and best of the students in that school. At the time of her marriage she was only about fifteen years old.

Her parents were of pure New England stock. Her father, Jacob Paine, was born in Dover, New York, near the Connecticut border, and his wife, Lucy Austin, was born in Greenwich, Rhode Island. When they were married they were living only a few miles east of Albany. About the year 1805 they settled on the farm they occupied the rest of their days. It was then a wilderness. The sight of deer and bears was common, and the howl of wolves often broke their slumbers at night. They were worthy, industrious, honest people, respected by everybody for their kindness and neighborly helpfulness.

Grandmother Paine was a remarkably bright, clever woman. She was much sought for in cases of illness in all that region; had no little knowledge of the nature of diseases, and skill in giving herb teas and applying other healing remedies. She was sunny and cheerful; excellent company.

Grandfather Paine was a modest, quiet man, very fond of children and of a laugh in a quiet way. He was drafted into the army in the War of 1812, but procured a neighbor as a substitute by giving him a fine, young horse. Grandfather and Grandmother were both thrifty people, and their farm of fair size was paid for in a few years, while Mother was still a little girl. Grandfather, who had never been quite satisfied with his place in Worcester, determined to go prospecting. There was at that time no Erie Canal, but he traveled up the Mohawk valley and on to western New York, and was greatly pleased with the country and the fertility of the soil, so superior to that of his farm in Worcester. But there was one serious drawback that greatly discouraged him and turned him back home again. In almost every home he entered in the region of Rochester he found someone ill with fever and chills. He believed that nothing in the way of other advantages could compensate for the loss of health, so he came back, content to end his days in Worcester.

Early days in the Paine family

Those were the days of homespun, and Grandfather Paine kept sheep and raised flax. The wool and flax, after being prepared, were spun and woven at home and worn by the family. There were two sons in the family, Chester, older than my mother, and George, who was younger. None of them ate "the bread of idleness." In the spring, every year, after the spring weaving and maple sugar-making were finished, Grandfather and Grandmother would take some of their home-manufactured cloth—woolen and linen—and their maple sugar to market in Albany, stopping on the way at Sloansville, New York, where Grandmother Paine had two sisters living, a Mrs. Moore and a Mrs. Phelps. After selling their

produce in Albany, they would visit Grandmother's mother, a Mrs. Baker, who had married a second time and was living on a farm a few miles east of Albany.

During these yearly visits of Grandmother away from home, the daughter, Elizabeth (my mother), though but a little girl, kept house for her two brothers. Once she had the help of the young woman who taught the school in that neighborhood. She early learned to bear responsibility.

Grandfather and Grandmother Paine were people of much natural refinement and taste. Among the pleasantest memories of my boyhood are our visits to that home in Worcester where we were always made so welcome; that home where there was always so much sunshine. On one occasion, when I was only a little boy, Grandmother overfed me with cake and made me a little ill. I took a dislike to cake from that day, from which I have never recovered. Grandfather Paine died in January, 1857. Grandmother survived him several years, dying in November, 1865. Their graves can be visited in the Charlotteville burying-ground.

When Father married my mother she was only fifteen years old, but mature for her years. Someone asked Grandmother why she allowed her only daughter to get married so young. Grandmother is said to have replied: "I am very unwilling to part with her, but Thomas Lamont is such a remarkably fine young man and so much esteemed, that I believe Maria will never again have so excellent an offer. Therefore we consent."

Grandfather and Grandmother Paine were both devout members of the Baptist Church, in which faith they trained their children. After their daughter's marriage, Grandmother was heard to say, "The Lord made Maria a Christian, but Thomas Lamont made her a Methodist."

Mother always exhibited great affection for her father and

mother, visiting them often while they lived and greatly mourning for them when they died.

Thomas W. Lamont as a young merchant

Soon after their marriage Father and Mother began housekeeping in Charlotteville in a modest way, and Father started in the business of a general merchant, in partnership with Jacob Hoffman. Father had little capital; he had saved something from his wages as a schoolteacher, and his father gave him less than $100. They did a comparatively small business, buying on credit and often selling on credit and taking their pay chiefly in barter. The partnership did not last more than a year or two, but was dissolved in a friendly manner by mutual consent. Mr. Hoffman and my father always remained warm friends. There was little temperance sentiment or practice in that region in that early time; in fact there was a whiskey distillery in Charlotteville. Father had conscientious scruples against the sale of whiskey; his partner had none. After the partnership was dissolved no intoxicating drink was ever to be had in the old store.

Father did a small business, the people generally were in moderate circumstances and, as I have said, little money was in circulation. He received almost everything in exchange for his goods, farm produce of all kinds, butter, eggs, stock, sheep, cattle, ashes, etc. The ashes he had manufactured into potash. All he received he could sell for cash in Albany. While he sold on credit he rarely lost anything by bad debts. He went to New York City once or twice a year to buy dry goods. His grandfather, Thomas Stilwell, went with him the first time he visited the city and introduced him to his kindred living in New York, especially to his brother, Samuel Stilwell, who was a man of some standing and substance. He had held the office

of City Surveyor when De Witt Clinton was Mayor, and together they laid out the streets of the city in their present checkerboard fashion. He had also represented the city as a member of the State Legislature at Albany, I think in 1819. This great-uncle had a very kind feeling for my father, and when he died in 1847 or 1848 it was found that he had remembered Father in his will with a legacy of $500.

My father continued the business of merchant for eight years, making an average profit of $200 per year. In 1834 or 1835 he sold out his business and bought a little place of five or six acres with a house and barn, directly opposite the Methodist church in the village. And about the same time he bought a farm of a Mr. Day, located about a half mile below the village. For two years we lived in the house directly opposite the church. The house is still standing and in a fair state of preservation. My earliest recollections are of living in that house. In the spring of 1837 we moved on to the farm. Father bought additions to it until he had a tract of about 250 acres. My boyhood days were spent on this farm.

My father was an energetic, enterprising man, and he began at once to improve his farm, putting up additional buildings, clearing new land and improving that already cleared, burning stumps, removing stones from the fields and building them into stone fences. There were three tenement houses on different parts of the farm, and for a large part of the year my father employed the men occupying these houses in making improvements and doing farm work in the summer, and in threshing grain and cutting wood and timber in the winter. In 1846 he built an entirely new house of considerable size, which is still standing. The tenement houses of which I have spoken were not large, but were generally occupied by large families. Father rented them at the modest rate of one dollar

per month, which included the privilege of a garden, the pasture of a cow, and firewood for the year, the tenant to cut and haul it. The rent was to be paid in labor.

Manners and customs on the farm

The farm was kept well stocked with a dairy of twenty or more cows, a yoke of oxen, from three to four horses, a good many young cattle and a large flock of sheep. The stock was all well housed and sheltered in the winter. The farm was so improved in buildings and so well kept and productive that it was regarded as one of the best, if not the best, in the entire town. The barns in the fall were always filled to the eaves and a stack of straw was outside. All the hay and feed was needed, for the winters were long and severe. Towards spring the barns and sheds began to look pretty empty. No little labor was required to care well for the stock. So wisely did my father plan that his winter supplies were always sufficient and the livestock came out in the spring in good condition. The farm produced a good deal that was carried to market, generally to Albany; some grain, buckwheat flour, flaxseed, timothy and clover seed, maple sugar, pork, poultry, geese, ducks and chickens, but principally butter.

The butter of the entire summer season was churned with a machine run by a large dog. The dog was not fond of churning and would hide somewhere to escape his task. To make sure of him, we had to catch him and tie him up early in the morning. The dog was very knowing and seemed to count the days and to know when Sunday came, for he would never hide then, as no churning was done Sundays. Butter, the chief product, was taken to New York by way of Catskill early in November. When Father took his butter to market a good many of the neighboring farmers shipped theirs in his care for

him to sell. Before he could finish selling all the butter he frequently would be absent two or three weeks, leaving his team at a hotel in Catskill. His return was always looked forward to by us little folks very eagerly, as he always brought us some present which we greatly prized.

On one occasion Uncle James Wood and his wife, Aunt Katy, and Mother went with him, our sister, Lucy, in the meantime caring for the house and children. Mother remembered well all she had seen on the steamboat and in New York, and the friends she had visited. There was no little joy on their safe return.

Samuel Stilwell, Father's great-uncle, of whom I have spoken, left in his will 900 acres of woodland, located in the town of Windsor, Broome County, New York, to the daughters of his brother, Thomas Stilwell. There were six or seven girls in all. This was in 1847. The land was visited and appraised by some who were interested in it; none cared to buy or to occupy the property. Finally my father made the heirs an offer which they all regarded as fair, and so he bought them all out. He was accustomed to go to Broome County once or twice a year and look after his interests there. He sold the greater part of the land to people in that region for farms. I doubt whether, considering the time and trouble expended, the investment ever made a profitable return. The last of this property was not disposed of until after my father's death.

The Charlotteville Seminary

During the fall and winter of 1849 and 1850 the question of building an educational institution of high grade in Charlotteville began to be seriously discussed. The Rev. Samuel D. Ferguson and his brother, Sanford I. Ferguson (both of them maternal uncles of the woman I afterwards married) had built

an academy in the town of Davenport in the Charlotte valley, about eight miles below Charlotteville. This academy was opened for students in the spring of 1847, and was very successful from the first.

It was a boarding school and the pupils were largely children from New York City, ranging in age from ten to fifteen years. The elder Mr. Ferguson had an extensive acquaintance in New York, having been pastor of churches there for several years and Superintendent of the Leek and Watts Orphan Home in the upper part of the city. Many parents and guardians were only too glad to commit the care of their children to one whom they knew and trusted, in a place where they could have bracing country air and at the same time receive an education. Hence the success of the enterprise.

No doubt the success of this academy had something to do in suggesting to the good people of Charlotteville the idea of a higher institution of learning. But the purpose of the people in Charlotteville was not a school for children drawn from the city, but for a much older class of students to be drawn from near and far. The plan speedily matured and took a definite shape. A stock company was formed, trustees were elected and subscriptions covering the probable cost were soon made.

My father, deeply interested in the project from the first, was elected President of the Board of Trustees, a position he held until his death. Father desired to have his children as well educated as he could possibly afford. He saw in a seminary in Charlotteville an opportunity to do for them what he deeply longed to do. He was one of the largest subscribers to the stock, and through his influence others subscribed the amount necessary. Abraham Becker, of South Worcester, a successful lawyer, was also much interested and was a large subscriber to the stock.

The Institution was chartered and incorporated by the Board of Regents of the State of New York as "The New York Conference Seminary." The New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its session in May, 1850, passed a resolution endorsing the undertaking, but assumed no financial responsibility for it. Through the summer, the process of erecting the seminary building went forward, under the direction of Jacob Hoffman, hopefully and eagerly watched by all, especially the young people.

Inquiry was made for a suitable principal for the new school. The Rev. Dr. Stephen M. Vail, a professor of the Biblical Institute of Concord, New Hampshire, recommended the Rev. Alonzo Flack, a student in the Institute and a graduate of Union College, as a fit person. On invitation, he visited Charlotteville in August, and was a guest at our house for several days. He preached on Sunday morning in the church and, on the whole, in spite of some drawbacks, made a favorable impression. Trustee meetings were held and he laid before the Trustees his plans for the success of the Seminary. The expense of a year was to be made as low as possible without loss to the Trustees. The idea of money-making was not encouraged; in fact, there had been little thought of it at any time. The Seminary was to be well advertised in the surrounding region, in Albany and in the church papers. Students were to be conveyed free of charge, except for board, from Albany, Oneonta and some other points.

Mr. Flack was finally engaged as principal at a salary of $400 for the first year, board included. He was of Scotch-Irish origin, a native of Argyle, New York. Of small stature, with dark complexion and piercing black eyes, a man full of energy, fertile in resources and practicable schemes, of good executive ability, he was just the person to bring success to an enterprise of this sort.

Education at low rates

There were to be two terms of twenty-two weeks each, each term being divided so as to make altogether four quarters of eleven weeks each. The cost for tuition in common English, with room and board, was $68 for a year. The Seminary was to open about November 1, 1850.

Mr. Flack's plan was carried out to the letter. Conveyances met students at the designated points. The result was an embarrassing number of students, nearly all young men and women, almost 250 in number. Every room in the Seminary was crowded and every family in the village that could be persuaded opened its doors to entertain and board students. Even then it was only with a good deal of crowding that all were accommodated.

To organize, successfully conduct and govern so large a body of students required ability of no common order. Mr. Flack was equal to the demands of the occasion. The first term passed off as smoothly and successfully as could be expected. One secret of its success was that the students, almost without exception, had enrolled themselves with the purpose of making the most of their opportunities.

Early in the spring another building was put up in the rear of the first that would accommodate fifty or more students and afford additional classrooms. Other buildings were erected on the grounds and teachers were added to the board of instructors until almost 450 students in attendance were provided for.

In 1853 Mr. Flack unwisely aspired to build a college in Charlotteville in connection with the Seminary. A flourishing Methodist Seminary at Lima, in western New York, had established a college which afterwards merged with Syracuse University. Mr. Flack was ambitious to follow that example. He proposed to erect college buildings on the other side of

the Charlotte Creek and raise an endowment of $100,000 by the sale of scholarships. Mr. Flack, after his enthusiastic manner, secured a Board of Trustees, bought a large plot of land, planned and began to erect the proposed college buildings. One was built and filled with students of the Seminary during the winter when there was an attendance of about 700. But the attempt to sell scholarships to raise the proposed endowment of $100,000 failed. Without consulting, and without the consent of, the people in the region of Charlotteville, who had been persuaded to engage in the enterprise, Mr. Flack transferred his efforts to build a college to Troy, New York, expecting to call the institution Troy University, thus leaving the people of Charlotteville "out in the cold."

A few words concerning the Troy University: Buildings were erected on Mount Ida and at length were opened for students under the care of a small faculty. Mr. Flack aspired to the presidency, but failed of an election. Then he went to Claverack as principal of the Hudson River Institute. The Troy University never flourished, and I do not know that it ever graduated a class. It was heavily embarrassed with debt and was finally sold to the Roman Catholics for some kind of parochial institution.

The Seminary burns to the ground

In May, 1854, the Seminary in Charlotteville caught fire and was burned to ashes. Most of the students saved their clothing and a little furniture. The greater part of the students remained till the end of the term, finding accommodations in the village and crowding into the newly erected college building, which then became the home of the Seminary. The morning chapel of the Seminary was held in the Methodist church. The school at this time had reached its high-water mark of prosperity, but it was never rebuilt. From the time of

the fire there was a gradual decline in the number of students. For fifteen years it continued fairly prosperous, under four or five successive principals. But in the summer of 1865 the last buildings burned down, never to be rebuilt. The Rev. Solomon Sias tried to keep a high school under the old charter name in a hotel in the village, once known as the "Hoffman House." Even this was finally closed about the year 1870, so that this Institution, to which the Lamont family gave much in efforts and contributions, may be said to have had a history lasting about twenty years.

If, at the time the Seminary had an attendance of about 400 students who were well cared for, Mr. Flack had been content to rest there and had sought to consolidate and perfect the enterprise so auspiciously begun, to improve the character of the teaching and make the school in every way more permanently attractive and desirable, that surely would have been the wiser thing. I fancy that the Seminary might have been easily rebuilt with the money put into the poorly-constructed college buildings, and have remained fairly prosperous until this time. There was evidently the need and demand for such a grade of school in that part of the State—a preparatory school for College and a place where many young people unable to go to college might acquire a more liberal training than was possible in the common schools. It was especially adapted for the children of farmers and others of moderate circumstances in rural communities. There always is a demand for just that grade of high school for the benefit of the class alluded to. Witness the permanent prosperity of the Cazenovia Seminary, the Wyoming Seminary, and the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. The New York Conference Seminary, started a little later than some of them, might have been made equally prosperous and permanent.

Mr. Flack told me a few years before he died that his leaving

Charlotteville was the great mistake of his life; that he might have accomplished more and better work if he had remained there. With his talent for pushing enterprises in which he was interested, his boundless enthusiasm, his power to inspire young men and women to make the most of themselves, and with his executive ability, he would have been vastly more successful by staying to build up a permanent institution at Charlotteville and, further, he would have kept faith with the people there who had opened the way for his success and had loyally sustained him to the utmost of their financial ability.

As to the quality of the teaching in Charlotteville in those days, it is worth remembering that the young men who went to Union College—and there were many of them—and to Wesleyan University and to Yale, ranked well in scholarship with the average in their classes. Some of the causes of the extraordinary success of the New York Conference Seminary, while it endured, were: first, the demand, which I have described, for schools preparatory for college and of a much higher calibre than the common schools of the day; second, the fact that it was a Methodist Church School, largely patronized by Methodist pastors of the New York Conference who sent their children there and cast their influence in its favor and acted as its agents; third, the unparalleled reasonableness of its charges—children could be maintained and educated there at almost less cost than they could be kept at home.

To the credit of the Seminary, it must be recorded that many young men and women who otherwise never would have gone beyond the common school, obtained there a sound education. And not a few young men went through college who never would have done so, but for the opportunity Charlotteville opened up for them. And further, many clergymen in the surrounding Conferences received their preparatory training there. Mr. Flack was constantly urging his stu-

dents to take a regular college course and spurring them on to that end.

I have said enough to indicate the causes for the gradual decline and final windup of the Seminary at Charlotteville. It was perfectly plain that Mr. Flack's withdrawal was a great loss; that the establishment of better graded schools in the cities and larger villages kept at home more and more of the young people; that the lack of a sufficient income to keep the buildings in a good state of repair was a heavy drawback.

Many institutions spring up

But the initial success of Charlotteville, which was maintained for several years, prompted many unwise efforts at seminary building in the same region. The first one was in Richmondville, only ten miles from Charlotteville, started about two years later. The seminary building, filled with students, was destroyed by fire in less than four months after it was opened. It was rebuilt, but again met the same fate within a year or two.

Then a seminary was built in Warnerville, about four miles beyond Richmondville. The building is still standing, but the school never prospered and the building was finally turned into a boarding-house. Another seminary was built in Carlisle, Schoharie County. It had only a brief existence and was then torn down, the organization moving elsewhere. Another school was built in Princeton, Schenectady County, which had but a brief life. Still another institution was put up at Fort Plain. It flourished well for a few years, but after several failures it was taken in hand by the Universalists who still keep it up as a school. Fort Edward was the site of another seminary which prospered for years under the presidency of the Rev. Joseph E. King, but that, too, was destroyed by fire years ago, was rebuilt on a smaller scale and is now used as a

female seminary. Cooperstown on Lake Otsego had a similar school which prospered for a short time and then burned down. At Ashland, Greene County, there sprang up another seminary which, after a few years, ended its days in the customary conflagration. John F. Hurst, who afterwards became a bishop, was a teacher there, as was also my cousin, Kate Lamont, who became Hurst's wife. Another school, built in Deposit, Delaware County, never flourished to any marked degree, and finally, after being vacant for a time, went up in flames at the time when I was pastor in Deposit.

Claverack, New York, also had a school, the Hudson River Institute, which flourished fairly well for about forty years. Mr. Flack took charge of it on the failure of his Troy University enterprise. He was principal for about thirty years, being succeeded by his son. The building is still standing, but its doors are closed for want of patronage. During my pastorate at Claverack, my elder son, Hammond, then a little chap of six years, attended the school. My younger son, Thomas W., was born in that village. Many of the schools named failed from the same causes that led to the downfall of the New York Conference Seminary.

The building of so many seminaries in that one region where they could not possibly all be needed was an interesting phenomenon of the times. There seemed to be a kind of mania or craze which had its day and then passed away, leaving not a few people suffering from losses that they could ill afford. Some were even completely ruined financially. Thus the short-lived prosperity of the Charlotteville Seminary seemed to be the unwitting occasion of a good deal of unwise and in the end disastrous imitation. The history of this movement, this instinctive straining for educational advantages on the part of the people of New York State sixty years ago, has not

been written or even touched upon, so far as I know, by anyone familiar with the facts.

But let us return to the family history. My father was not very much enamored of the college enterprise in Charlotteville of which I have spoken, nor was he very deeply mixed up in it. He died before it had fairly taken shape. "He was taken away from the evil to come." He opened a store for general merchandise in the village, embarking in trade again after an interval of about fifteen years. My brother, William, was his principal helper; at the same time the farm was conducted as usual. He prospered and soon my twin brothers, William and David, were his chief clerks. In the summer of 1852 Father erected a much larger building to care for his growing business under the firm name of "Lamont & Sons." He was also appointed postmaster in the spring of 1853. Towards the end of May he prepared to go to Windsor to look after his land in that town, and to visit some of his uncles and cousins who had settled in the neighborhood of Owego, New York. Mother accompanied him on his journey.

The death of my father

Well do I recall the morning they started. I was just starting for the Seminary as they were getting into the carriage. Father said, "Good-bye, Thomas; look after things while I am away." On the morning of June 3d he had transacted his business in Windsor and was driving westward on a highway near the tracks of the Erie Railroad, about ten miles from Binghamton. A hand-car came along the track, and Father's horse, unaccustomed to seeing cars of any kind, took fright and tried to run away. By a good deal of exertion Father succeeded in stopping him after a little time. He then alighted to adjust something about the harness that had gotten out of order.

Mother, too, got out to pick up something that had fallen out a little way back while the horse was running. When she returned she noticed that Father was leaning against the horse, looking pale. He said: "I feel faint." Mother said: "Lie right down on the ground." He did so at once. She went to him and found that he had ceased to breathe. She felt his pulse, and it had stopped beating. She could discover no signs of life. He must have died the instant he reached the ground.

Mother found his knife and tried to bleed him, but when she opened a vein the blood would not flow. The conviction was forced upon her that her husband was dead. In speaking of the scene at that moment Mother said: "I could feel the angels' presence there: they had come to take him to the heaven for which he had been preparing and ripening for years."

A singular thing was that the horse, so unmanageable a little while before, seemed by instinct to know that something unusual was happening, for all this time he stood perfectly still.

Mother was entirely alone during this fearful ordeal. Seeing some men working on the railroad nearby, she hurried towards them and called for help. They came at once and the lifeless body was carried to a house perhaps a quarter of a mile away. A doctor was sent for, and he pronounced Father dead. A coroner was summoned. After careful inquiry into all the circumstances he decided that death had come from over-exertion in stopping the runaway horse—exertion that had ruptured a blood-vessel of the heart. Mother sent at once to Binghamton, ten miles away, for an undertaker and all else that was needed to bring Father's body home. A cousin of Father's, a Mrs. Messereau, living a few miles away, having in the meantime heard the sad news, came to offer her sympathy, which was all she could do.

Finally all things were ready for the return. Mother hired a man to drive her alongside the hearse, and about evening time she started on her sad journey homeward. She was at least a hundred miles from home. She rested for a little time during the night at a hotel on the road to feed her horses, but she could not sleep. They pushed on early the next day and after dark that night reached my eldest brother's (Jacob's) home, about three miles east of Oneonta. It was heavy news to him, a great shock, for Father and Mother had stayed all night with him on their way out only a short time before.

A melancholy home-coming

Long before daylight Mother started to cover the final twenty-two miles of the journey. A neighbor of Jacob's, Dexter Brown, who had once lived in Charlotteville, was sent on in advance of the sad procession to break the news to us. Well do I recall that morning. I was in the cowyard milking. Mr. Brown rode up and halted. I stepped to the road to see him.

"Your father took a journey not many days ago, did he not?" said he.

"Yes," I answered.

"I am very sorry to tell you that he is dead and that they are coming with his remains a little way behind me."

The sad news soon spread through the household, and by that time Mother, with the procession, had arrived. I need not describe the scene.

We all preferred to remember our Father as we had last seen him, in health and strength; and so, with little further preparation, we laid him at rest that same afternoon in the Lamont burying-ground. This was on Saturday. The funeral proper, as the custom was at that time, was held in the church on Sunday morning, the Rev. David Buck, the newly ap-

pointed pastor of the Church, officiating. I can recall nothing of his text or sermon. I have always regretted that the Rev. Harvey Brown, an old and lifelong acquaintance of my father, who was visiting the place, was not invited to preach the sermon. He would have been able to do greater justice to the occasion. He only made a few very appropriate remarks. The reason he was not invited was a fear that Mr. Buck, the regular pastor, might in some way consider himself slighted. Mr. Buck's sermon was generally regarded as quite unequal to the occasion.

A few observations about my father

1. He was a man of fine presence, of about medium size, with a pleasant face, a ruddy countenance, a high, broad forehead, black hair just beginning to be sprinkled with gray, large bluish-gray eyes, large front teeth and a very pleasant smile. He was a man of much natural dignity—few would be inclined to take undue liberty or use undue familiarity in his presence. He impressed people favorably—it was his unconscious influence speaking through his whole personality.

2. He was a man of good, well-balanced intellect and sound common sense; an excellent judge of human nature.

3. He had excellent business ability, better than anyone else of his father's family. He had, according to the modest standards in his time and community, even though still under fifty, attained success. His estate at his death was estimated at $15,000. We are to remember, too, that he had a large and growing family, thirteen children, to be cared for during his business years. His advocacy of any financial enterprise had great weight. To him, more than to any other man, was due the building and the prosperous beginning of the New York Conference Seminary.

4. He was a public-spirited man and favored with heart

and hand whatever was for the general good. He took an interest in the political questions of his day, though not a zealous party man. On national and State elections he voted the Democratic ticket. Twice before he was forty years old he was elected supervisor of his town. His advocacy of any candidate greatly helped, if it did not actually secure, his election to any town office. In all probability he would have been nominated and elected Member of the Legislature for Schoharie Couty in 1844, except for the Anti-Rent excitement that year. Father had expressed himself very decidedly as having no sympathy with what was lawless in that movement, and there was a good deal of lawlessness in it. This stand on his part was not very appealing to the excited feelings of many voters at that time.

5. He was an early and earnest advocate of temperance reform. Through his influence his town came within eleven votes of becoming a no-license town almost seventy years ago. For years in my boyhood no liquor was sold in the hotel in Charlotteville.

6. He was first of all and chiefly a well-rounded, thoroughly good Christian man. His religion was the chief thing with him always; it was so from his boyhood; it leavened his whole life and by it he settled every question. It was as true of him as it ever was of any man that ever lived that "he sought first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." This was first in his thoughts, first in his affections, and first in the strenuousness of his endeavors. Whatever else must be put aside, this was not neglected for an hour, and according to the divine promise, "other things were added," in due time, in kind and degree. His Christianity ordered his speech, governed his household, trained his children and regulated all his relations to his fellow-men. He never was in too great a hurry to hold family prayers in the morning before breakfast,

reading a chapter from the Bible—not always a short chapter. And when we were old enough to read, we children had each a testament and at morning prayers each read a verse in turn. This was always done, both winter and summer, in haying and harvest time, and the helpers were always invited to be present, usually accepting the invitation. This was never a formal, hurried service, but thoughtful, deliberate, sincere. There were also generally evening prayers, without the reading. The influence of family worship upon the household was highly salutary and lasting.

I may add the testimony of the Rev. Harvey Brown, of Summit, for years a member of the New York Conference, but transferred to the West: "I had known Thomas W. Lamont from his boyhood; from the time he became a Christian. I have traveled extensively in New York and in the West in several States; have known a great many excellent Christian men, some quite intimately. Of all the men I have ever known, Thomas W. Lamont was the best, the most upright, the most thoroughly Christian man." He said further that "he had been the greatest religious factor in Schoharie County in his day; had done more than any other single man to advance the interests of Christianity in his native county. His death was more like a translation than anything else."

Father never made any lofty professions; was always modest in his statements concerning his religious life and experiences. He was conscious of faults and defects, but I believe he approached as nearly to the highest New Testament standard of Christian attainment as our frail human nature ever does. I have already spoken of his organizing the first Sunday School in Charlotteville, and probably the first in Schoharie County.

He was a man of much prayer, of regular habits of prayer, always taking time at midday, as well as at morning and evening, for a period of private devotion.

7. He was ardently attached to the Church of his early choice. He was regular, devout and constant in his attendance upon the Church services. The prosperity of the Church was his joy; her decline, his sorrow. It was his influence and earnest advocacy that secured the building of the Methodist church in Charlotteville in 1832, before I was born. He was a generous contributor towards its construction. The church is still standing. He was a generous giver in his day and according to his means for the support of the Church and other benevolent causes. I have no doubt that year by year, on an average, he gave at least a tenth of his income to the Church and other benevolences.

8. He practised a large-hearted and open-handed hospitality—"hospitality without grudging." His home was always open to Methodist ministers and their families, and, on the old-fashioned Methodist Quarterly Meeting occasions, his house was filled to overflowing. I do not think he was ever a loser by his hospitality and generosity. But whether he was or not, he felt it a duty and a privilege and that was enough for him.

The foregoing is an imperfect and altogether inadequate estimate of the excellences of my father's character.

THE REVEREND THOMAS LAMONT AND HIS TIMES

I write this sketch of a commonplace life, not that I think it worthy of record, but because I have been earnestly solicited by the members of my family to write it. I have no high estimate of my attainments or achievements; I can only say, as has often been said before: "*By the grace of God I am what I am.*"

Birth of Thomas Lamont in 1832

I am the fifth child and fourth son of my parents, Thomas W. and Elizabeth Maria (Paine) Lamont. I was born on October 6th, 1832, in Charlotteville, New York, where my Grandfather had established the family home about 1806. It was my great advantage to be born in a thoroughly Christian home, in an atmosphere of warm, cheerful piety, in a family as well enlightened and as free from narrowness and bigotry as probably could be found in that region. The house in which I was born, and in which I spent the first two and a half years of my childhood, is still standing. It is in about the center of the village, on the south side, somewhat back from the street

—an old red house, painted that color in all likelihood at the time it was built, almost a century ago.

My first memories are connected with a house still standing (directly opposite the Methodist Church) into which the family moved about the year 1835. There were around it perhaps five or six acres. I remember an old orchard on the place which, in apple-time, I was very fond of visiting. A Sally Millington was a helper in our family at that time. She used to say that often, while spinning upstairs, she would see me, a little light-haired boy, running from the orchard, calling: "Sally, I am coming; Sally, I am coming!" at the same time holding up my hands full of apples. Sally married Daniel Morris, tailor, and spent most of her life in Charlotteville. She died, a very old woman, about the year 1900.

The old, unpainted schoolhouse was not far off, to which I was sent as a pupil when I was about three years old. Perhaps there were so many of us little folks that it was thought I should be out of the way at school, being cared for by the teacher and the elder children. It was the summer term. One Sunday morning I started off to school as usual. One of my elder brothers brought me back, and I remember, after I got home, hanging my head and being very much ashamed of myself that I had so completely forgotten the day. The teacher, Miss Rose Ann Rowland, was the one who taught me my alphabet. She afterwards married a Harry Boughton. In the wintertime, Charles Gorse was the teacher—a tall, strong man, a second cousin of my father. When I stood up close to him to spell my short words, as he was sitting down, I seemed to come only about up to his knees. He became a Methodist clergyman and for more than fifty years was a worthy member of the New York Conference.

Schoolboy days at Charlotteville

I attended the district school both summer and winter until I was about twelve. The old schoolhouse, crowded right into the road, has long since disappeared. Another schoolhouse, not far from the old one, was built in 1842, much larger and more commodious, and said to have been, when built, the finest in Schoharie County. Though turned into a dwellinghouse, it is still standing.

I did not love study any more than the average boy; was as fond of play and was as glad when the teacher would say, "The boys may go out," when the noon recess of an hour arrived. We took a lunch from home to be eaten at this recess, usually of bread and butter, with a large piece of maple sugar between the slices, and some pie and cake. We played hard and by the time we reached home at night were as hungry as little bears, and went straight for the pantry to get something to eat.

The schools I attended were not made especially attractive. It was the time when there was unshaken faith in the virtue of the rod and ferule as aids in imparting instruction. My recollection, especially of the winter terms, is of seeing great, big boys called out onto the floor for some breach of the rules, lectured and then whipped, in some cases unmercifully. The women teachers were, perhaps, as a rule, not quite so severe. Their pupils were small children and more easily managed, yet I have some unpleasant memories of being beaten with a ruler on my arms, legs and hands for simply looking off my book, and sometimes I did not even know the reason for this punishment. I recall one teacher who would frequently pass around with her ruler and strike us on the thighs. We got so that we would flinch when we saw her coming. She would

then lay on the ruler, saying. "I know you must be guilty of something or you would not flinch so when you see me coming."

Brother Jacob champions little George

I recall one teacher who, as we stood up to spell just before the school was to be dismissed at night, had us call out our numbers, "first, second, third," etc., so that we might know our places in the class the next day. My brother George's number was third. He was only a little fellow and could not speak plainly, but did as well as he could. He said, "Thode." The teacher repeated: "Say 'third.' " He repeated "thode," getting as near "third" as he could. So two or three times, the teacher, believing in the efficacy of punishment, said, "Now if you say 'thode' again when I tell you to say 'third' I will whip you," and she stood ready with the rod. My eldest brother, Jacob, looking on with deep interest, sprang to his feet and went towards the teacher, saying: "Do not touch my little brother; he cannot speak plainly. He says 'third' as plainly as he can." The teacher did not touch him, but dismissed the class, nor did she say or do anything to Jacob. I think she was somewhat ashamed of herself. My eldest brother was a great defender and champion of his younger brothers and sisters.

I recall another scene in my early schooldays. A new teacher had come and was walking around, asking and taking the names of all the students. He asked my eldest brother his name. He answered: "Jacob P. Lamont"; and so on down until he came to my brother David, who, thinking that the name Lamont was becoming a little common and monotonous, answered, "David Lemon." He was teased a little afterwards by being called "David Lemon."

I remember in those days the measles were in the place, and one day in school I felt very sick. The teacher told me I might

go home. I started and the distance home, not more than half a mile, was the longest and weariest half mile I ever traveled. I sat down frequently to rest, thinking that I never should get home. I broke out with measles all over my body, and was soon well again. My brother George had them at the same time, and was exceeding ill—came near dying. The measles never "came out," Mother said. He was a long time recovering and was one of the sickest children she ever knew.

There were from seven to eight months of school in the year. A young man taught the winter term and a young woman the summer term. The teachers boarded around in the families of the district, staying in each family a week or more, according to the number of pupils sent to the school. I had no special fondness for study in those days, but I was exceedingly fond of reading anything that interested me, this little trait perhaps in part inherited from my mother. I did once or twice win the prize offered for speaking, as did also some of my brothers and sisters. Indeed, I recall the close of one winter term when all the prizes came into our family.

From the age of twelve years I attended only the winter term of school, usually lasting about four months. Perhaps I had learned about all the young women teachers could impart to me. The wages, by the way, paid to the men teachers, were from $10 to $15 per month, and board; to the young women, from $1 to $2 per week, and board. Further, at about the age of twelve I was old enough to be quite useful in various ways on the farm.

So the winters passed until I was sixteen years old. I wrote a legible hand—much more so than I write today; had a fair knowledge of geography, American history, rhetoric, arithmetic, natural philosophy, and algebra to quadratic equations. From that time I either taught or attended some higher school until I was graduated from college.

Picture of the Lamont household

The spirit of my father's family was one of industry, economy, kindness, cheerfulness, hospitality, liberality and godliness. My earliest memories of the farm are of driving with two of my elder brothers a herd of cows to pasture at some distance from the house, and then back to be milked at night; of bringing in wood and chips for the fire. In the summer there was a large open fireplace at which cooking was done. It made a very cheerful blaze in the cool nights of the spring and early fall. Baking of biscuits, etc., was done before this fire in a large tin baker. There was a large outdoor oven for bread and pies. A large cookstove was used in the winter. Wood was abundant, and large quantities were used, as there was no motive for saving it, since in clearing the forests what was not used for cooking and heating the house we burned up in the fields to get it out of the way.

About as good a picture of my mother as need be can be found in Proverbs, 31st chapter, where Solomon gives us a portrait of "an excellent woman." Mother never "ate the bread of idleness," and her children were early taught to follow in her steps. We were trained very early to be helpful in some ways. Large quantities of apples were cut and dried in the autumn. The drying was sometimes done by spreading the peeled and quartered apples on boards and exposing them to the sun; but generally by stringing the prepared apples on coarse linen twine, about five feet in length, by the aid of a large needle, and then hanging the strings of apples near the fireplace, or by laying them on flat poles overhead near the kitchen ceiling. In a dry room such apples would stay preserved almost indefinitely. Enough apples were often thus dried to provide a large family with apple sauce and apple pies for a whole year, or until the next season came around.

Also in the fall sweet apples were cut up and stewed in

boiled cider made into a syrup, which would keep sweet through all the cold weather for perhaps six months. Mother would often fill a butter firkin with apple sauce thus prepared. Pumpkins were also prepared somewhat as apples were, by cutting them in large rings and stringing them on poles to dry overhead in the kitchen. Sometimes the pumpkin was boiled down into a thick paste and then spread out in large, thin cakes to dry, and thus was preserved for the family use. Soaked in warm milk or water it was soon ready for use.

In all this work of preserving fruit, apples and pumpkins for the family, we little folks early learned to do our full share. Wild berries grew in abundance on my father's farm, beginning with strawberries in June and ending with blackberries which continued to ripen until the frosts came in the fall. Mother had her children pick berries all through the season, going out after school was dismissed at four o'clock and on the Saturdays when there was no school. The berries not eaten immediately on the table or made into pies were dried for future use. Large quantities were thus often stored up for winter, giving us a fair variety in our winter food.

In my boyhood a shoemaker with his kit of tools would come to the house and make boots and shoes for the entire family, Father providing all the materials needed. Sometimes the cobbler would come more than once in the year. A seamstress or tailoress would come and spend weeks at our house in the fall and spring and make clothes for the whole household for the year. Homemade woolen cloth, fulled at the mill, was our winter clothing, and blue jean was the material for trousers in the summer.

Farm work for the youngsters

I early learned to do all kinds of work on the farm—to milk, to plant potatoes and corn, to hoe them and to dig the potatoes

in the fall. When we were only little boys our work was to pick up the potatoes from the different rows. Father raised large quantities of potatoes, and sometimes, with the weather cool and frosty in the late fall, our fingers would get very cold picking them up. Big piles of potatoes were boiled and mixed with ground peas and oats and fed to the pigs in the fall to fatten them. A large kettle, built into an arch, the kettle holding five or six bushels, was the place where the potatoes were boiled. It was our business to fill the great "potash" kettle, as it was called, build the fire and boil the potatoes. This was not very hard work, but in doing it we made ourselves very helpful. In haying and harvest time we helped to rake the hay and stow it away when it was pitched up in high sheds, where the air was almost stifling with the dust, while the summer sun was pouring down on the roof, making the place almost like an oven. The grain was usually stowed away on top of the hay mow, or on a light scaffold overhead.

Later I learned to mow, but I never became an adept in cradling grain, though I did learn to rake up and bind the grain into sheaves after it was cradled. We learned to plow and to harrow. My brother, George, and I plowed a great deal in the fall, when he was not more than ten and I than twelve years old. He would drive the oxen and I would hold the plow. We learned to thresh with a flail, to cut and draw logs of wood to be cut up for fuel for the fireplace and stove. I recall one spring after school had closed there was quite a quantity of rye unthreshed in the barn, and Father gave George and me a "stunt," as it was called, to thresh fifty sheaves between us; then we could have the rest of the day to ourselves, until "chore time." We finished generally in a little more than half a day. The rest of the day we spent in reading Macaulay's *History of England*, just published and placed in the district

school library. At another time I remember reading Josephus' *History of the Jews*, largely after my stunt was done.

We all had our share of the chores allotted to us, both in the summer and winter, caring for the horses and oxen, cleaning all the barns, and so on. I recall that for two or three winters it was my business to saw the wood and split it for the large cookstove. The wood had been cut the previous winter into four-foot lengths and was well seasoned. I worked on that woodpile before and after school. Saturdays, when there was no school, I would get quite a large pile ahead for Sunday and for emergencies during the next week. I have never forgotten how to saw and split wood, but have never had much success in making my own sons realize what excellent exercise it is for the whole body, and how great an aid to digestion.

Early spring among the sugar-maples

The making of maple sugar was the thing that kept us all busy in the early spring, beginning soon after the winter school closed and lasting for a month or six weeks. The south side of the farm had an abundance of hard maple trees. Two sap bushes, as they were called, were worked by us boys. One bush was allotted to my eldest brother, Jacob, and me, as assistant; the next bush was cared for by two other brothers, David and William. It was not very easy work. The sap had to be gathered and boiled down in large kettles until it was almost a syrup; then it was carried to the house and carefully strained through a cloth and allowed to settle, and then cleansed again before it was made into sugar. Some years 500 or 600 pounds of sugar were made. The sap was usually brought from the buckets or troughs into which it had run from the trees, in pails suspended from a sap-yoke worn on the shoulders. One of the compensations of attending a sap bush

was that any one who cared for sweets could revel in them to his heart's content.

Another piece of farm work, attended to soon after the sugarmaking was finished for the season, was to clear the stones from the fields that were to be mowed in the summer. Four of us boys, David, William, George and I, would work together at this task. We would have a yoke of oxen hitched to a stoneboat or sled and on it we piled the stones, going carefully over the entire field. Father would throw off the stones by the fence where a stone wall was to be laid. The greater part of the stone walls on the farm—and there were hundreds of rods of them—were made from the stones we boys picked up in clearing the fields. This was fine, open-air work, just suited to growing boys.

Spelling bees in the old schoolhouse

The winters of my boyhood were not without their mild, innocent excitements. There were often spelling schools or "spelling matches," when two neighboring schools would meet and sides would be chosen. The two camps would stand up on opposite sides of the schoolhouse and spell against each other. When one person missed a word he sat down. The side that could stand up the longest won the contest.

There was usually a singing school during the winter, lasting from three to six months. It was held in the evening, gave the young people a good opportunity to get together and was greatly enjoyed. The Charlotteville and the Baptist Church neighborhood would sometimes unite and hire the same teacher, the schools being held on alternate week evenings in each neighborhood. We were very fond of the singing school. My sisters had naturally good voices and ears for music and learned to sing easily, but the boys of our family never learned music to any great extent.

Then there were debating schools held occasionally in the winter. There were two leaders in the debates, and each chose his own debaters. The judges were usually some elderly men of the community. Such questions as the following were often debated: "Should capital punishment be abolished?" "Which is the better team for a farmer to have on his place, horses or oxen?" "Which affords to us the greater pleasure, anticipation or realization?"

I have been told that my grandfather Lamont was very fond of getting boys who were at his house for an evening to debate. He would say: "Boys, I do not wish you to spend a stupid evening. I will give you some question to debate that may sharpen your wits a little, and I will decide which is the better debater." So he would give them some simple question to discuss, and the evening would thus pass pleasantly.

There were few holidays in my boyhood. The school was in session six days one week and five the next. The Saturdays when we had a holiday in the wintertime were spent in drawing and cutting wood or threshing grain; in the summertime frequently in berry picking. New Year's Day was generally observed in some way, while little was made of Christmas. I recall, however, that in some winters the Sunday School gave an exhibition in the church on Christmas Eve, in which recitations, dialogues, singing, and the like were gone through in the usual manner. Nearly every pupil in the school took some part. Sometimes on New Year's Day the young people in couples would take a long sleigh ride of ten or twelve miles, get a supper and return sometime in the evening. I recall that occasionally we were all invited to Grandfather Paine's, with all our cousins, to spend the day.

The Fourth of July was also generally well kept in Charlotteville, by a celebration. All the Sunday-schools of the surrounding region would be invited to be present. All crowded

into the church and there were singing and one or two addresses, then an intermission during which all the children marched, two by two, to the sound of a fife and drum, under the orders of a marshal on horseback. The children were all treated to some cake and candy, then marched back to the church to listen to some patriotic addresses, and so the long, eagerly-looked-for day ended. The parents and elders on such occasions usually treated themselves to a specially prepared dinner at the village hotel, as did also the young men, each taking his favorite girl. Sometimes we would all drive to Summit or South Worcester to take part in such a Fourth of July celebration. These celebrations created a good deal of wholesome excitement, and were talked about long afterwards. It was a great deprivation not to be able to attend them. I remember once Mother wished to attend, but could not think of taking the baby with her. I was persuaded to stay at home and take care of the baby on the promise that I should go to Albany with my father the next time he went to "the city." I think the baby was my sister Katherine.

My first visit to the City of Albany, in 1842

When I was not yet ten years old, my father, according to the promise, took me with him to Albany. It was early in September. A dinner-box, according to the custom of that time, had been prepared, filled with chicken, bread, cake and pie, for our lunches each way. The trip was to take four days. We arose some time before daylight and had breakfast. I imagine that I did not eat very heartily. We reached Summit, five miles away, by daybreak. We drove on through Fulton to Bryceville, near which place we stopped at the house of Father's Aunt Betsey, Grandfather Lamont's sister. She had, when a young woman, been Father's school teacher. After the horses had rested awhile and eaten some hay and grain, we

drove on over what was called the Tegasabarrack hill, or rather mountain, and came down into the Schoharie valley in the region known as Vrooman's Land. The original owner of a large tract here was a Mr. Vrooman. It was a beautiful region, with broad, flat or bottom lands, very fertile, with fine buildings and large orchards loaded with apples, the finest I had ever seen. There was also that prominent peak, known as "Vrooman's Nose," jutting out from the mountain, that arrested my attention. We went down that beautiful broad valley to Middleburgh, where we stopped for dinner and the rest of the day.

The Democratic Convention was to meet there that afternoon, and Father was a delegate from his town. The convention met and organized. I did not go in, as I was not interested. Father came out occasionally to look after me. I got up into the wagon and probably fell asleep, awakening sometime early in the afternoon, feeling very ill at my stomach. The food, the early rising, the hot sun and my continued gazing at the scenery had upset me. My father was called out of the convention and a very kind old colored woman, working in the kitchen of the hotel, brought me a preparation of some kind, with a strong taste of camphor, to drink. I swallowed it, my stomach was soon settled and I was all right for the rest of my journey.

After a supper at the hotel Father took me into the convention with him and I think I lay down in one corner on a lounge and slept all the evening. Later the convention adjourned and Father got out the team and we drove on down the valley through Schoharie village to a tavern then known as "Yankee Pete's," perhaps seven miles from Middleburgh. The barroom or reception room presented a novel sight with a lot of slippers hung up on nails. The custom was for the guests, mainly farmers on their way to market, to pull off

their boots and put on a pair of slippers and go to bed, leaving their boots behind. We went upstairs to a room with several beds, and I slept pretty soundly. We drove on the next day over the Helderburg mountain, through Quaker Street, Duanesburg, and then on the great Western Turnpike, as it was called, to Albany, arriving there early in the afternoon.

First sight of a railroad train

From a high hill above the city, I had my first sight of a locomotive engine drawing some cars. It was on the line of the Albany & Schenectady railroad, the tracks having since been changed. Near the same place we were halted and a dozen men swarmed around, asking what produce Father had to sell. They were then called "runners," and were the agents of merchants in the city. Father had inquired along the road the going price of the things he had for sale, and so was in a position to trade intelligently.

Entering the city I was completely amazed and gazed with open-eyed wonder at the Court House, the old City Hall, the Capitol and all the fine houses we passed as we drove to the place where our goods were to be delivered. Such fine houses, and so compactly built together, I had never dreamed of.

By the time we were unloaded and the settlement for Father's produce had been made it was night, and Father drove back to a hotel on Washington street, kept by a Mr. Loucks, an acquaintance of Father's, where we got supper and remained for the night. The next morning Father did a great deal of shopping of one kind or another. He took me into what was then called "The Museum," showed me over a steamboat, and I saw any number of canal boats and sloops, for sloops were still largely employed in carrying freight on the river. These were all entirely new sights to me, a little country boy. We started homeward after dinner and drove

as far as Central Bridge, staying over night there. The road to Albany at that time had plenty of hotels or taverns, as they were then called, scattered all along the way.

We returned by way of Cobleskill instead of Schoharie. I remember the long climb of five miles from the valley of the Cobleskill creek to Summit. We had quite a load, so Father walked up the hills and I drove the team. We did not reach home until some time after dark on the fourth day. I was a very tired, sleepy boy by that time and glad enough to get to bed. I had seen a great deal and had enough to talk about for months afterwards. A new world had been opened to me. Seventy years have rolled around since that memorable trip, yet I can remember the events of those four days as if they had been only yesterday.

Training of the State Militia

A holiday which came early in September was the "Company Training Day" of the state militia. We always attended and greatly enjoyed the martial music. Still later there was what was called the "General Training," when all the militia of several towns would meet at some central point, forming a brigade, and perhaps the major-general and always the brigadier and officers of lower rank would take command. The place regarded as most central for that part of Schoharie County was Jefferson, seven miles over the hills to the south of Charlotteville.

We looked forward to this trip as one of the greatest occasions of the entire year. We arose very early and spent the whole day. To us boys was given a small sum of money which we could spend as we pleased. Crowds of people were present and peddlers with their wares. "Yankee notions" were sold at auction, fruit, ginger-bread and the like were hawked about and dinners could be had at various booths. Once my brother

George heard a man selling things at auction and put in a bid for a dozen teaspoons. They were struck off to him at a low figure and he made a good bargain. It was generally quite dark by the time we reached home, a company of very tired boys; but we had had a good time and it had been a great day for us. These were all the holidays of our boyhood and we were satisfied.

Current literature in 1840

As I have said, we all had at least the average boy's fondness for reading, but of course books for children in my boyhood were not very numerous in the region of Charlotteville, nor anywhere else for that matter. There was a post office in the place, established a good while before I was born. There was a weekly mail, carried sometimes on horseback, but generally in a one-horse wagon. The mail went through to Davenport on one day and returned the next. Not many weekly papers were in circulation. My father always took the Methodist Church paper, *The Christian Advocate and Journal.* In it I found little to interest me. Another paper my father took was the *Weekly Albany Argus*, which I read eagerly for its general news. It was a strongly partisan Democratic paper, advocating the election of James K. Polk as against Henry Clay, and the annexation of Texas and the righteousness of the Mexican war. Of that war I read all the news that came to hand.

There also came into our family, by way of exchange with some of the neighbors, *The Philadelphia Saturday Courier* and *Neal's Saturday Gazette.* These two papers were mainly filled with cheap stories by T. S. Arthur, Caroline and George Lippard, who wrote "Legends of the Revolution," Lee Hents, and the like, but they were very interesting to me. Then there was the *Sunday School Advocate*, which began to be pub-

lished early in the Forties, which I also eagerly read. There was also a scanty Sunday School library. Then, too, there was the School District library, provided by the State, from which only one book might be drawn by a family at one time.

From this library I became quite familiar with the *History of the United States*, *Life of George Washington*, *Colonial and Indian Wars*, *History of the Jews*, by Josephus, *History of England*, and Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. Not many monthly magazines were published. Occasionally I saw *Graham's Magazine*, published in Philadelphia. I do not recall any other.

Lawlessness in the rent riots

In my boyhood, from the years 1843 to 1845, there was carried on what has since been called the "Anti-Rent War." Charlotteville was not the theater of this war but it was in that region, and our village shared in the general excitement. Farms had been purchased in Albany, Schoharie and parts of Delaware Counties, subject to an annual lease or small rent. The agitation began for the purpose of getting the lands with a clear title, encumbered no longer with a lease and yearly rent. This object was perfectly legitimate, but the agitation degenerated into forms of lawlessness and disorder. Bands of armed men in the disguise of Indians were present at the anti-rent meetings.

We boys attended one such meeting in the Dugway meeting house about two and one-half miles away, where large numbers of disguised men were present, hooting and yelling after the Indian fashion. There was no leased land about Charlotteville, but some neighbors joined in the anti-rent movement, hoping in some way, perhaps, to escape paying their indebtedness on the lands for which they had contracted. The excitement continued until a deputy sheriff, by the name of Steele, was shot in the town of Andes, Delaware County,

where he was trying to force the sale of a man's cattle in order to compel him to pay his debts. The whole region was greatly agitated, hundreds were arrested in Delaware County, which was put for a time under martial law and declared by the governor to be in rebellion. There were a great many criminal trials at Delhi; several were convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. These sentences were changed by the governor to imprisonment for life. The men were pardoned after a few years, none serving a full term.

About four miles from our place, a deputy sheriff was tarred and feathered in the wintertime, while attempting to serve some papers on a delinquent landholder. The scene for several years was called "Tar Hollow." After the criminal proceedings in Delhi the excitement died down. A law was passed forbidding the wearing of disguises. The landlords also came to be willing to sell their land and give a clear title.

I recall that during this excitement John Jeffers, a loud-mouthed talker in my father's employ, was caught one day by a band of the so-called Indians who threatened him and made him leap up and down, shouting: "Down with the rent!" The Lamonts about Charlotteville had no sympathy with this lawless movement. My Grandfather Lamont, to whom was due not back rent but back payments for land purchased from Gerrit Smith, whose agent Grandfather was for that region, was threatened. When the old man, then in poor health, sat on his porch one day and a load of disguised men rode by, whooping and shouting and holding up a tar bucket, he shook his cane at them, saying: "Be off, you calico devils!"

My father, as perhaps I have said elsewhere, about this time was urged to accept the nomination for the State legislature for Schoharie County. I have no doubt that he would have been nominated and elected, but for the fact that it was well-known that he was opposed to the lawlessness of the anti-rent

movement. One who apparently sympathized with the rioters, Seymour Boughton, was nominated and elected.

Charlotteville, in my boyhood, was a very religious community. There was the Sunday School organized by my father, to which I was taken, I cannot remember how early. Then the Church catechism was taught in the home as well as at church. We were expected to learn and recite at least six new Bible verses each week. I was in a class of four or five boys, among whom was my brother George. Our teacher, David Morris, offered a new jackknife as a prize to the boy who would recite the most verses in a given time. I won the knife. There was always the Sunday morning preaching service in the church which we attended, even when very small boys. Then there was a Sunday afternoon or Sunday evening prayer-meeting, usually led by my father; also a week-evening prayer-meeting on Thursday night, held in the schoolhouse or in some home. My earliest recollections are of one held in our house, right opposite the church; of the loud singing in which Charles Gorse, the schoolteacher, took a leading part.

Plenty of preachers right at home

My father's house was always the temporary home of the itinerants, that is, the traveling Methodist ministers. I recall one, O. G. Hedstrom. He would, almost as soon as he entered the house, walk back and forth in the room singing very heartily and rubbing and clapping his hands. When we were outdoors playing, his hearty singing would announce to us little folks his presence. Then there was the old-fashioned "Quarterly Meeting," when the house would be crowded to overflowing for a night or two by those who had come from a distance. Sometimes, to make more room for these guests, we little people were taken to Grandfather Paine's to stay for

a few days, which pleased us very much. Such was the open-hearted and open-handed hospitality of my father and mother that it led one of my father's neighbors in those days to say to my grandfather Lamont: "Mr. Lamont, those Methodists will eat your son Thomas out of house and home; you would better caution him." Whether my grandfather cautioned Father or not I do not know, but my father spoke of it pleasantly in after days, saying: "I have kept on in my old way, but never yet have wanted for a house and home."

Two occasions I recall when one preacher for a part of a year and another for a whole year lived at my father's, almost wholly as a guest. The ministers who were such frequent guests were simple, good men, and no doubt their influence on the family was religiously wholesome.

Though during these early years I attended church, I recall no sermons, though I do recall that some of the preachers spoke and prayed with great vehemence, and I got the impression in some way that the one who spoke the loudest was the greatest preacher. On one occasion I remember a man by the name of Occumpaugh, an exhorter, had spoken with more than the usual loudness all through. Though I probably had not understood a word he had spoken, I told Mother on my return home what a wonderful preacher I had heard. She corrected me, telling me that loudness of speech was no sign of ability.

When somewhat older I recall two ministers, the Rev. Eben S. Hebbard and the Rev. Adi Lee, who impressed me as being able preachers, and I listened to their discourses. In the spring of 1843 four of us brothers, David, William, George and I, united with the Methodist Church. My brother Jacob and sister Lucy, both older than we four, had joined the Church some time before.

Jacob goes out into the world

My eldest brother, Jacob, married Elizabeth R. Hinman on March 9, 1848. She was a most excellent woman, somewhat older than himself, well educated, a graduate of Cazenovia Seminary. She had taught school for about a year in Charlotteville, where my brother became acquainted with her, in fact, attended her school a part of the time. A tribute, in passing, to this excellent brother, Jacob: he was all an elder brother could be to us; always kind, never domineering, ever helpful and very affectionate. He taught school for four winters before his marriage, beginning when he was only seventeen years old, twice in the same district in Worcester, about three miles from home. As soon as he was married he went from home to live with his father-in-law, Amos Hinman, on a large farm about three miles from Oneonta. He was taken into partnership on the farm and soon bought one-half of it. The Hinmans were old acquaintances of our family, of good standing in every way.

My brother was really too young to marry, but I suppose that Father and Mother felt that if he must marry so soon in all probability he would never find a woman that would make a more excellent wife. We all felt badly when Jacob left home; we all had as great affection for him as he for us. I recall the morning—how tenderly Father prayed and how much affected he and Mother were. We greatly missed brother Jacob when he was gone and enjoyed his visits when he came home, which was every few months at least.

My sister Lucy was married in October of the same year to Simeon Lape of our own town of Summit. He was the eldest son of Samuel Lape, who owned a large farm in the neighborhood of the Lutheran church. He proved to be an excellent, kind husband. After their marriage they always lived not far from Charlotteville. Of my sister Lucy I cannot speak

too highly. She had the good traits of both my father and mother combined. No sister could be more kind than she, from my earliest recollections until the time of her death in October, 1896. She never had any children, but being the eldest daughter in the family and having a most motherly heart she adopted all her brothers and sisters as her own. The world has been to me much poorer during the years she has been gone. I have not time now to write of these dear brothers and sisters as they deserve and as it is my desire to do. I may write further at some future time, though I can never do them justice.

Four youths ambitious to teach

Four of us brothers had advanced in our studies as far as we could in the common school during the winter of 1848-49. We all felt that we should like to teach, as the custom was then for young men of fair attainments. What was called a select school was kept in Charlotteville in the fall for a few weeks by William Gorse. A number of youths attended, for he was a superior teacher. Among his pupils were the four of us. We worked hard and brushed up our studies in the common English branches so as to be able to pass examinations and receive school certificates. My brother David secured a school in Jefferson village, about seven miles from home; my brother William secured my brother Jacob's old school in the Harnacker valley in Worcester; my brother George, only fifteen years old, a little later was sought as a teacher in the same town in a neighborhood called Briar Hill. I will say to his credit that, young as he was, he was quite as successful as any of us.

My brother Jacob secured for me a school on Davenport Hill, about two miles south of his home, at the rate of $10 per month and board. I was not seventeen years old when the school was engaged for me. In October I was examined as to

scholarship and fitness to teach by the school inspector, a Mr. Metcalf. He gave me a certificate which is somewhere in my old papers today, dated in October, 1849.

I began work about November 1st of that year. The schoolhouse, which was an old, unpainted structure, stood at four corners. I remained there as teacher for about four months, being the winter term, with no great amount of satisfaction to myself, however it may have been with the patrons of the school. It was what may be called a "hard school." There were about forty students, many of them boys and some of them older and larger than myself. The trouble was not in the teaching, for I was quite at home in all I was required to teach, but in keeping proper order. But I managed to get along in some way and get through, using the rod very sparingly when it seemed necessary.

I boarded around the neighborhood; always slept in cold rooms and in some very poor houses—in some cases log houses. My lunch was always brought to me with the children's dinner, and it usually consisted of rye bread and butter, cake, pie, and sometimes cold pancakes! I kindled my own fires and the wood was always unseasoned. Each family furnished a load or two of wood, according to the number of pupils sent from that home, and sometimes the wood supply would get very low.

Tiled bathrooms were scarce

I suffered greatly from homesickness that winter among strangers. In order to wash I always had to go out into the kitchen or woodshed—sometimes outdoors. Of course the water was always cold and the soap was "soft" and homemade. I was glad enough at the end of the week to walk over the hills to spend the time until Monday with my brother Jacob's family. I never can be sufficiently grateful to my

brother and his good wife, who always made me so welcome in their home. It seemed almost like a paradise.

It was with relief that I finally closed my work on Davenport Hill. I have visited the place but once since and that was in the summer after I had closed my school. Yet there were some good, kind people there whom I shall never forget. The coldest ride, it seems to me, that I ever had was from Charlotteville to my brother's, twenty-two miles down the valley. I had driven home in a carriage with Delos Hinman, a boy about my own age, a brother of my brother Jacob's wife, to spend the holidays. A heavy snow had fallen; the weather had changed and become bitterly cold.

On the morning we started a fierce wind blew up from the north. I drove all the way, facing the wind sweeping up the valley. We stopped three times to get warm—at South Worcester, East Davenport and Davenport Center, else we should have perished. We were nearly the whole day in making the twenty-two miles. I froze the tips of my ears and the ends of my fingers so that the skin all peeled off. Otherwise I took no harm. I have no doubt that the hard experience of that winter was good for me and taught me some lessons, especially in the knowledge of human nature. I was too diffident to enjoy much society of any kind, especially that on Davenport Hill.

Four of us brothers worked on Father's farm all the season of 1850. The last hard work that I did, I remember, was to harrow in, with a yoke of oxen, quite a large field of new land just sown down to winter rye. The field was full of stumps and roots and some stones, so that it was no child's play.

Opening of Charlotteville Seminary

About the first of November the New York Conference Seminary at Charlotteville was opened for students. The school, as I have said before, was overcrowded, enrolling in

all not far from 250 or 300 students. The opening of this school marked an epoch in my life. Large numbers of young men of about my age in the region of Charlotteville, entered as students during the first term. Five were enrolled from our family—David, William, George, Elizabeth and myself. I believe we were all eager to make the most of our opportunity. During the first term of twenty-two weeks I studied higher algebra, geometry, Wayland's moral philosophy, Latin and rhetoric, though not all of them at the same time. The next term I added Greek and in Latin read Caesar. I remember my brother George was in the geometry class with me. I do not now recall any other classes.

Of the teachers, John C. Ferguson of Union College I regarded as the most thorough. He taught geometry. In saying this I would not disparage the others, among whom were Mr. Flack and my cousin, William Lamont Wood. Not much was done in the way of writing compositions, but we were expected to declaim once in four weeks. Friday afternoon was the time for the declamations and the reading of the compositions by the young women students.

The school was divided into four sections. A literary society called "The Wesleyan Association" was formed, which I think we all joined. This was helpful to me in some ways, especially in learning to debate. Sometimes every quarter, and at least once every term, a public debate was held in the chapel, sometimes in the church, to which the public was invited. In one of the later terms, perhaps the second year, my brother George was president and I had the oration, such as it was. Another time I recall a public debate in which I was assigned a leading part. The question was: "Is a republican or a monarchical form of government the better for mankind?" I supported the republican position.

Other literary societies were formed in a term or two—"The

Philomathean" and the "Theta Phi." Alonzo Flack, the principal, displayed much ability during these early days of the Seminary. He was at that time a deeply religious man, was unassuming, and seemed sounder in his ideas than he was in later life.

Hunting for new schools to teach

My brothers, David and William, did not attend the Seminary after the first term, but entered the mercantile business with my father. My brother George and I continued more or less steadily at the Seminary until we entered college. I attended right along for two years, dropping out a few weeks in midseason to help in haying and harvest. In the fall of 1852 my brother George and I decided that we should like to try teaching again. In the hope of getting a better salary than was paid at that time in the region of our home, and being invited by some friends, we took one of Father's horses and drove down into Ulster County.

We drove through Gilboa, stopping there for dinner, then on through Prattsville, Lexington and the "deep cut" to Shandaken Center, where we stayed all night. The next evening we reached Rosendale, the home of William Webster, a former student who had invited us. He took us about the country for about a week. We engaged positively, as we thought, one school at Stone Ridge and another tentatively. But in some way there was a slip-up and neither of us taught in Ulster County.

Brother George taught that winter in Gansevoort, Saratoga County, about fifty miles north of Albany, and I was invited to take charge of the Stamford Academy, an institution perhaps ten years old, twelve miles south of Charlotteville. I was twenty years old when the term opened about the middle of October. My brother George drove me over to my place of

work. There were fifty pupils—too many for me to teach properly and I secured as my assistant my cousin Kate E. Lamont, afterwards the wife of Bishop Hurst. Cousin Kate taught the smaller pupils and I had charge of the elder ones. I taught almost everything from higher arithmetic, algebra and philosophy to Latin. I was at Stamford about five months. My salary was $20 per month and my board.

I enjoyed teaching in Stamford much better than in Davenport Hill. I went home occasionally, usually walking five miles over the hills to Jefferson where someone from home would meet me and I would drive the remaining seven miles, always getting back to Stamford in time to open the Academy on Monday mornings, by starting from home about three o'clock, long before daylight. It was a long, cold drive in the winter time. Brother David took me over at one time and Austin at another.

While I enjoyed teaching in Stamford, I had not a particularly pleasant boarding place. I was with a family by the name of McKillup, the village blacksmith. For supper Mrs. McKillup gave us a great deal of dry, raw codfish. The advantage to me of the winter in Stamford was a very thorough drill which, in teaching, I gave myself in higher arithmetic, algebra and natural philosophy and some other important studies.

Stamford is near the headwaters of the west branch of the Delaware river. It is very high, the mountains lofty and the scenery beautiful. No wonder that it has become popular for summer! There was only one church in the place at that time, a union church. The Presbyterians occupied it in the morning, the Methodists in the afternoon once in two weeks and the Baptists in the evening. I returned home and entered the Charlotteville Seminary again in May. It was my last term there. I should in all probability have entered some college in the fall, but my father's death early in June changed my plans.

I was invited to return to Stamford in the fall to take charge of the Academy for another term, but I declined.

A trip to far-away New York City

In the fall of 1853, when my brother William went to New York to purchase a stock of goods for the store which he and David were running, I went with him. It was the year of the "World's Fair," as it was called, the great Crystal Palace Exhibition in New York City. The newspapers had been full of it and I had a natural desire to see it. We took a night steamboat from Albany, my first ride in a boat of that kind, and it seemed like a floating palace. Owing to fog we did not reach New York until nearly noon the next day.

I had at this time become somewhat familiar with Albany, but New York seemed very unlike it—so full of noise and bustle. We stopped at a hotel downtown at which Father used to stay. The next day I went to the Crystal Palace, riding up on the horse cars recently introduced into New York. It was a long ride—the Palace was that time considered away uptown if not out of town. There was a long stretch of country not built up at all between the Palace and the city proper. I need not dwell upon the exhibition; it was very interesting to me, but of course vastly inferior to many held since.

We also visited Barnum's Museum, one of the great attractions of New York at that time; saw the play *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, then very popular, having a run of many weeks. The book had been published only a year or two before and had created a great sensation. On Sunday we attended the John Street Methodist church, which was near our hotel. It was built on the foundation of the first Methodist church built in America, and I had read a great deal about it. The Rev. Hiram Mattison preached in the morning a most excellent sermon that made a deep impression on me. He at that time was supplying

the Church, which was still regarded as a strong one. In the evening I heard the venerable Rev. Dr. Nathan Bangs, the Presiding Elder of the New York District, of whom I had read a great deal.

After a few days I tired of New York and so returned without waiting for William. I came back to Albany by way of the Harlem Railroad. Thus I had my first railroad ride, a distance of about 160 miles. The cars started at that time from a station away downtown. We arrived in Albany early in the evening, having started not far from three o'clock in the afternoon. The next day I took the stage for Charlotteville, having been away from home nearly two weeks.

In the Seminary at Fort Plain

But I will return to my hopes for teaching school that autumn. A large seminary was to be opened in Fort Plain in November in which Mr. Flack had an interest, and he engaged my cousin, Wellington Lamont, and me to be teachers, at the rate of $200 per year and everything found. The Seminary opened about the middle of November, under the principalship of the Rev. Joseph E. King, a man admirably adapted to the place. Next to him in authority were two graduates of Middlebury College, Vermont. The school was overcrowded the first term with at least 300 students, much like the Charlotteville students, except that many more were the descendants of Germans, the original settlers of the Mohawk valley. Professor King was a good scholar, a superior preacher and speaker, and an excellent organizer. While he remained the Seminary greatly prospered.

For six hours every day I taught classes in arithmetic, algebra, grammar, elementary Greek and Latin. During the year I was at Fort Plain I studied a great deal at night, reading Euripides and some other Greek authors, preparatory to entering

Union College at the end of the school year. My cousin, Wellington, and I roomed together and agreed well.

There were four or five churches in Fort Plain. The Rev. John P. Newman was the pastor of the Methodist Church. He was a noble-looking young man, of fine presence and great promise. He had studied at Cazenovia Academy but had been graduated from no college. He studied hard, had a fair voice, was an excellent singer, but at that time he was far from being an interesting preacher, though popular with his congregation. He frequently called on us and I became well acquainted with him. He was attentive to Miss Ensign, one of the Fort Plain teachers who had come over from Charlotteville with us, and who ultimately became his wife. He achieved a reputation as a speaker, was chaplain of the United States Senate for several years, became General Grant's pastor and finally was elected a Bishop of the Methodist Church. But he never excited my excessive admiration.

In the summer of 1854 my cousin, Wellington, and I attended the Commencement of Union College, which was also the semi-centennial of Dr. Nott's presidency of the college. We heard Wendell Phillips deliver an oration before the literary societies of the college. He was a noble, fine-looking man and a finished speaker, both in diction and manner. There was a large gathering of the alumni of the college. Among the various speakers whom I recall were Dr. Francis Wayland, president of Brown University; Bishop Alonzo Potter of Pennsylvania; his son, Henry C. Potter, later Bishop of New York; Bishop Upfold, of Indiana. The one hundredth anniversary of Dr. Nott's installation as president is being celebrated almost as I write these words.

Long vigils at a brother's bedside

Our year in Fort Plain ended about the last of October. I

went home, intending to go to Union College as soon as I could. My brother George had entered the college as a sophomore in September. He had visited me in Fort Plain and I had also visited him at Union. At his last visit he did not seem at all well. He had engaged to teach his old school in Gansevoort for the winter term and soon went up there and opened his school. In Union College the academic year was so arranged that students could teach during a few of the winter months, with an absence from the college, easily catching up and passing the examinations in the spring.

My brother had taught perhaps two weeks when he was prostrated with typhoid fever, which had recently been prevalent at the college. Mother and my brother David at once went to Gansevoort to care for him. They found him very ill and quite unconscious. They soon wrote home for Dr. William Lamont, my uncle, to come at once. I started with him about one o'clock the next morning and after seeing him well on his way returned home very tired. I was there only a few hours when I was summoned to take the place of David who had to return to business.

I found George unconscious. He seemed to hover a long time between life and death. For weeks Mother and I took turns at watching with him at night, and but for Mother's constant, careful nursing, night and day, he would have died. We remained with him until after the holidays, when the doctor said we might start for home with him. It was a long, hard journey, winding up with a stage ride of fifty-five miles on a cold winter day. We reached home about eight o'clock in the evening. George stood the journey exceedingly well for one so weak, but was so exhausted and withal so overcome with joy that, when he got into the house, he wept like a little child. Poor fellow, perhaps he had hardly expected ever to see his home again! Almost every place and situation, however

trying, afford some compensation. During those dreary, dark days and nights of watching with my brother I read six books of Homer's *Odyssey* in the original.

A student at Union College

George did not return to the college until the next spring, but as soon as we had him safe at home I hastened back to Schenectady. My cousin, Wellington, had already entered the college and taken a room for us. The rooms were furnished with nothing but a stove to burn wood, Dr. Nott's invention. Everything else, including fuel, was to be furnished by the student.

I did not find the examination a very difficult ordeal. In the classics it was found that I had read the requirements for the second term, junior year. I was then required to read certain passages from Latin and Greek authors. The Latin was easy enough under Professor Newman, and I was equally fortunate when I came before Dr. Taylor Lewis in the Greek. He called on me to translate some passages from Euripides, then handed me Homer's *Odyssey*, marking two or three places for me to read and translate; then he asked me to parse some and give the derivation of some of the words. I was quite at home in these authors as I had but recently read them, and he immediately gave me a certificate that I had passed a satisfactory examination in his department.

Brought before Professor Jackson of the Mathematical Department, I said I had understood that Conic Sections were regarded as an equivalent to Spherical Trigonometry. He said he could not accept that but passed me in everything else, conditioning me in that study, which I duly passed later on. I called on the president, the venerable Dr. Nott, at that time eighty-four years old. He treated me very kindly, calling me

"my son." He gave me a note to the registrar and I was enrolled as a member of the class of 1856.

Not members of the fast set at Union

Cousin Wellington and I bought a little more furniture, some secondhand chairs and a table, and we were duly installed in our room, which was in the North College, on the second floor. I could easily find it today. In those days cordwood was brought in from the country and sold to the students. We hired someone to saw and split it, but usually brought it up to the rooms ourselves. An Irishman was the janitor of our hall. He looked after our rooms and things were not, as one may well imagine, over-clean or dainty. There were the College Commons where board could be had for $1.25 per week; but the students could board anywhere they chose, provided the boarding place was approved by the college authorities. We first boarded in town with a Mrs. White, where a large number of students boarded, many of them from Charlotteville, acquaintances of ours. The cost of board was $1.50 per week. Mrs. White's was about half a mile from the college. The food was fair but I suffered a great deal from indigestion, a trouble that came upon me while at Fort Plain.

We finally got board with the Misses Sherwood, a full mile from the college, at the rate of $2 per week. There were not so many students there and the table was somewhat better. The chief advantage was that I was compelled to walk at least six miles a day to my meals, alone, to say nothing of other walking, increasing it very often to seven or eight miles a day. This exercise in the open air greatly relieved me of my indigestion. About $2 per week was the highest price paid for table board by the students in my time, and $300 was considered a fair allowance in those days for the expenses of a year at Union

College. Expensive habits were not encouraged. The students were generally of moderate means and obliged to practice economy.

At that time Union College had an attendance of about 300 students. It was the most popular college in the State, and in New England only Harvard and Yale exceeded it in members. Just contrary to what it is today, the senior class was usually the largest and the freshman the smallest. The class I entered numbered about 100, and about ninety were graduated. There were some elective studies, especially in engineering and the sciences, but there were very few elective studies in the regular classical course which one must complete to receive the degree of A.B.; the others secured the degree of C.E. or B.S. The majority of the students were in the regular classical course.

The popularity of Union at this time, a college only sixty years old, was largely due to Dr. Nott, who had been its successful president for fifty years, raising it from a very feeble plant to a highly prosperous condition. During a period from 1825 to 1840 Dr. Nott made it the most popular college in the United States, being then in advance of Harvard and Yale in the number of its students. But it was not so when I was enrolled. Dr. Nott had a wide reputation for his wisdom and skill in managing young men. He had a kind, fatherly method, understood human nature, especially the nature of youth. Young men who had failed in college elsewhere, or had, for some misdemeanor, been sent home, came to Union and Dr. Nott in some way inspired them to begin anew. Thus he succeeded in restoring a good many and saving not a few who might otherwise have been hopeless wrecks. Few men, I believe, have accomplished more good than did Dr. Nott. Mrs. Nott, a very strong character, was a very worthy helpmeet to him in this work. No American college up to that date ever had an abler president or one who better commanded the

unqualified respect of all the students. In my time the undergraduates did not come directly under Dr. Nott's instruction until the senior year.

Pen pictures of the faculty members

Dr. Laurens P. Hitchcock, the vice-president, had the departments of mental science and political economy. He had written a series of textbooks for the former department. He was a strong man in his special line and was generally liked by the students. Perhaps the best scholar in the faculty was Dr. Taylor Lewis, at the head of the Greek department. He had the reputation of being in his knowledge of Greek the equal, if not the superior, of Dr. Theodore Woolsey, the president of Yale College. There was little in ancient literature, especially Greek, that was not at his tongue's end. He was an excellent instructor, made whatever author we were studying most interesting, and the hour in his class was always short. He was a man greatly to be admired. He was an alumnus of Union College of the class of 1820. Dr. Hickock and William H. Seward* were members of the same class.

Then there was Professor Jackson at the head of the mathematical and astronomical department. He was the author of several textbooks used in the college. He was an able scholar in his line but not so able a teacher. He was called "Captain Jack," perhaps for the reason that whenever there was a call for a procession of the students or of the alumni of the college at Commencement time he always marshaled the procession. There was a very large park or garden back of the college and belonging to it, beautifully and tastefully laid out, under the care of Professor Jackson and called by the students "Captain Jack's garden."

* [Seward later became Governor of New York and Secretary of State in President Lincoln's Cabinet.—C. L.]

One of the ablest teachers in Union was Dr. John Foster, head of the department of physics. He was called by the students "Jack Foster." He was a natural teacher, very thorough—there was no chance of shirking or halfway work in his department. He never passed around the class in any regular order, though all were called up sooner or later. He kept every member of the class alert. He never called upon the student he was looking at. He tested the quickness and promptness of the students in his department in this manner. If one did not arise quickly and answer without a moment's hesitation, it was counted a failure and another was called up.

Then there was Professor John Newman, at the head of the Latin department, a fair scholar but not a remarkable teacher; a worthy, kind-hearted, good man for whom I had great respect and remember as a friend. There was Professor Gillespie, at the head of the department of civil engineering, to whom I did not recite, who raised his department to a good deal of importance. There were one or two tutors who worked with the lower classes. These constituted the faculty of the college in my time.

College customs in the 1850's

The examinations were held at the end of every term and were generally written. Daily prayers were held in the chapel morning and evening, except Saturday and Sunday mornings. The morning prayers were at seven o'clock both summer and winter; the evening prayers at five o'clock. In the winter at the time of the morning prayers it was hardly light. The young men would scamper across the campus from the North College to the South, where the prayers were held, hurrying into their coats as they ran. Dr. Hickock usually conducted the morning prayers; Dr. Nott the evening. There was no music of any kind, only the reading of a chapter from the Bible and

prayer. We had a recitation immediately after morning prayers and before breakfast. The rule of the college was very strict as to attendance at prayers and the roll was usually called. We all had our seats—the two higher classes on the first floor, the two lower upstairs. When the roll was not called we were marked by a tutor. The absentees were then called the next evening to visit the president and give their excuse, if they had one; to be admonished and fined if they had none.

Absence from recitation was also a serious matter. Fines of from five to ten cents were inflicted for these absences with a strong caution against repetition. When the name of someone who had been absent was called out in chapel at evening prayer, he usually made light of it, saying: "I am invited to take tea with the old Prex tonight." We could choose our church, but if at times we attended elsewhere occasionally it was regarded as no offense. On Monday a professor or tutor made inquiry of every student as to his church attendance the preceding day and marked him accordingly.

All the leading Churches were represented in Schenectady, the two strongest and most popular being the Reformed Dutch and the Presbyterian. The majority of the students attended these two. While Union College was undenominational, the most of the professors and their families attended one of these two churches. Dr. Nott was a Presbyterian minister and stood high in the councils of that Church. The prevailing tone of the college was Presbyterian. I heard Dr. Nott preach a few times; he was almost too feeble to attempt any great effort.

There was a large Methodist church in the city and there were many students of Methodist parentage in the college, but not more than half a dozen attended that church regularly and only one professor, Dr. John Newman. The pastor of the Church during my time was Merritt Bates. He was a good man but not remarkable as a preacher. He was a very fiery aboli-

tionist and could hardly preach a sermon without dragging in the slavery question. Many of the congregation were Democrats and did not wish so much "abolition preaching," as they termed it. Mr. Bates had become what is called in our time a "crank" on the slavery question. There were three services every Sabbath in the Methodist church and I usually attended two of them.

In the Presbyterian church a Dr. Backus was pastor. A good many young men preparing for the Presbyterian ministry always attended that church. A Dr. Seelye, afterwards for a good many years the successful president of Amherst College and a Member of Congress, a nephew of Dr. Hickock, was the most popular preacher in the place. His church was quite heavily endowed.

The students of Union were gathered largely from New York State, but nearly all the Northern States were represented. Quite a number were from Maine, some from Kentucky and from the South as far as South Carolina.

As a rule there was little hazing. I recall only one case—a young man from Pennsylvania, not a freshman, who had made himself offensive by showing great egotism. He was taken out one night to be initiated, as he supposed, into a select secret society. He was not handled very roughly but he learned a lesson in modesty which he much needed. A good college is an excellent place to take all the needless conceit out of a young man, discipline him in many ways and make him know his own proper level. This is one, and not the least, of the benefits of a college course. A bright young man in his own family or neighborhood, or in a small preparatory school, is often looked up to as a kind of oracle. In a college, with scores of young men his equals, if not his superiors in every way, after a little he learns not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly—a great advantage to him in life.

Before the craze for athletics

There were, properly speaking, no "athletics" in my day in Union College. The students got their exercise in walking, bathing and swimming in the Mohawk in the summer, and in the old-fashioned football on the campus between the two colleges—North college against the South. I was always glad to take part in this game; while it was spirited it was not rough or dangerous, nor did it require great skill. We took our places on each side at a point halfway between the colleges and by the toss of a penny decided which side should have the first kick at the ball. The side that drove the other back to its college was the victor. All the students of the two colleges were invited to the play; each to help his own college. I do not remember that any one ever received an injury in the game. We would get very healthfully warmed up. Repeated games were played the same afternoon.

There were two literary societies in the college to one or the other of which the majority of the students belonged. I joined the Adelphic whose rooms were in the North college. It had quite a large library. Not very much interest was displayed in the exercises of the society, which were held on Saturday mornings. I took my turn in the debates and other exercises when appointed. Then there was the "Senate," made up of the members of the two upper classes. Its business, debates and the like, was supposed to be conducted like that of the United States Senate. The public political questions before the country at that time were about the only questions discussed. There was greater interest displayed in the discussions of the "Senate" than in any other discussions in the college. The Crimean war, the attempt to force slavery into Kansas, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise were burning questions. Mutterings of the Civil War were also beginning to be heard distinctly in those days.

Then there were the Greek letter societies. I joined Alpha Omicron. We had debates and discussions of various kinds. Henry A. Butz, a sophomore from New Jersey, was a member of this society. He was not in very good health, and left Union to recuperate for a year or two, then entered Princeton College, completed his course and received his A. B. degree. He became a prominent member of the Newark Conference of the Methodist Church and has been for a good many years a professor and president of the Drew Theological Seminary. After I was graduated the Alpha Omicron was absorbed into another Greek letter society called the Delta Upsilon, of which society I know very little beyond the fact that all the former members of the A. O. were created members of it.

Then there was the Theological Society, in which purely Biblical and theological questions were discussed. This society was made up chiefly of young men who had the Christian ministry in view. I was at one time the president of this society and it was my duty to secure a preacher for the Sunday evening preceding the Commencement week of the college. I wrote to the celebrated Dr. Park, of Andover, to Bishop Simpson and to Dr. John McClintock of *The Methodist Review*, and all were obliged to decline. Finally I wrote to Dr. Cummings, the president of the recently founded Genesee Methodist College, who had been recommended as a very able preacher. He consented and was the first Methodist minister ever called in this way to Union. I was somewhat disappointed. He gave a good sermon, but there was not much spirit in his delivery. Dr. Taylor Lewis pronounced the sermon excellent, which was a sufficient commendation. The chief idea of the sermon was "the certainty of the ultimate punishment of the persistent evil-doer."

Book canvassing in old Virginia

My college vacations were spent at home on the farm, in the hay and harvest fields, recuperating my health and getting rid of indigestion. It seems to me I never slept more soundly and more refreshingly than in those vacation days at home. My fall vacation before my last winter term was spent in Virginia. My brother George and some other students, just before the term closed, had gone South to canvass for a popular map of the United States published by a New York house. George was succeeding, as he usually did in everything he undertook. I had no relish for the canvassing business, but I had a great desire to see something of the South and slavery, about which there was so much being said and written. I took the agency to canvass Frederick County, Virginia. Winchester was my headquarters. I did the best I could, but found canvassing no easy work. I did enough to pay all my traveling and other expenses, which was about all I could expect, and I had the advantage of a little wider view of the great world.

I was not greatly enamored of the South; being a Northerner I was looked upon with suspicion, and I kept a pretty close mouth. I saw something of slavery—saw a company of Negroes handcuffed, put on board a train and started for the distant Southern States. They had been bought at slave auctions in the neighborhood of Winchester. I attended several services in the colored church where the slaves worshiped, was much impressed with their singing and their very lively and active way of conducting their worship, also the earnestness but doleful ignorance of their preachers. Some could not read at all and always misquoted their Bible texts.

I was very fortunate in finding in Winchester, at the head of what was called The Valley Institute and Female Seminary, a Rev. Mr. York, a graduate of Union College, a member of a class two or three years before mine. He was very cordial and

urged me to make the Seminary my home while I was in the town. This I was glad to do, for I felt a freedom there that I could not feel anywhere else. I met among the teachers of the Valley Institute a bright young woman, a Miss Kern, who in due time became the wife of my brother George. It came about in this way: while I was in college towards the close of the winter term of my last year, Mr. York wrote me that his principal teacher had left and asked me to take his place and finish the school year. But I preferred to remain in college. George said he was willing to go. I wrote recommending him and he was accepted, and, of course, gave excellent satisfaction. It was thus that he first met his future wife.

Trying a little preaching on the dog

About this time I received a license as a "local preacher" of the Methodist Church. I was much urged to this step by the Rev. Mr. Chipp, the pastor of the Church in Charlotteville. I was examined and received my license in a Quarterly Conference held in Fergusonville during one of my college vacations. The Rev. Seymour Van Duzen, the Presiding Elder, signed my license. Professor Newman often urged me to go to a schoolhouse about two miles from Schenectady, where there was a Sunday School, and speak. It was in the town of Niskayarra. One evening I walked out, accompanied by my cousin, Wellington. For the first time in my life I spoke to a congregation in the way of giving an address. The schoolhouse was well filled. I had comparative freedom. I was invited to come again and did so occasionally while I remained in college. On one occasion I preached in the Methodist Church in Schenectady, and once or twice in one or two of the missions in the city and in the colored church.

Before the close of my last college year I was elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa society, nine others being

elected out of a class of about 100. It was an honor highly prized, being conferred, as it is today, as a badge of scholarship. I hardly expected an election, as I had entered the class so late.

Graduation from Union College

I had been invited to teach in Charlotteville, and taught in the Seminary there a good part of the spring term before I graduated. The graduating day came late in July—a very warm day. I was given to understand that I could have a place on the program, but declined as I had been absent so much of the term. After the close of the speaking we received our degrees at the hands of Dr. Nott, as he repeated the words, "*Perseverantia omnia vincit nec non gloria ducit.*"

A hymn was then sung, composed by FitzHugh Ludlow, a member of our class, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." The same hymn and tune, I have been informed, have been used at every Commencement of Union College since that time. We had a farewell meeting of the class of '56 in the afternoon and sang together again the same hymn. We agreed to meet again in three years and after that every ten years; then separated, not without a good deal of tender feeling. I have attended only two meetings of the class of '56, one in 1866, when not more than a dozen of the class were present, the second being the fiftieth anniversary, celebrated in 1906. There were only six of us back.

I did not go back to receive my second degree, A.M., which was conferred upon me two years after graduation. And I found that I soon had so many more pressing duties and expenses that it seemed to me almost out of the question to attend my class reunions.

I was in college only four full terms and a part of the fifth just before graduation. I had permission to be absent to take the place opened to me as teacher in the New York Confer-

ence Seminary at Charlotteville. I paid my own expenses through college. I gave to my father $100 that I saved in Stamford, and to his estate nearly $200 that I saved in Fort Plain. All the expense of graduating and all the last term's bills I paid from my salary as a teacher in Charlotteville. I think my brother George met the greater part of his college expenses in much the same way. I presume our college expenses were about the average. The whole country was much poorer fifty years ago than it is today; far less money was in circulation.

While my general ranking in my class was good, I must say that I was exceedingly deficient in English composition and literature. The lack of such training was a common defect in colleges in those days. I have greatly realized my deficiency all these years, and am glad that nowadays far more attention is being paid to this essential part of a liberal education.

In the spring of 1855 my eldest brother, Jacob, sold his beautiful farm near Oneonta—a farm which he was in a fair way to pay for—and moved to Keokuk, Iowa. The full wisdom of this step has never proved itself. The Oneonta farm had about seventy-five acres of valuable flat lands on the banks of the Susquehanna river, worth much then and far more now, with the growth of Oneonta to a small city. The chief inducement for Jacob to go West was the fact that his wife's father, Amos Hinman, and her only surviving brother, Arthur, were out there. (My brother lived in the West until his death in 1911.) My sister Elizabeth soon followed him. She had been graduated from the Seminary and wished to teach, and did so until her marriage. In the spring of 1856 my mother decided to rent the farm and take for a home the house long occupied by my grandfather Lamont. The farm was leased to Simeon Lape and my sister Lucy. They kept it in good condition until it was sold to a Mr. Fox about ten years

later. My two brothers, David and William, were carrying on the mercantile business in the store built by my father.

Teaching work at the Seminary

Such was the situation of our family when, in May, 1856, I began my work as teacher in the Seminary. William L. Wood was the principal, having succeeded Mr. Flack about the year previous. He was a graduate of the Albany Normal College and had taken a post-graduate course at Yale. He made a very acceptable principal, kept excellent order and was much esteemed. He was about as unlike Dr. Flack as one could be. He was principal for a single term after I became a member of the faculty. He resigned and went into business in Keokuk, Iowa, and died near the end of the Civil War.

In 1856 there were nearly 300 students. During my first term I taught higher arithmetic, the higher algebra classes, advanced grammar and surveying, and an elementary Greek class. I worked hard, taught steadily about six hours daily, and took my turn in speaking to the students on Sunday afternoons in the chapel. A half a dozen young men at the end of the term left the Seminary to enter college. Most of them entered Wesleyan University. Among them was Manly A. Ruland, who afterwards married my sister Jennie.

Politically it was a time of great excitement. Charles Sumner had been struck down in the Senate chamber; the cry of "Bleeding Kansas" was rousing all the North; the Republican party had just been organized and John C. Fremont was its nominee for the presidency. He was the first presidential candidate for whom I cast a vote. I have voted with the Republican party ever since on all national questions.

At the close of my first term in Charlotteville I went with a large party of students and teachers on our way to Albany to visit Howe's Cave. It was well worth seeing at least once.

We went into the cave five miles. From Albany I visited my brother George, who was taking charge of the Coxsackie Academy for a term or two. I spent a Sunday with him and preached in the Methodist Church, little dreaming that twenty-five years later I should be pastor of it. George was much liked in Coxsackie but could not remain, as he wished to complete his college course.

John C. Ferguson, A. M., who had been a teacher in the Charlotteville Seminary since its opening, was elected principal to succeed Mr. Wood. He was a graduate of Union College, of the class of 1851; a good scholar and a superior teacher. Mrs. Ferguson was preceptress, as she had been for a year or two—a very intellectual, bright woman, well fitted for her position. Mr. Ferguson made a fair principal. He was of a somewhat hasty temper. Of the two, Mrs. Ferguson was much the stronger character.

My department was changed and I took charge of all the Greek classes, history and the higher classes in grammar. Among the beginners in Greek whom I taught were Aaron Rittenhouse, afterwards a professor in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania; D. W. Gates, later a prominent member of the Troy Methodist Conference, and Milton S. Terry, since quite distinguished as a linguist, a writer of commentaries on the Bible and of many other books, and for many years a professor in the Gerrit Biblical Institute near Chicago.

Another grandsire gathered to his fathers

During the winter, in January, Grandfather Paine passed away. He was about seventy-five years old. He was an upright, kind-hearted man, exceedingly modest, a devout member of the Baptist Church, a good citizen. My mother always highly prized her father and keenly felt his loss. In February of 1857 my sister Elizabeth, who had gone west with my brother

Jacob a year or two before, was married to the Rev. W. F. Cowles, a prominent member of the Iowa Conference. He was a widower and considerably older than my sister. My sister was a beautiful young woman, perhaps the most beautiful of any of my sisters, and very bright. It was no wonder that she had many admirers. She died a good many years ago, leaving two clever boys who have grown up to be successful men, one, Lamont Cowles, a lawyer, and the other, Gardner, a successful banker.* I wish I had space to say more about this dear sister who died at the early age of thirty-six. She was worn out with the hardships of a Methodist itinerant's wife in the West in her day. During this winter of '57 I preached quite frequently for the pastors in the surrounding charges, Summit, Fergusonville and in Richmondville.

Just before the opening of the spring term in the latter part of April came one of the heaviest snows I have ever known in that snowy country; it would be called a great blizzard now. All the roads were blocked and in some places great drifts piled up. The stage did not get through from Albany for three or four days. I was asked to go to Albany to meet the students. I rode a horse through deep snow to Summit in the afternoon, but could get no further that day. The sun was shining brightly and the reflection from the snow almost blinded me and burned my face. I stayed all night in Summit, rose very early in the morning and walked on the heavy crust formed during the night and on the top of the fences the greater part of the way to Richmondville, arriving there in time to take the morning stage for Albany. The snow was not so heavy

* [During the second half of his life, my grandfather's nephew, Gardner Cowles, gave up banking and became president and publisher of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune*, a flourishing newspaper enterprise. Two of his sons, Gardner, Jr., and John, have also made their mark as newspaper publishers, and are good friends of the present generation of Lamonts. Cf. p. 152. C. L.]

east, and there was no great difficulty in returning, but my eyes did not get right for some time.

First attendance at a Methodist Conference

Early in May I attended my first session of the New York Conference, held in Newburgh, to which I had been recommended for membership. On my way I visited Chatham, New York, where my brother Austin was teaching school. The leaders at Conference were: Phineas Rice, an eccentric man; D. W. Clark and R. S. Foster, afterwards bishops; and M. D. C. Crawford, afterwards for several terms my Presiding Elder. Bishop Baker presided—a fine, noble-looking man, and an excellent presiding officer. I heard him preach on Sunday from St. Paul's charge to the elders of the Ephesean Church. The Rev. J. B. Beach, father of the Rev. J. W. Beach, afterwards the president of Wesleyan University, was my Presiding Elder. He presented my case, I was received as a probationer and appointed as teacher of Greek in the Seminary. I went to New York to purchase a few books for my Conference studies before returning to Charlotteville, being absent from my work for perhaps a week.

My first visit to the West

At the close of the summer term of 1857 I visited the West. My cousin, W. L. Wood, had written me that a professor was needed in Northwestern University, recently opened at Evanston, near Chicago; that he had recommended me for the place and that I could probably secure it. My brother Jacob was living in Keokuk, Iowa, and as I wished to visit him I decided to make the trip. So in September I took a train leaving Albany late in the evening. There was no sleeper connected with the train—I think they were not yet in use. We reached Niagara Falls the next afternoon. I stayed there the rest of the day to

see the falls, and of course was amazed and delighted with the stupendous sight. Starting again in the evening we arrived opposite Detroit, Michigan, next morning, breakfasting on the boat as we crossed to the city. We traveled all day through the State of Michigan, through a rich farming country. The day was warm and the latter part of the way the dust covered and blackened us. We arrived in Chicago about dark. After a good bath I took supper at the Sherman House, at that time the chief hotel of the city.

I took a train in the evening and, traveling all night, arrived in Quincy, Illinois, about one o'clock the next afternoon. The train moved slowly; the road seemed new and poor; we got off the track once, but without any damage to the passengers. At Quincy I was to take a steamboat for Keokuk, about forty miles up the Mississippi. I was told that the boat would arrive from St. Louis some time in the afternoon, but not very soon. I went to a hotel and took dinner in a leisurely way and, walking out after dinner, I saw a boat lying at the levee. On inquiry I found that it was the boat that I ought to take. I hurried and arrived just in time.

For the rest of the day we were steaming up the river until quite late in the evening, for we made a great many landings for freight and passengers, wherever there was a sign of a town and sometimes where there was not any. Steamboats were the common means of traveling in the West at that time. There was constant gambling on the boat, for I saw money that had been laid out change hands. Meals were furnished on western boats and were included in the fare.

Keokuk was in process of building; the streets were unpaved and poorly lighted. I managed to find my brother's boarding place at about eleven o'clock at night. He had already gone to bed. The next morning he told me he felt very poorly and he looked ill. In a few days he was prostrated with typhoid fever

and I had little chance to visit with him. He was a very sick man for the greater part of the time I was in Keokuk. I preached twice in the Methodist Church while I was in the place. My cousin, William L. Wood, and his wife were living in the town.

The financial panic of 1857

While I was in Keokuk the great financial panic of 1857 began to sweep over the country. There were many failures and a general collapse in the value of real estate in most western towns like Keokuk. Many who considered themselves wealthy awoke to find themselves poor. My brother and W. L. Wood and my brother-in-law, W. F. Cowles, had serious losses in the panic of that year. I remained in Keokuk nearly three weeks. The mud there was like tar and after a rain it was not easy to get around without sticking fast.

It was a time of panic and as I stepped on a steamboat to go to Burlington and offered to pay my fare in eastern bank bills, the clerk in a rude way said that I must pay in specie. I told him I had none, and turned to go on shore again when the clerk called me back, saying: "I will take your bills." Arriving in Burlington I took a train for Mount Pleasant, forty miles away, where my sister, Mrs. Cowles, was living. A newly-built college, called the Iowa Wesleyan University, was located here. I visited it a few times—it was but a feeble affair, had a small faculty and few students. It seemed hardly equal to many an academy in the East. The people in the West seemed to have unbounded faith in the future and gave these young institutions of learning ambitious names, believing that they would grow up to them. Dr. Thomas Elliott, an elderly Methodist preacher, a native of Ireland, was the president. It was a co-educational college.

I spent a Sunday there and was invited to preach in the

Methodist Church. As I was sitting in the pulpit and about to rise I noticed a gray-haired, noble-looking man walk up the aisle and seat himself well to the front. After the service I found that it was Bishop Hamlin, a retired bishop of our Church. He had voluntarily resigned his office on account of ill health and was living in the place.

On my return from Mount Pleasant to Burlington to go East I was obliged to wait several hours. It was near election time and there was a good deal of excitement. I heard Grimes, Governor of the State and later United States Senator for a term or two, arguing from the top of a dry goods box before a large crowd in the street. His theme was the outrage against Kansas in the effort to force slavery on an unwilling people.

Chicago before the War

I again stopped in Chicago for a few hours. I have been there a few times since and the change is well nigh incredible. At that time it was a bustling little city of 30,000 souls. The streets were unpaved, full of mud or dust, the houses built mainly of wood. I noticed whole streets of buildings that were being lifted up together. They had been built too low for health and much below the proper standards. Chicago, even then, was a great railroad center. I went out to Northwestern University and spent the greater part of the day there, the guest of Dr. Foster, the president. The location of the college was very beautiful, on a bluff overlooking Lake Michigan. There were not many buildings—all of wood and the college was not more than two or three years old. The man who had founded it and was its first president was Dr. Clark T. Hinman, the brother of Mrs. Jacob P. Lamont. He is said to have been a very brilliant man and a magnetic preacher, but he died before he was forty years old and was president of the college but a year or two. Dr. Foster was his successor.

The college was greatly embarrassed for want of funds and had only a few students. The times were very hard in the West and the future of the college not hopeful. It had some endowments of unproductive lands. Dr. Foster seemed much discouraged; I imagine that he regretted leaving the East; in fact in two or three years, as soon as he decently could do so, he resigned and came East and entered upon pastoral work in the New York Conference again. Little was said to me about an opening. I judged that there were not sufficient funds to pay the small faculty already employed and meet the current expenses, and even had a definite offer been made, I do not think it would have appealed to me.

During my absence west my brother David was married to Mary F. Rickey. I knew the marriage was to take place, but I had made my plans and could not remain for the wedding. It was a very happy marriage and they had a lovely family of children.

I was diligent in teaching and studying, preparing for the Conference which met in Jane Street, New York City, early in May, 1858, Bishop Ames presiding. He was a very fine man —a strong character. On Sunday morning he preached from the text, "Our gospel came not to you in word only, but in power and in the Holy Ghost and much assurance." It seemed to me the best sermon I had ever heard. I preached quite frequently during the summer, and in fact the whole year, in South Worcester, Fergusonville, Jefferson and other places around Charlotteville.

A long separation from Brother George

My brother George, soon after his graduation from Union, had a call to return to the South again, to Winchester, where he had taught in the spring of 1856. My sister Jennie, who had prepared herself in music, went with him as music teacher.

At the close of the school year of 1858 the latter part of June, my brother married Rebecca T. Kern, who had been one of the teachers in the Valley Seminary and of whom I have before spoken. Her home was in Romney, Virginia. My brother William went down for the wedding. After the wedding they all returned to Charlotteville, and George and his bride spent several weeks there. His wife was a superior woman in intellect, in reading, in scholarship and in general culture.

Early in September George returned to Winchester with his wife and sister Jennie to resume his work of teaching. I felt sad at parting with him, as I had been perhaps more intimate with him than with any other of my brothers. There was but two years' difference in our ages; we had roomed together in college, and though unlike in many ways, we had never disagreed. He was exceedingly cheerful, active and energetic, having a natural aptitude for business and for pushing forward to success whatever he undertook.

When he started away I little thought it would be nearly seven years before I should see him again. In a little more than two years the terrible Civil War began and he found himself shut up in the South and could not come North again until the close of the war, some time in June, 1865. Then he went to New York City and entered into business for himself, having a wife and three children to support. He had lost all he had in the South and was obliged to begin almost without anything. But by dint of hard labor in a few years he acquired a fair competency and of late years has become what many would call wealthy. He is the most prosperous member of my father's family and as generous as he is prosperous. But this is all by way of parenthesis.

I had decided that I would leave the Seminary at the end of the winter term and take regular pastoral work in the Conference. I did not feel that my calling was to be a teacher. I had

taught for three years and, on the whole, had had a pleasant time with agreeable associates. But I was far from being contented and I left with no thought of ever returning to teach in the Seminary. The Conference of 1859 was held in Kingston early in May. I drove with the Rev. Aaron Rogers, the pastor at Charlotteville, to the Conference. We started the week before and he seemed in no hurry to get there. He had been in the Conference for twenty-five years or more; had preached all through that region and had an extensive acquaintance.

We were four or five days in getting to Kingston. Bishop Janes presided at this Conference. I passed in all my studies as a probationer and was recommended to membership in the Conference, and to receive deacon's orders. Bishop Janes preached an excellent sermon on Sunday morning from the words: "Whence we preach, warning every man and teaching every man that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus, etc." I was ordained deacon by Bishop Janes, in the Rondout Methodist Church, of which thirty years later, I became pastor. In the afternoon Dr. Daniel Curry preached the ordination sermon. His theme was "Divine Providence." I was received into the Conference as a full member.

The session of the Conference was quite protracted; the slavery question was up for a long discussion. All were agreed as to the evil of slavery, but just what the Church could do more than it had already done was the matter under discussion. Some wanted a rule passed absolutely prohibiting slavery and expelling everyone who held slaves. The more conservative wanted the rule left as it was, saying: "Slavery is a great evil and we are as much as ever opposed to it, advising our people to keep from it and emancipate their slaves as fast as it is practicable." Dr. McClintock, a strong man, was a speaker on the conservative side; D. W. Clark, Dr. Crawford, B. M. Adams

on the radical side. Of course we could settle nothing—only express our opinions. My recollection is that when the vote was taken the radicals were in the minority. Bishop Janes had recently returned from holding a Conference in Barham, Texas, where he had been threatened by a mob because of his being a Northerner, holding well-known views on the slavery question. He was requested to give some account of his experience.

My first pastorate at Fishkill

The Rev. Matthew Van Dusen, a former pastor on the old Charlotte Circuit, was a guest at the same home in which I was entertained, namely L. M. North's in Rondout. Mr. Van Dusen had known my father well and seemed much interested in me on my father's account. William Van Wyck of old Fishkill Village visited the Conference in the interests of the Methodist Church of which he was an official member. He was making inquiry for a young man for their Church, and Mr. Van Dusen mentioned my name to him. He was introduced and I understood that he asked that I should be appointed to the Fishkill Church. At any rate, when the appointments were announced I was read off for Fishkill. Fishkill was a very old Dutch village, about five miles back from Fishkill Landing on the Hudson. There had been a church organization of the Dutch people there for nearly 200 years. An ancient brick church in the village had been erected some time before the Revolutionary War. The older, wealthier and more influential families were all connected with that Church, as I found out a little later.

After returning to Charlotteville for a day or two I hastened to Fishkill as soon as I could get ready, which did not require much time. I was now to go from my dear mother and home to stay away, and I started with not a very light heart. I was

to embark in a calling that I had long felt was to be my life work. I had only a small trunk for my clothing and a box of books. Mr. Lape kindly volunteered to take me to Canajoharie from which place I took the New York Central railroad to Albany.

I arrived in Fishkill in due time towards the latter part of the week, was very cordially received by Mr. Van Wyck, and was told that the arrangement was for me to board with him at the rate of about $2 per week. I was twenty-six years old, and it was with no little trepidation that I waited for the first Sunday. A "Quarterly Meeting" was held on Saturday at which the Rev. L. M. Vincent, my Presiding Elder, presided. Here it was voted that my salary was to be $300 a year. It was thought at that time to be quite a generous salary for an unmarried Methodist preacher. Anyone can see that after paying my board, buying books, periodicals, and paying traveling expenses, I could not have a very large balance left. But it was as much as I could expect and I was content; in fact it was more than some Methodist ministers who had families to provide for were receiving at that time.

First sermon in my new pulpit

Mr. Vincent preached in the morning and I was to preach in the evening. I have a vivid memory of my feelings before delivering this first sermon in my first pastorate. I found the church well filled; my text was, "If any man will come after Me let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." Mr. Van Dusen, who was stationed at Johnsville, about four miles to the east, and who seemed to feel a deep interest in me, treating me as kindly as he would a son, was present that evening. After the sermon he spoke encouragingly to me, and doubtless I needed encouragement.

Mr. Van Wyck, with whom I boarded, belonged to an old

Dutchess County family—one of the oldest and best in the county. He was one who read and thought for himself, was intelligent and well educated for his day. He felt that he could not conscientiously subscribe to the Calvinistic creed in which he had been reared and so decided to cast in his lot with the Methodists. This was to him something of a sacrifice socially. He had not married until late in life, and when I came to board with him he was nearly sixty years old, with half a dozen small children. Mrs. Van Wyck was much younger than her husband, an excellent woman whom I remember as always being very kind. I got along well with the children, having been accustomed to them all my life.

I was to preach twice on Sundays and lead a prayer-meeting in the middle of the week. There was also a Sunday School before church which I generally attended. "Class meeting" was held on a week evening. All this obliged me to study diligently. My library was limited, made up largely of the Methodist standard books of that time and what was needed in my regular Conference studies. I usually selected a text for my Sunday morning sermon by Tuesday morning and worked at it as faithfully as I could, getting it in some shape before night. On Wednesday I usually decided on my Sunday evening discourse, and I worked on both sermons all the rest of the week. Monday was rest day, devoted to reading and sometimes to my Conference studies. The habit of beginning to prepare my sermons early in the week I have always followed despite many interruptions. After studying during the mornings and a part of the afternoons, I walked out and made pastoral calls, but rarely took a meal away from my boarding place.

The Methodists had a somewhat inferior social position in the place. Dr. Kipp had been the pastor of the influential Dutch Church for twenty-five years. He was pleasant and

called on me, but always had a kind of patronizing manner. Our Church had for its congregation day laborers, the servant class, some clerks and mechanics and a few fairly well-to-do families. But there was little social life for me in the congregation. I did the best I could and had reason to believe that I was fairly acceptable to the congregation. The most that could be done was to hold our own and try to keep a vigorous Sunday School.

On the whole I was happy in my work—happier and more contented than I had been in teaching, for I believed I was in the line of duty, which is everything. George Esray, pastor in Glenham, a bright but poorly balanced young man, called on me quite often. He could preach well, but beyond that he seemed to fail. He withdrew from the Conference some years later and entered journalism. I visited my mother during the summer and spent nearly two weeks with her—a great privilege. I kept up the habit of visiting her, always once and more often two or three times a year, as long as she lived.

Popular preachers at Camp-meeting

In August, with Mr. Van Dusen, I attended a district camp-meeting, held in Pawling, which I greatly enjoyed. The preachers that I most liked and that most impressed me were Dr. Crawford, B. M. Adams, Dr. Miles and the Rev. S. D. Brown. The last preached an exceedingly strong sermon. His text was: "When the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." It seemed to make a profound impression on the large audience. I also attended for a day the Sing Sing camp-meeting, chiefly maintained by the New York City churches. In September I attended the dedication of the new Washington Street church in Poughkeepsie, at that time the finest Methodist church on the Hudson River. Dr. John McClintock and the Rev. George S. Hare were the principal preachers.

In the fall my brother William married Mary Rogers, the daughter of the Rev. Aaron Rogers, of whom I have earlier spoken. She was a well-educated Christian young woman. My brother had sold out his interest in the Charlotteville store and had gone into business for himself in Richmondville.

That autumn I was invited to return to Charlotteville to take charge of the Seminary as principal. My brother David had made himself financially responsible for the running of the Seminary. With extreme reluctance I consented, on my brother's account, to accept the position. A sufficient faculty was secured, made up of former students of Charlotteville who had graduated—one from Yale, G. W. Fisher; one from Union, Chester C. Thorn; one from Wesleyan, S. K. Gale; and a junior of Wesleyan, Enos Y. Landis. These were the principal men teachers, while my sister Jennie was preceptress, with two or three under her as teachers.

I went to Charlotteville to be present at the opening of the winter term, about the first of November. There was a goodly number of students—nearly 200 in all. We organized the classes and got everything in fair running shape; then after an absence of two weeks I returned to my charge in Fishkill. I went out twice at least during the term to look after matters at the Seminary, leaving Prof. Fisher in charge during my absence. But things did not go any too well and my brother kept continually writing to me to come out and take charge. So I decided that I would do so at the end of the Conference year.

The joys and sorrows of donation parties

During the winter in Fishkill an old-fashioned donation was made for me at Mr. Van Wyck's, which netted about $50. I did not enjoy that way of raising money for a pastor and never have enjoyed it. There were some bickerings and

jealousies connected with the donation, not on my account but owing to some old feuds existing before I became pastor of the Church. These were unpleasant. In the Conference held about the middle of April in St. Paul's, New York City, Bishop Scott presided. I was invited to be the pastor of the Charlotteville Church, with the understanding that I should act as principal of the Seminary, Rev. S. G. Gale to be my assistant in pastoral work.

At this Conference there was a long debate on the slavery question, but nothing could settle that question except the war which was fast approaching. Also I had my first opportunity of voting for delegates to the General Conference, which was to meet in Buffalo in May. The delegation consisted of about half and half conservatives and radicals, fairly representing the sentiment of the Conference as to the change of the rule in the Discipline.

Aside from my duties as principal of the Seminary, there were three preaching places in the parish—in the church on Sunday morning; at 2:00 p. m. at the Dugway schoolhouse, two and one-half miles away, or at the schoolhouse on Briar Hill, about four miles away; the Seminary in the later afternoon. This afternoon service was in charge of some one of the teachers in my absence. I frequently sent Mr. Gale out to the afternoon appointments and remained myself to take charge at the Seminary. Then there was a general prayer service in the chapel in the evening which was voluntary. This I almost always attended after my return, having already preached twice. Thus I found myself kept exceedingly busy between the Seminary and the care of the Church.

About May first my brother-in-law, W. F. Cowles, who had been elected a delegate to the General Conference at Buffalo, came on with my sister Elizabeth to visit us. This

was her first visit since her marriage in February, 1857. My sister brought her little boy about six months old.

I may say, in passing, that I never felt more burdened than I did all the spring and summer while I had this two-fold charge of both Church and Seminary. "Who is sufficient for these things?" was a question that was frequently in my heart. The measles broke out in the Seminary and made some little trouble. It did not spread generally through the school, but was the cause to me of no little anxiety. My brother David and Mr. Lape were exceedingly kind to me, giving me the use of their horses in going to my distant appointments on Sunday and at other times as I needed. The Seminary was a constant burden, night and day, which could not be thrown off. There were a number of young men students with the ministry in view, and, strange to say, some of these made me more trouble than others. They seemed to think that, because of their character and professed future calling, they ought to be allowed greater privileges than were allowed others. The great trouble with some was an inordinate conceit.

A meeting with old Union College men

During the summer I exchanged services one Sunday with the Rev. Mr. Rogers, preaching in Summit, Morseville and Westkill; with Mr. Morehouse, preaching in Davenport Center, West Davenport and East Davenport, three times on each occasion. In the summer I officiated at a Quarterly Conference held in South Worcester, preaching on Saturday afternoon and after the "love feast" on Sunday morning. Among those present that Sunday morning were Abraham Becker, a well-known lawyer in that region, and Judge W. W. Campbell of Cherry Valley, his guest. The Judge had been holding court in Delhi. After the service Mr. Morehouse and I were invited

to dinner with them. When Judge Campbell learned that I was a graduate of Union, of which college he was an alumnus and trustee, he seemed much interested and we had a pleasant time together.

In the summer I attended a district camp-meeting held in Bloomville, Delaware County, about twenty-four miles from Charlotteville, taking with me my sister Hannah. The Rev. Henry J. Fox, principal of the Ashland Seminary, was present. We both were invited to preach. I preached in the morning from the text: "What is a man profited though he gain the whole world but lose his own soul?" Mr. Fox preached in the afternoon a very fine sermon. I heard afterwards that it was a "preaching race," as we were both heads of schools. I also attended a camp-meeting in Windham, Greene County, in September. I took with me my sister Jennie, but the weather was altogether too cool to enjoy a camp-meeting. During the vacation I attended the Schoharie County Sunday School Convention, held in North Blenheim, an interesting occasion. I spent the greater part of the vacation going about the country visiting our patrons and students. These are trivial matters to record, but they will go to show that I was exceedingly busy. My Presiding Elder at this time, the Rev. Paul R. Brown, told someone that "Mr. Lamont seemed to possess a large capacity for work and seemed to have accomplished a good deal."

The summer and fall of 1860 was a time of great political excitement in the country. Abraham Lincoln had received the Republican nomination for the presidency. The Democratic party was split into two factions, with two nominees—Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckinridge, thus making certain the election of Lincoln. I voted for Lincoln, as I had four years before voted for Fremont. The winter term passed without

any more than the ordinary amount of care and trouble in the Seminary and Church. We had a goodly number of students and on the whole they were orderly.

Meanwhile, the Southern States were seceding from the Union, one after another. President Buchanan was showing great weakness and the members of his cabinet were resigning to join the Confederacy. Peace conferences were being held to try to compromise matters, without any success, and altogether the outlook for the country, the church and the school was not at all encouraging. Reports came of the failure of a plot to assassinate Lincoln in Baltimore on his way to be inaugurated as President. Then came the inauguration and things seemed to be drifting on for a few weeks, but not towards peace, no one knowing what would happen.

Breaking out of Civil War

About the middle of April I was driving with my brother William, in his carriage, towards Albany, when we met Henry Smith of Cobleskill, a lawyer whom we knew. He halted us, telling us the news of the firing on Fort Sumter by the Confederates and the capture of the fort. The war had actually begun! In Albany all was excitement. Loyal people were putting up their flags and the purpose to maintain the Union was unmistakable. Then followed immediately the call for 75,000 volunteers from President Lincoln—a call quickly responded to.

The Conference that spring was held in Poughkeepsie. The spirit of patriotism was at the boiling point. A patriotic meeting was held, addresses were made and resolutions passed pledging the Conference to sustain the Government in its efforts to put down the rebellion and preserve the Union. I speak of this to show the state of feeling among the ministry

and in the churches. If there was any sympathy with the rebellion it was overawed—at least it dared not as yet show itself.

At this Conference in the spring of 1861, I completed my course of Conference studies and was ordained an elder by Bishop Janes. I was also returned to Charlotteville for another year. The Rev. S. G. Gale had resigned his position in the faculty to take regular work in the Conference as a pastor and I was to have no assistant. I secured for his position in the faculty Manly A. Ruland, a recent graduate of the Wesleyan University, whom I had known in Fort Plain and whom I had instructed in Latin. He was a thorough teacher, a warm personal friend and a "local preacher," so he often aided me in the out-appointments, always showing greater willingness than had Mr. Gale in that respect.

Student reaction to the war

There was a very fair number of students—more than I had expected under the circumstances. Some of the students left the Seminary to enlist in the army and all were more or less in a fever of excitement. They were generally very patriotic and a company was formed which drilled regularly. The news was at least twelve hours old by the time it reached us, the stage from Albany arriving in the evening. I took a New York City daily paper. The first great battle of the war was the disastrous fight of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. It was manifest that the war was to be no child's play. While the result of that fight was discouraging enough, I felt no doubt of the ultimate success of the Union armies.

My brother David decided during the summer that he would withdraw from all further care of the financial affairs of the Seminary at the close of the summer term. I would have

left at the same time but I had been appointed to the Church for the year and was persuaded to remain until the end of the winter term. My brother sold his business in Charlotteville and moved to Albany, having formed a copartnership with a Mr. Hulbert in wholesale dry goods.

The winter term opened with a little falling off in the number of students, but with more students than we could expect, for the financial condition of the whole country was bad and business was largely at a standstill at that stage of the war. My sister Jennie had left Charlotteville and accepted the position of teacher in the family of a Judge Tarum in Slack, Mason County, Kentucky. She had taught only about a month when, in December, she was prostrated with typhoid fever. We were all exceedingly anxious. I finally decided about holiday time to go to Kentucky and see how she was.

The weather was cold when I took the cars for the West by way of Buffalo to Cleveland and to Cincinnati, riding night and day. While passing through Ohio, in the night, we halted for some time. It was said that a bridge ahead was burning, set on fire by the rebels; but it was a false rumor. There were a number of soldiers on the train on their way to war.

We arrived in Cincinnati towards night the third day. I remember that we had great difficulty all the way in getting any fair opportunity to eat. The train was behind time and we would halt at a station with the cry "ten minutes for refreshments." We would hurry out to get what we could and before we were half waited upon the cry would come, "All aboard, the train is off!" Nothing was talked about on the cars all the way out but the war and the surrender of the Confederate agents, Mason and Slidell, who had just then been taken from a British vessel, some approving and some disapproving their return to the British protection. On the whole

it was extremely wise to surrender them. President Lincoln properly enough remarked concerning the matter: "One war at a time is enough!"

A trip to Kentucky in wartime

From Cincinnati I rode to Maysville and then took a stage seven miles to Slack. My sister was surprised and overjoyed to see me. I found her very weak, just recovering from the fever. She would not be strong enough to teach for some time and as she was very anxious to return home with me I waited about two weeks for her to regain the necessary strength.

The family was very kind to me—they were genuine Southerners. The Judge, as he was called, was a conservative Union man, an old-fashioned Henry Clay Whig. He had a large plantation of fertile land and owned a number of slaves. The house was large and they always had a good many guests. I recall their table—they always had plenty of bacon and cabbage at every meal, hot bread, hominy, raised biscuits, corn bread, and plenty of poultry. The fare was good enough, but I suffered a great deal from indigestion.

The Judge gave me a horse to ride about the country and I got from this some healthful exercise. One day the horse did not behave well. I drew on the reins to check him, he reared right up, I fell off on the hard frozen road and the horse fell on one of my legs, bruising it severely. There was a camp of Union soldiers not far off and a soldier ran to me, helping me up. I found later that a mistake had been made in putting on the wrong kind of bridle. It was a year at least before all the soreness passed from my limb and ankle.

The weather at this time was very cold and the house large and warmed only with a big open fireplace. Here we sat around the blazing fire which was tended by a small darkey; our faces would be warm, too warm, while our backs would

be very cold. I always slept in a cold bedroom, as I presume did all the rest of the family. The one topic of conversation was the war, and while they heartily wished to see the rebellion suppressed they seemed greatly to dread the abolition of slavery. They had a good deal invested in that kind of property.

Just as soon as my sister was strong enough to endure the journey we started for home. We took the boat at Maysville for Cincinnati. In the West they had no docks but "levees," as they were called. My sister was not strong enough to walk down to the boat, but was carried by a stout Negro and also from the boat to the cars in Cincinnati. There were some sick soldiers on the cars and some going home on brief furloughs. I recall one poor fellow with a terrible cough, attended by his mother. I doubt whether he lived long, even if he reached home.

The train did not make good time and the cars were close and crowded. I was fortunate in securing sleeping berths for my sister and myself, but neither of us could sleep much. What with the anxiety for my sister, the scant rest, the close, crowded cars and the irregular and poor food, I found myself well used up by the time we got to Buffalo. I was suffering from a sick headache and could hardly stand up for a time. Albany we reached after three days' travel. We were made most welcome at my brother David's home. My sister was not well enough to take the stage ride to Charlotteville, but remained for several weeks in Albany. I returned home as soon as I could, having been absent nearly a month.

I recall nothing of much importance for the rest of the winter term, which closed the latter part of March 1862. This close of the term ended my connection with the New York Conference Seminary. I was more than glad to be released. I had been the principal for two and a half years; they had been

fairly prosperous years though those were just the times of great financial stringency. The attendance averaged as well and as high as in other schools of the same grade. I felt greatly relieved to have the responsibility for the Seminary pass into other hands.

Pious comment upon the death of an enemy

The Conference for 1862 was held in April in Peekskill, Bishop Ames presiding. During the session the terrible two days' battle at Pittsburgh Landing took place. A telegram was brought into the Conference telling of the battle and of the final result, including the death of one of the leading Confederate generals, Albert Sidney Johnston, at which Bishop Ames coolly remarked, "The will of the Lord be done!"

The hard times had resulted in a great shrinking up in the work in the Conference; in some cases two charges were united into one. I was beginning to learn some of the uncertainties of a Methodist Conference, for I found myself appointed to Ridgebury, a place of which I had never heard. In due time I arrived there and found an old decayed village which had once been fairly flourishing but had lost all of its prosperity because of its location, five miles away from the Erie railroad. It was five miles south of Middletown and about the same distance from New Hampton, both stations on the Erie.

There were two churches—an old Presbyterian and a Methodist, neither of them flourishing. I was expected to preach twice on Sunday to the same congregation and whenever I chose, during the week, in some of the neighboring schoolhouses. I kept up these schoolhouse services for the greater part of the year. I found myself in an almost purely rural community, the greater part of the congregation being farmers who made butter or sent their milk to New York.

I was expected to board with a farmer, a dairyman, Nathaniel W. Bailey. A little later it appeared that there had been some little jealousy as to where the pastor should board, two or three families seeking that doubtful honor. Mr. Bailey and his wife always treated me with great kindness. They were always up early in the morning; had their breakfast both in the summer and winter at six o'clock. During the butter-making season I would hear the rattling of their churning machine right under my window at about five o'clock in the morning. I did not mind the early breakfast in the summer, but in the winter we had to eat it by lamp light. Mrs. Bailey and her helper would be up and finished with the Monday washing before breakfast, but she really gained nothing by such strenuousness, for she was so tired that after dinner, which always came at twelve o'clock, she could do nothing in the afternoon but sleep in her chair as she tried to sew. They had two nice little boys, who seemed quite fond of me.

I am called a "black Republican"

The summer of 1862 was one of continual fighting in the Civil War. It has sometimes been called the "bloody summer." Those were days when ministers needed to be extremely careful in their pupits about allusions to any political questions. I made no secret of my sympathy with the national Administration in its efforts to crush the rebellion and save the Union, and I made it a habit publicly to pray for our rulers, our country and our armies. Some members did not like it. They said: "The Dominie is a rabid black Republican." I was accused of "preaching politics" when I had no thought of doing so. Once I was preaching about the slavery of sin, the thralldom of bad habits. I compared the man under their power to a slave, one not his own master. One man took his children from the Sunday School and said he would not allow his children to

attend a Sunday School where the minister "preached politics" and "against slavery."

Another time a prominent member of the Church arose and walked out of the church at some allusion I had made to the national events that were then happening. It was during this summer that General McClellan was driven back with great loss from before Richmond, and Lee invaded the North. It was the year of inflated paper currency and the suspension of specie payments; of General Burnside before Fredericksburg and the first Emancipation Proclamation. The general aspect of affairs was not bright, the Confederates having scored a good many successes.

In August I attended and preached at a district camp-meeting held away up the railroad in Sullivan County, at a place called Callicoon. My Presiding Elder in this new district, then called Monticello, was the Rev. D. L. Marks. He always treated me very kindly. From the camp-meeting I went on up the Erie road to a place called Equinunk, Pennsylvania, where my old assistant at Charlotteville, the Rev. S. G. Gale, was living, the pastor of the Church. His wife had been a student in the Seminary. We went out trout fishing in a little stream, but without success. A few weeks later, with a cousin, A. H. Lamont, I went to Owego to spend a few days in visiting some of the Lamont family, chiefly the descendants of a great-uncle, Matthew Lamont.

A cross-country drive with Austin

In August, according to a previous agreement, I visited my youngest brother, Austin, who was practicing medicine in Hyde Park, Dutchess County, New York. After having taken his degree as a graduate of the University of Michigan Medical School, he had begun practice there a year or two before. We took the long drive from Hyde Park to Charlotteville. The

first afternoon we drove to a point on the Hudson River opposite Catskill. We arrived too late to get the last ferry and were obliged to sleep in a farmhouse where, before the night was over, we had the discomfort of finding that we were not the first arrivals. From Catskill we drove on over the turnpike and spent the night in Prattsville. We reached Charlotteville the next afternoon. We had found the roads rough and my brother's horse nothing extra as a traveler. While I was at home N. McGregor Steele, a former student in Charlotteville, but at that time a lieutenant in the Union army, arrived; and I married him and my sister Katharine. She was a bright, handsome girl, twenty-two years old. Mr. Steele was much older than she. It did not prove to be a happy marriage, but I will not speak of that matter now.

Austin and I drove over to Richmondville where he sold his horse and bought a much better one. Going back we struck south from Prattsville to Shandaken and so on to Kingston. We stayed in Lexington, Greene County, the first night. There we heard the sad news of the defeat of the Union army a second time at Bull Run, Virginia. We did not find it easy to get accommodations at the hotel. There was a large gathering of the State militia and some recruits for the Union army in the place, but we were finally accommodated.

In September M. A. Ruland, who had been my second assistant in the Charlotteville Seminary, married my sister Jennie.

Opportunities for reading and walking

Ridgebury, while in many respects pleasant, was not and is not to-day a promising field religiously. There was too little harmony in the Church. I preached several times in Middletown for Thomas W. Chadwick, who held successful revival services there. It may be seen that Ridgebury was a rather

lonely place for me. My boarding place was a mile and a half from the church and two miles from the post office. I read considerably, including at that time Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and Hume's *History of England*. These books had long been in my library but I had never had leisure to read them. Those were the days when there was no specie in circulation and sticky postage stamps were given to make change. A little later business men issued little fractional printed notes, called "shin plasters," by way of making change. Then the Government issued fractional currency of the denominations of 3, 5, 10, 25 and 50 cents.

It was in Ridgebury, I remember, where there was an unhappy custom of inviting the dyspeptic pastor to a dinner party with a lot of the neighbors, where the chief dish was a roast pig. My salary was to be $300, but the Church was exceedingly slack in paying it. They resorted to church sociables, held in different neighborhoods, to try to raise the money. I was expected to be present at every one and I confess I did not greatly enjoy that method of making up the minister's salary. An old-fashioned "donation" was made for me in the fall at Mr. Bailey's, but at the end of the year there was still a deficiency of more than $50 on my salary, which of course was never paid. From the $250 received I had to pay my board and all my other expenses. However, all the people were kind to me and I do not complain.

On April 9th, 1863, I married Caroline Deuel Jayne, at that time in Fergusonville with her aunt, Mrs. Jane F. Henry. I will not now speak of all she has been to me in my work for over fifty years; a peerless wife in all respects, given to me by a wise and loving Heavenly Father.

THE JAYNE AND FERGUSON FAMILIES

My wife, upon her father's side, is descended from pure English stock. The first of her name to come to this country was William Jayne, her great-great-great-grandfather, who arrived here in 1678. This William Jayne was of an ancient Norman family. His earliest ancestor in England was Gardo (called also Guido) de Jeanne who, formerly a general in the French army, accompanied Henry of Anjou across the channel and was with him when, as Henry II, he was crowned king of England. As a reward for his bravery and military prowess de Jeanne had alloted to him the manor of Kirtland, still said to be the English seat of the de Jeannes. This was in 1154. It was this Gardo's grandson, Godfrey de Jeanne, who gained fame by his prowess in arms and successful pilgrimages to Jerusalem during the early crusades.

William Jayne's own father was Henry de Jeanne, a graduate of Oxford and afterwards a lecturer there on theology and divinity. He moved to Bristol and there on January 25, 1618, his son William was born, and, as the records show, was chris-

tened fifteen days later. According to the family tradition this William went to Oxford and while a student there, because of his dissent from the established church, was expelled from the University. This was in 1642. He became a Puritan preacher and at the time of the Civil War, a few years later, became one of Cromwell's chaplains. After the restoration and coronation of Charles II in 1661 this William de Jeanne, on account of the religious persecution to which he was subjected, changed his name to Jayne and after living for some years in Llewellyn in Monmouthshire, where the name of Jayne is still common, emigrated to America in 1678. He was already a man long beyond middle life and was a widower, leaving sons behind him in England.

William Jayne comes to America

Not unnaturally he came direct to New Haven, Connecticut, where years earlier, about 1634, his father's brother, William de Jeanne, after whom he was named, had settled with the New Haven colony and had long been the town clerk. Here the younger William met Annie Briggs who was afterwards to become his wife; and in 1682, after purchasing a tract of land in Brookhaven township, Suffolk County, Long Island, he came back and married her. He was then sixty-four years old and she only twenty-two. By her he had seven sons, the youngest, Stephen, being born in 1700, when his father was still a virile old man of eighty-two. Practically all the Jaynes in America today trace their descent from some one of these seven sons.

William Jayne was now quite an old man, but the same Puritan, religious fervor that had attracted Oliver Cromwell and that later, under the gay Charles II, had drawn religious persecution down upon him, led him to become dominie of the little Presbyterian church at Setauket, Long Island. Here

he busied himself in good works during an hale old age, and he did not die until March 24, 1714, when he was ninety-six years old. He was buried at Setauket and his old tombstone still bears this legible inscription:

Here lyes y body of
William Jayne
Born at Bristol Eng.
Jany 25th, 1618
Dec'd March y 24th, 1714

A family of ancient mariners

The old Puritan church records at Setauket supply many dates of the family record. The place where William Jayne first settled was still, at last accounts, in the hands of his descendants of the sixth generation and all the old records are remarkably complete. It appears that not a few members of the family engaged in sea-faring and in shipping. My wife tells me that in her childhood there was much talk of the old sea captains of previous generations of the family; and as recently (comparatively speaking) as the will of her grandfather, Peter Jayne, who died in 1813 (just a hundred years ago) there are bequests made of his sloop *Teaser of Smithtown* and the sloop *July Ann.*

In the War of the Revolution the Jaynes furnished almost a company of soldiers for the Continental Army. This company was under the leadership of Captain Timothy Jayne, who was a great-grandson of the original William Jayne. Captain Timothy's eldest brother was killed in the assault on Fort Washington, and in the battle of Long Island he had two other brothers, Isaac and Ebenezer, who were officers in the same company. Tradition is that there were fifty-eight members of the Jayne family in this company, but probably that is exag-

geration. Many of them were captured by the British in a block house; the officers were exchanged and privates were sent to the prison hulks in New York Harbor. There is still in existence in the family the parole of Samuel Jayne of Brookhaven, given when he was released from the prison ship on September 1, 1778.

Line of descent from William Jayne

The line of descent down from old William Jayne (who came over in 1678) to my wife is briefly as follows: his son, William Jayne II, was born on March 23, 1684, married Elizabeth Sterling in 1709 and died at Blooming Grove, Orange County, New York, on October 8, 1756. They had four sons of whom Joseph, my wife's great-grandfather, was born in January, 1730, and married Abigail Strong, four years his junior. He died on August 13, 1795, and was buried at Smithtown, Long Island. He left an interesting will which was drawn up only the April before he died. In it one of the clauses reads as follows:

> "Item—I give to my son Peter Jayne one hundred and fifty acres of land together with all the buildings orchards and all the privileges thereunto belonging on the South side of the farm where I now live to him and to his heirs and assigns forever."

This son Peter, my wife's grandfather, was born at Smithtown on November 5, 1779. There on February 7, 1803, he married Sarah Wheeler who was born on January 7, 1783. This Peter died still a young man, only thirty-three, leaving his widow with one daughter and three sons, the second son, Walter Peter, being my wife's father. The rather striking inscriptions on the tombstone of Peter Jayne and of his wife,

who survived him by seventeen years, are to be seen in the burial ground at Smithtown:

In Memory of
Peter Jayne
who departed this life
March 27th, 1813
Aged 33 years–
4 mos. and 22 days.

Saints in their graves lie down in peace
No more by sin or hell oppressed,
The wicked there from trouble cease
And there the weary are at rest.

In memory of
Sarah Jayne
who died Aug. 7, 1830
Aged 47 years and 1 mo.
Her dying testimony was

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

"O death where is thy sting,
O grave where is thy victory?
Thanks be to God which giveth
us the victory through our Lord
Jesus Christ."

This stone is erected by her
affectionate children.

Walter Peter Jayne, my wife's father, was born at Islip, Long Island, on January 18, 1810, and died at his home in Williamsbridge, New York City, on January 27, 1894, at the ripe old age of eighty-four. He was a man of quick, keen mind and charming disposition. A brief account of some of his activities is set forth in one of the following paragraphs.

About the Fergusons

On my wife's mother's side we have available no record of the family prior to the birth of the grandfather, James Ferguson, although search among the parish records at his birthplace in Ireland would undoubtedly disclose the general line of descent. The family appears, however, to have been of Scotch extraction and to have emigrated to Ireland for a generation or two before coming to America.

My wife's maternal grandfather, James Ferguson, was born October 16, 1767, in County Armagh, Ireland. He was reared in County Monaghan, near the town of Castleblaney, parish of Mucknow. He sailed for America, April 21, 1794, in the ship *Alexander*—of 400 tons burden, 435 passengers—commanded by Captain Coffin of Hudson, New York. On the same staunch little vessel was Jane Dunshee (born January 4, 1774). Soon after their arrival these two were married by the Reverend John Rodgers in the city of New York, where they continued to live for several years.

Some time previous to 1812 James Ferguson and his wife removed to the town of Kortright, Delaware County, New York. The farm which they bought lies southwest of the village of Hobart, then called Waterville. In the War of 1812 the two eldest Ferguson sons, both minors, entered the volunteer service as soldiers under Captain David Penfield.

My wife's uncle, the Rev. Sanford I. Ferguson, prepared a sketch of his own immediate family in the course of which

occur the following pages in regard to his father and mother, who were Mrs. Lamont's grandfather and grandmother:

"My father and mother (James Ferguson and Jane Dunshee) were brought up in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and for a long time were communicants in the church at Kortright Centre, of which the Reverend William McAuly was the minister. Some time between 1812 and 1815 they both united with the Methodist Episcopal Church and remained faithful and enthusiastic members of it during the rest of their lives. They continued to live at Kortright until about 1825, when, with all the members of the family still remaining at home, they removed to Walton in the same county of Delaware.

"About the year 1826 my mother's health failed. For three years she was a great sufferer, and March 29th, 1829, she passed in holy triumph to the 'rest which remaineth to the people of God.' Her mind's eye was unclouded to the last. She called all the members of the family then at home, one by one, and gave to each her dying blessing. She said to all, 'Live in peace with each other.' Exhausted by her effort she closed her eyes for a few moments, and then, amidst the awful stillness of the house of death, turned her head and said, 'Thomas, who is that singing?' My brother (Thomas) often said afterwards that he had no doubt that she heard strains of heavenly music.

"I was too young to appreciate my mother's very many excellencies; but from the testimony of others I regard her as an intelligent, devoted, Christian woman; firm, kind, affectionate and conscientious, possessing uncommon force of character."

Something of the children

Mr. Ferguson in his memorandum continues to sketch in considerable detail the lives of the twelve children that resulted

from this union of James Ferguson and Jane Dunshee. Of these twelve children, seven were boys and five were girls, and of the boys three were successful preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The best known of these was Samuel Dunshee Ferguson, who was born on February 3, 1798, and who died practically from overwork on December 30, 1855. His wife was Hannah Anne Jayne, sister of Walter Peter Jayne, Mrs. Lamont's father. Thus was created a double relationship, inasmuch as Mr. Jayne's wife, Mrs. Lamont's mother, was Eleanor Ferguson, Samuel's younger sister.

Samuel became a preacher in 1821 and was pastor of many of the best-known churches in New York City. In 1847 he established the Fergusonville Academy, at Fergusonville, New York, a school for both boys and girls, which sprang into an immediate success and which with varying fortunes kept its doors open for almost half a century. I think it well to quote briefly in regard to this noble man from his brother's memorandum, to which I have already alluded:

"Samuel D. Ferguson was an honored member of the New York and Troy annual conferences; four times he was elected a delegate to the General Conference; three times he was appointed Presiding Elder; four years he was Superintendent of the Leak and Watts Orphan House; and seven years he was president of the Fergusonville Academy. His stations in life, therefore, were varied, useful, and honorable. As a preacher he was universally admired; his style was colloquial; his voice, clear, full and rich; his elocution always natural. His sermons were often very searching and yet full of encouragement; they seemed especially fitted to help the weary and heavy-laden, to cheer the drooping and sorrowing and discouraged ones in their trouble. As a man his character was sympathetic and noble. He always showed a deep and dutiful reverence for his parents, and a sincere and practical interest in his brothers and

sisters. His cares and countless sacrifices for them showed that his heart was a father's as well as a brother's. His life, throughout, was devoted to the well-being of others, and accordingly on the marble erected to his memory is inscribed (at his wife's request):

> *"Servant of God, well done!*
> *Thy glorious warfare's past."*

The Rev. Sanford I. Ferguson, who, as I say, wrote the sketch from which I have quoted, and which really ought to have full and permanent record, was himself a successful preacher of no mean ability. He was born on July 14, 1816 and died in 1892. He received a very fair education considering the times of his youth, at the Delaware and Plattsburgh Academies in New York State. He taught school for a time, was School Commissioner and was also Superintendent of Schools for Delaware County. In 1848 he joined his elder brother in Fergusonville in the successful management of the Fergusonville Academy. He did not enter the ministry until 1860, but he was immediately successful in that field of endeavor, and he wound up the active period of his life by being for several years Superintendent of the important Five Points Mission in New York City.

Eleanor Ferguson's busy life

In regard to Mrs. Lamont's mother, Eleanor Ferguson, I can hardly do better than quote freely from Sanford Ferguson's memorandum, which runs about as follows:

"Eleanor Ferguson was born in Kortright, New York, April 14, 1814. In 1829 when she was fifteen years old she spent nearly a year in the family of her brother, Samuel D. Ferguson who was then pastor of the Bedford Street Church

in New York City. While there she was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the Summer of 1830 she taught the district school in the village of Deposit, Delaware County, New York. April 16, 1832, she was married to Walter P. Jayne of New York City. In the following year they moved out on the Walton farm which Mr. Jayne bought from Thomas Ferguson. After an unsuccessful year here, Mr. Jayne sold the farm to Samuel D. Ferguson, and returned to New York City. In 1838 the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church chose Mr. Jayne, thoroughly trained in and familiar with the printing business, withal a good English scholar, to publish a paper for it in Liberia on the west coast of Africa. For three years Mr. Jayne, in company with the Rev. John Seyes, superintendent of the mission and with the Principal of the Monrovia Seminary conducted, at the village of Monrovia in Liberia, the small paper called *Africa's Luminary*. In 1840, after Mr. Jayne's return from Africa, the family moved to Medina, Ohio, where on April 15, 1842, the youngest child, Caroline Deuel [my wife], was born."

Mr. Jayne brought his family back to New York before long and the family, with little Caroline, traveled through New York State on the Erie Canal. The mother, Eleanor Ferguson Jayne, undertook altogether more than her rather frail constitution could bear, and in about 1850 her health broke down completely. Her brother Sanford says this about her:

"She was a great sufferer, but uncomplaining and patient. In her greatest sufferings she had a pleasant face and kind words for those who were around her. Her Christian life was even and cheerful. It was a trial of her faith to leave her children, who were of an age greatly to need a mother's counsel and care. But her faith was bright and her heart cheerful to the end. She died October 14, 1851, in the thirty-eighth

year of her age. She was buried at Fergusonville, New York. Eleanor was not so tall as her sisters, and was more slender. She was bright, quick to learn, naturally brave, highly versatile, and had the faculty of doing things easily and satisfactorily to others. She possessed in an eminent degree what is called 'winsomeness,' and was a great favorite wherever she went."

PART II

A LAMONT REUNION IN 1876

REPORT

by Reverend Thomas Lamont

[*At the beginning of his Introduction (Part I) Thomas Lamont referred to a Lamont family reunion that took place in November 1876 at the home of his brother, George La Monte, at Bound Brook, New Jersey. The George La Monte family spelled our surname in French style, as did Thomas Lamont during a considerable part of his life.*

Thomas Lamont was chosen Secretary of the Reunion and published a brief report about it, including some historical material about the family and two poems read at the gathering. Below is his short "Account of the Reunion of the Descendants of the late Thomas W. Lamont."—C.L.]

A call for a reunion of the members of the family of the late Thomas W. Lamont was issued in October, 1876, by George La Monte. The time named for the meeting was November 22, 1876, place, Bound Brook, N. J. The call was repeated, until a favorable response was received from every surviving member of the family.

At the time named, there assembled at the home of George La Monte, Mrs. E. M. Lamont, the widow of Thomas W. Lamont; her six sons and five surviving daughters, together with their wives, husbands and children—nearly all the living members of the family—making a company of forty-two persons.

The arrangements for the entertainment of so large a company were on a generous scale. Though there was some sadness at the thought of the two deceased daughters, Elizabeth* and Hannah†—the occasion, on the whole, was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

A chronicle of the Lamont family was read, and a poem recited, both of which, by a unanimous request, were submitted for publication.

An organization for the holding of future reunions of the family was formed, of which George La Monte was made President, Thomas Lamont, Secretary, David S. La Monte, M. A. Ruland and Simeon Lape, Executive Committee.

The company closed their pleasant reunion on the morning of November 24, to meet again at the call of the President and Executive Committee.

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* [Elizabeth Lamont, the wife of the Reverend William Fletcher Cowles, a Methodist minister, died at Hamilton, Illinois, August 3, 1873, aged thirty-six. Cf. p. 111.—C.L.]

† [Hannah Lamont, the wife of Wesley G. Hartwell, died at Leroy, New York, December 14, 1872, twenty-eight years of age.—C.L.]

TWO POEMS
READ AT THE REUNION

[*Manly A. Ruland of Brooklyn, New York, who married Jennie Lamont and was my grandfather's brother-in-law, wrote the following poem and read it at the Reunion.*—C.L.]

A TRADITION

Long years ago, so the old folks say,
The family of Lamonts kept festal day;
There was great grandmother, the oldest of all,
And forty-one children and grandchildren small.
At the head of the table sat George her son,
A round robust man, full of frolic and fun,
The generous host of that occasion,
Was a host in himself in any station,
Good looking, interesting, a man of parts;
He won by his wit the way to men's hearts.
As an offset to this peculiar bundle of fun
Was Thomas, the serious, the next older son,
Whose calling and election he strove to make sure

By preaching the gospel to rich and to poor.
His manner was grave, his hair was gray,
He was wisely chosen the historian of the day.
Another son, Austin, younger in years,
So noted for making good use of his ears,
And keeping his tongue, yet much of a wag
Who would drop a sly word when conversation would lag
That would rouse up the guests with roars of laughter,
And keep them aroused for long hours after.
There was Jacob the oldest, not like Jacob of old,
Of whom such a story of deception is told;
This one was frank, he knew no deceit,
Not a shred of dishonesty from his head to his feet;
He had garnered a fortune by his long years of toil,
And was proud to be reckoned a son of the soil.
The twin brothers, David and William, were there,
No two more alike could be found anywhere;
One alone by himself you would claim was the other,
And their wives to distinguish them had much of a bother:
And, no doubt, out of this fact, the story grew
That they both courted Mary—and married her too.*

Now these *were not all, these six noble men,*
Who trace to the Huguenot their noble origin.†
Five daughters as well—there late had been seven—
But the Angel of Death had snatched two to heaven;
And the chairs that were now vacant, most eloquently plead
That the living would kindly remember the dead.
The dead! Nay, the living who live evermore,

---

* [The twin brothers both married young ladies by the name of Mary.—C.L.]

† [This reference is based on the erroneous idea that France was the original homeland of the Lamonts.—C.L.]

And beckon us onward to the bright shining shore;
And a voice from Elizabeth and Hannah seemed to say,
Be prepared for Death's coming, ye know not the day.
In silence sat Julia, whose heart had been riven
By great sorrow, and its tendrils were stretching to heaven,
Toward a bud that had drooped in her garden of love,
And had been transplanted to the garden above;
Though the pang was severe, yet her heart was serene,
When the love of a Father in this chastening was seen.
Close by her, Maria, the youngest of all,
The bitterest of bitterness, Mara they call.
Oh mother why named you me Mara? Oh, why?
Must my life be bitterness till the day that I die?
There was Catharine, cheerful in the midst of great sorrow,
Hoping happiness would drive away woe on the morrow;
Not giving away to "It might have been,"
While the dawn of a brighter life, through the clouds could be seen.
There was Lucy, great hearted and generous and true,
Unselfish as Mary—and like Martha too,
Devoted to friendship, to family, to God,
Walking prayerfully the path that her father had trod.
If ever were joined the divine and the human,
'Twas in Jennie, the modest, housewifely woman;
No purer affection in wife or in mother,
Was ever matured in the heart of another.

Time would fail to mention the names of the others—
The husbands of the daughters, the wives of the brothers,
The children—some infants just standing alone,
And others to manhood and womanhood grown;
And surveying all with a loving pride—
The good Grandmother. Save two that died:

These were her only jewels. She had prayed
That in the better land there might be made
For all of hers, a grand reunion. She little thought,
That to her on earth would come, unsought,
So bright and holy a vision as this,
So blessed a foretaste of heavenly bliss.
The guests arose; each went his way,
Some saddened in heart, and others gay:
But this fearful thought stung each soul with pain,—
Not all of these friends will meet again.

[*Mr. Ruland's little son, Arthur, aged six years, recited the lines below.*—C.L.]

SALUTATION

There was a young lady lived up on a hill,
And, if nothing had happened, she'd be living there still.
A young man, named Tommie, would a wooing her go,
And coaxed the young lady from her mama, you know.
Of course, they got married, and of children they bore
Seven girls and six boys, no less and no more.
Now the girls are big women and the boys are big men.
And by all getting married the number doubled again;
So that husbands and wives make two bakers' dozens,
And their children, we little folks, number twenty-six cousins.
Uncle George and Aunt Bec having bidden us here
With the warmest of smiles and the greatest good cheer,
Rejoicing we've come to the welcome call.
Long live Auntie Bec, Uncle George, and all!

COMMENTS

by Thomas W. Lamont

[*One of the Lamonts present at this family reunion was my own father,* who in 1876 was a small boy of six. Many years later, in 1943, he arranged for the reprinting of the Reunion brochure which his father had prepared. My father wrote the following special Foreword for the new edition.*—C.L.]

I have had reprinted in its original form for my children and my few remaining Lamont cousins a brief informal account of the Lamont family in America as prepared and read by my father, Thomas Lamont, at a reunion of the family of my grandfather, Thomas William Lamont (after whom I was named), in late November, 1876.

The family gathering was held in the large and pleasant home of our Uncle George in Bound Brook. Of the six brothers (my father had five brothers and seven sisters)

* [In *My Boyhood in a Parsonage*, Father devotes Chapter IX to this Reunion.—C.L.]

George had always been the outstanding financial success. Two years younger than my own father, he followed him as a student in Union College, Schenectady, New York, and duly graduated in 1857, winning his Phi Beta Kappa key for academic distinction. He then went South, rode the mountains and valleys of Virginia selling maps to the local schools and colleges, and finally wound up as a teacher in a seminary for women at Winchester, Virginia. There he met another teacher, Rebecca Kern, a granddaughter of Major Seth Mason of "Wheatlands," White Post, Virginia, of the well-known Mason family of Virginia, and on June 28, 1858, they were married.

Suddenly Civil War broke out, and our Uncle George was kept south of Mason and Dixon's Line throughout the conflict, meantime becoming president of a small women's college at Farmville, Virginia. There their first child, May, was born. With the war coming closer, this little institution moved on to Danville, and finally driven from there, went to Clarksville where it remained until Lee's surrender. "I believe," writes my Cousin Robert, Uncle George's second son, "that in Danville Father served the Confederacy as some sort of home guard or night patrol. Long after the Civil War he was at bottom an unreconstructed rebel, though he came in later years to be a great admirer of Lincoln."

Coming North after the war Uncle George went into business and at once attained success. He and my Aunt Rebecca were both delightful individuals, educated, cultured, well-read, and maintaining open house in the best tradition of Southern and Lamont Clan hospitality. My elder brother Hammond (deceased in May 1909) is quoted as having remarked of our Aunt Rebecca: "There must be something, Rob, to be said for the civilization of the Old South, if it could produce a woman like your mother." Uncle George had a

lively sense of humor, large twinkling blue eyes, and a smile like a benediction.

I dimly recall this reunion of 1876. I was just turned six years of age. My two chief recollections are first of the entire family assembled in the large drawing room or parlor of the Bound Brook house at the time my father read aloud the historical sketch of the family. My other recollection is of a big bedroom with any number of mattresses on the floor, made up into beds, and the whole room turned into a dormitory for us boy cousins of whom there must have been about fourteen. Our grandmother Lamont at that time, having been born in 1811, was sixty-five years old—a very vigorous, intelligent person, always dressed in black silk so heavy and stiff it could have stood erect by itself; keeping a watchful eye upon her many children and grandchildren, and full of friendly anecdote. I recall too how, at the end of the reunion, a good many of the family, including my father and elder brother Hammond, journeyed to Philadelphia to view the great Centennial Exposition (a World Fair we should call it now). To my intense disappointment I was considered too young to go, and I recall even now the bitterness with which I reflected upon the inevitably faulty judgment which parents exhibit!

It will be noted that in this account of the beginnings of the Lamont Clan my father accepted his family's traditional, though mistaken, belief that their ancestors originally came from France. Later, however, in his *Brief Account of the Life of Thomas William Lamont and His Family*, published in 1915, my father corrected that error and pointed out that from the records that had become available to him since 1876 it was clear that the original home of all the Lamonts was in Argyllshire, Scotland.* In fact, the Clan Lamont Society of

* [See p. 13.—C.L.]

Edinburgh published in 1938 a complete and voluminous History of the Lamont Clan from 1235-1935 (Seven Centuries of Clan History from Record Evidence) by Hector McKechnie, a well-known advocate of Scotland and historian of note, who had taken five or six years to compile this volume. It was dedicated to myself and to the late Harry A. Black, one of our distant kinsmen, because between us we had provided the funds for the compilation and publication.

Mr. McKechnie's Chapter I tells the story of our origin: "The Lamonts were always a namely people, descended from the Lamon mor of tradition, the Sir Laumon of history, the benefactor of Paisley Abbey." "They were," says Mr. McKechnie, "lords of all Cowal in the days when it was virgin forest" (Cowal being in general the region covering the lower part of Argyllshire with Loch Fyne on one side and the Kyles of Bute and Firth of Clyde on the other). But McKechnie adds rather sadly that "never after the Wars of Independence did they bulk so large as the MacDonalds, the Campbells, or the Mackenzies, who all straddled several counties, had many branches, and were definite political forces."

Mr. McKechnie speaks of the "hereditary feud with the Campbells" which oppressed the Lamont Clan for so many generations, and in my father's larger volume of which I have spoken, he mentions the siege which the Campbells carried against the Lamonts, cooped up in their Castles Toward and Ascog in Argyllshire; of how the Campbells on a promise of safe conduct persuaded the Lamonts to surrender and then, when they and their wives and children marched out from their two strongholds, how the Campbells fell upon them and after a brief interval cruelly hanged "thirty-six Lamont gentlemen" on one ash tree.

The way McKechnie describes it is this: "What happened

is generally known. In short, the Lamonts were treacherously seized and bound; a similar capitulation was obtained at Ascog; both castles were reived and burnt; the estates were scoured and scorched; a number of women and children were murdered in cold blood; thirty-six prominent clansmen were hanged in Dunoon, and many others were dirked just after; the chief, and his brothers and some of the cadets were carried to Inveraray, where they were robbed, imprisoned, and threatened, and young Ascog and Auchagoyl judicially murdered; and finally their whole lands and possessions were taken over by the Campbells, except such as had already been attached by the creditors."

All this is known as part of the Dunoon Massacre. When I took my family to Scotland in the summer of 1937 and rented Sir Iain Colquhoun's estate, Rossdhu, on the west shore of Loch Lomond with a beautiful prospect of Ben Lomond across the water, I motored over to Dunoon to see the shaft erected there long generations ago as a memorial to those who were killed at the Massacre of Dunoon. And there, lettered on the tall shaft, were many Lamont names, including those of Archibald, John, and Robert, men who must have been the nearby progenitors of the very three brothers bearing these identical given names who emigrated to America about 1750 and started the Lamont family on its way in the New World.

Well, we need go back no further. Following the family reunion at Bound Brook in 1876, there was another somewhat less numerous one held in the family seat at Charlotteville, Schoharie Co., N. Y., in the summer of 1879. From that date on no formal attempt was ever made to get all the family together, although for years up till the time of Grandmother Lamont's death many of her children and grandchildren visited her at Charlotteville every summer. The David La Montes,

who lived in Albany, made a practice of spending a good part of the summer there and not infrequently my own father and my Uncle George went up together.

The last visit I ever paid to Charlotteville was about ten or fifteen years ago when, with my sister Lucy Gavit and her husband, I motored over from Rensselaerville and spent a day with them in the Charlotte Valley: a brief visit in the morning to Fergusonville where my mother had attended school under the tutelage of her uncles, the Reverends Samuel D. and Sanford I. Ferguson; and then eight miles up the valley to Charlotteville where we had a picnic lunch and spent the rest of the day visiting the Lamont graves, with the tall marble shaft marking the grave of my own grandfather, Thomas William Lamont. The village had changed very little. There was Uncle Simeon Lape's general store with the big house opposite in which he and our Aunt Lucy lived and died. The by-ways and the whole village were filled with ghosts. Lamonts had come, had seen, and had conquered, and then had all gone, leaving only memories behind them.

PART III

THOMAS WILLIAM LAMONT AND FLORENCE CORLISS LAMONT

A MEMOIR OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER

by Corliss Lamont

In his book, *My Boyhood in a Parsonage* (Harper's, 1946), my father, Thomas W. Lamont, gave a delightful account of his early youth as the son of a Methodist minister and of his years at Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard College. In a substantial posthumous work, *Across World Frontiers* (Harcourt, Brace, 1951), Father told of his first job as a reporter on the New York *Tribune* after he graduated from Harvard in 1892, and then went on to describe his work as a banker, especially in J. P. Morgan & Co. The greater part of this volume, however, he devoted to his experiences abroad on various financial and economic missions in Europe and the Far East.

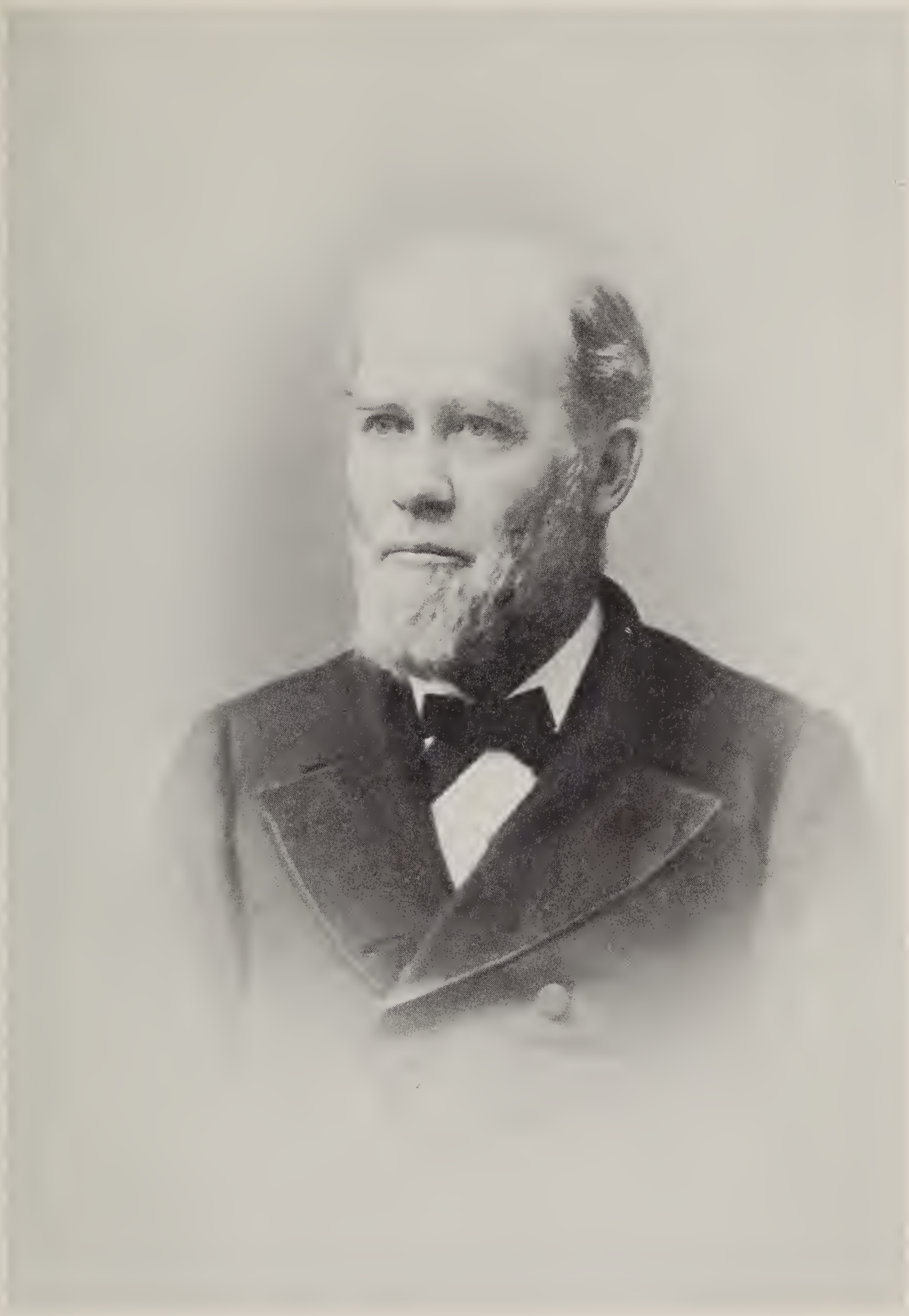
Father had intended to write a more complete and detailed history of his far-flung adventures in international affairs. But his serious heart ailment starting in 1943 and his death in 1948 prevented him from transposing into consecutive, readable form the enormous amount of material in his files and the vivid memories in his mind. It would have been most interesting, for instance, to learn from him at first-hand more about his trips to Mexico—in 1919 and in 1921—to carry on nego-

tiations with the Mexican Government for the adjustment of its debt to foreign investors. If I remember correctly, *Life*, then a humorous magazine, ran a drawing of Father entitled "Mr. Fix-It" in reference to this Mexican mission.

My mother, Florence Corliss Lamont, wrote wonderful letters throughout her life to her children and friends; but her only written work that appeared in book form was a delectable diary, originally penned with no thought of publication, that gave a day-to-day account of her trip to Japan and China with Father in 1920. In that year he went to the Far East on behalf of the International Consortium for the Assistance of China, a bankers' organization, to try to work out equitable financial arrangements with the Chinese Government. Mother's little book was privately issued in 1951 under the title of *Far Eastern Diary*. If she had had the time and inclination, she too could have written a fascinating autobiography.

Father retained a special interest in Japan, and was an honorary Vice President of the Japan Society in New York for a number of years. In 1923, after the great Tokyo-Yokohama Earthquake, he helped to arrange a reconstruction loan of some $250 million to the Japanese Government. That earthquake, it will be recalled, resulted in at least 140,000 deaths, caused a terrific conflagration that devastated Tokyo, and was all in all the greatest single natural calamity ever visited upon this earth. In the fall of 1927 Father again sailed to Japan, this time without Mother, to discuss with the Japanese certain of their problems in railway financing. As the years went by, however, he became more and more distressed as the Japanese militarists gained increasing power in Japan, and as some of the moderate leaders with whom he had become friends were actually assassinated.

Continuing with the international theme, I can state with-



The Reverend Thomas Lamont, author of "The Lamont Family in the Nineteenth Century."

Thomas William Lamont on an ocean voyage in 1931.

Florence C. Lamont hands over the deeds to her Palisades estate in 1950 to Dwight D. Eisenhower, then President of Columbia University.

The Thomas W. Lamonts and guests on board the S. S. Saturnia, *en route to Greece, 1931. First on left, Henry James, son of the philosopher William James; fourth on left, Professor Gilbert Murray; fifth on left, Mrs. Lamont; at head of table, Captain Stuparich of the* Saturnia; *fifth on right, Mrs. Faye Lippmann; fourth on right, Mr. Lamont; second on right, Walter Lippmann.*

Front row, left to right: Charles C. Cunningham, Jr., Lavinia L. Lamont, Priscilla Cunningham.

Second row, left to right: Austin Lamont, Austin F. Lamont, Edward M. Lamont, Thomas W. Lamont II, Mrs. Nancy S. Lamont (holding baby Nicholas S. Lamont), Hayes C. Lamont.

Third row, left to right: Margaret H. Lamont, Lansing Lamont, Mrs. Thomas S. (Elinor Miner) Lamont, Thomas S. Lamont, Elinor B. Lamont, Corliss Lamont.

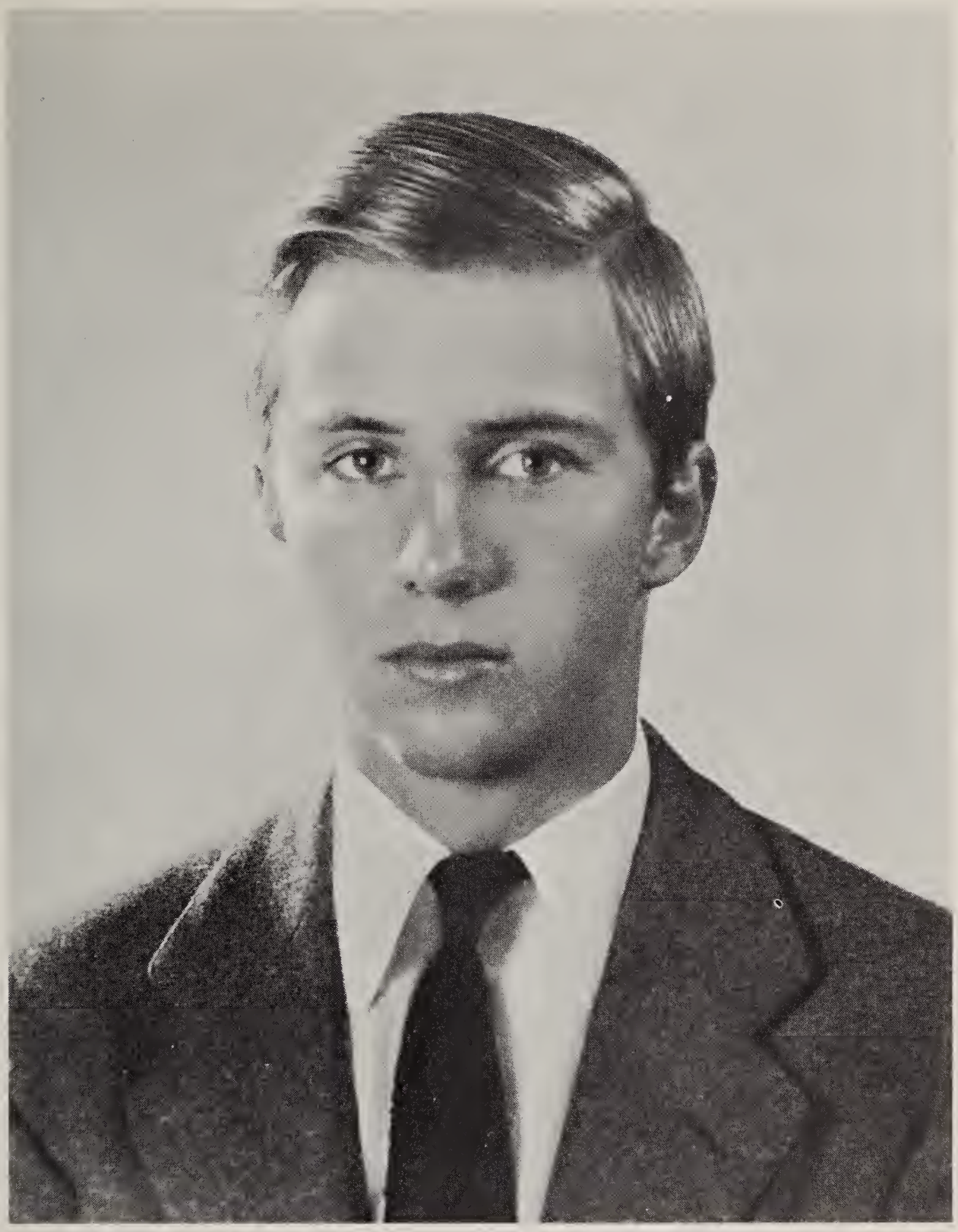
Fourth row, left to right: Thomas W. Lamont, Mrs. Charles C. (Eleanor Lamont) Cunningham, Florence Lamont, Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont.

Fifth row, left to right, Mrs. Corliss (Margaret Irish) Lamont, Charles C. Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont, with their children and grandchildren, sitting on the steps of their house at North Haven, Maine, in the summer of 1938.

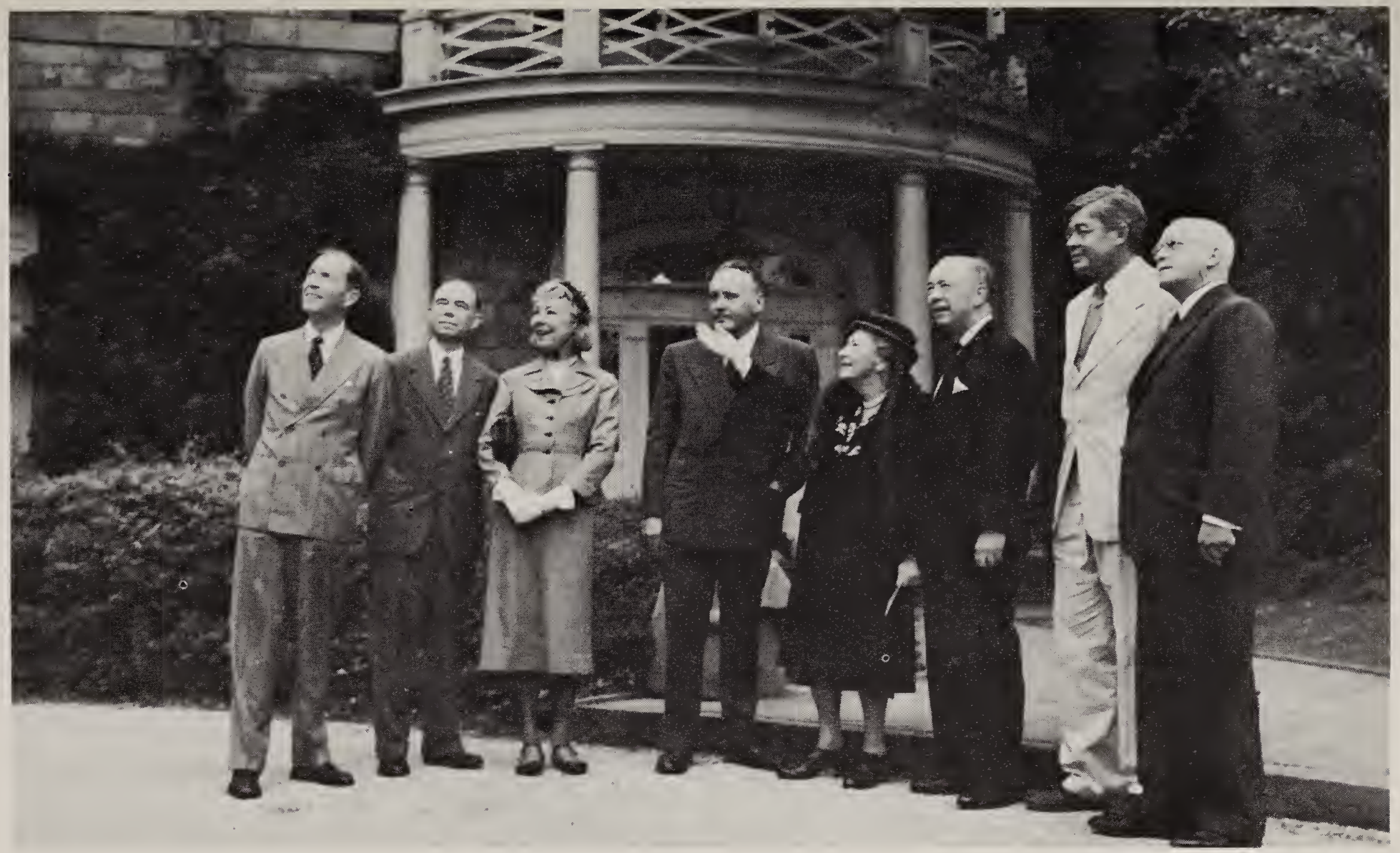
Aerial view of Pulpit Harbor, Maine. At left, first white house set back in trees along shore of outer bay is the former residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont, now the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Lamont. Second white house facing the bay is that of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Cunningham. In middle foreground is a cluster of cottages owned by the Cabot family of Boston.

PHOTO: PETER GILCHRIST



Thomas William Lamont II.

PHOTO: FABIAN BACHRACH



A group present at the formal dedication of Columbia University's Lamont Geological Observatory on May 28, 1951, at Palisades, New York. Standing at the entrance to the former Lamont house are, left to right: Austin Lamont, Corliss Lamont, Mrs. Charles C. Cunningham, Dr. Grayson Kirk, then acting head of Columbia and later President. Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont, Thomas S. Lamont, Professor W. Maurice Ewing, Director of the Observatory, and Professor Walter H. Bucher of Columbia's Department of Geology. PHOTO: MANNY WARMAN

out qualification that Father and Mother were two of the most enterprising world travelers in the history of the Lamonts. Their trips to Europe became more frequent after the United States entered the First World War in 1917. Father went to England and France late in that year as an unofficial advisor to President Woodrow Wilson's U. S. Government Mission headed by Colonel E. M. House. During this period Father had important conferences with, and came to know, Lord Reading, later British Ambassador to Washington; Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England; John Buchan, later Lord Tweedsmuir and Governor General of Canada; Prime Minister Lloyd George of England; Premier Clemenceau of France; and General Pershing, Commander of the American Expeditionary Force.

When Father talked with General Pershing at the town of Chaumont in northeastern France, there was present an old friend, General Charles G. Dawes (later a Republican Vice President of the United States), who was Pershing's top aide in charge of the procurement of supplies in Europe for the U. S. Army. At the end of the conversation General Dawes turned to Father and said: "Tom, I want you to stay over here and become the active scouting officer for the procurement division. You know all the people over here. You are a business man. You can save millions of dollars for the Government. We need you."

Father answered that he would accept such a position without hesitation if he did not think his work in the United States would help the Allied cause more. He added that anyway his old friend, Jeremiah Smith, Jr., a classmate at Exeter and Harvard, could do the procurement job better than he because Smith had had legal training. Generals Dawes and Pershing immediately accepted this advice and forthwith sent a cable to Jerry Smith commissioning him captain and

asking him to come to France as soon as possible. He promptly accepted this assignment. Jerry Smith, who later accompanied Father to both Mexico and Japan as his legal advisor, was not only a brilliant attorney but also had a charming personality and a wry sense of humor that made him one of the most delightful people in the world.

Early in February 1919 Father and Mother sailed for France where Father was to serve for five months as a representative of the United States Treasury at the Paris Peace Conference. Until the end of June, when the Treaty of Versailles was signed, he worked hard over the economic problems facing the Conference, especially those concerned with the controversial subject of German reparations. At the same time Father and Mother extended their acquaintance among figures prominent in international affairs, becoming friends, among others, with Lord Robert Cecil, one of England's most stalwart defenders of the League of Nations; Philip Kerr, Lloyd George's secretary and later Lord Lothian; and General (later Marshal) Jan Christiaan Smuts, Premier of the Union of South Africa.

Father came into close contact with most of the leading diplomats at the Paris Peace Conference. He saw a great deal of President Wilson and became a strong believer in the League of Nations. In the 1920 elections, when the Democratic candidate for President was Governor James M. Cox of Ohio and the Republican candidate Senator Warren G. Harding of the same State, Father broke away from the G. O. P. ticket for the first and only time in his life, casting his ballot for Governor Cox and his Vice-Presidential running mate, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In a public statement explaining his position, Father declared: "My chief reason is, of course, that Cox is for the League of Nations and Harding is against it. The League is

admittedly not perfect. But it is the most practicable instrument yet offered for the prevention of future wars. . . . There is a call upon America to render high service to the world and to herself. To this call Harding answers No, let us turn back. Cox answers Yes, let us go forward. That is why I vote for Cox."

Till the end of their lives Father and Mother remained faithful to the central League principles of international cooperation and of united action by the peace-loving countries against aggressor governments—usually known as the concept of collective security. They actively supported the League of Nations Association and the Foreign Policy Association. When the League went out of existence and the United Nations replaced it after the Second World War, Father and Mother wholeheartedly backed the U. N. and the American Association for the United Nations. They also were interested in Clarence Streit's Federal Union, the aim of which was to unite the democratic nations in an inclusive political federation. No causes were ever dearer to my parents' hearts than those of internationational peace, world-wide disarmament and understanding between the peoples of the earth.

During the First World War, in 1916, when John Masefield, later Poet Laureate of England, came to the United States to lecture about his country in wartime and to arouse sympathy for the Allies, Father and Mother became acquainted with him. That acquaintance quickly grew into a strong and lasting friendship with Masefield and his wife, Constance. My parents, with their special affection for England and the English, soon added to their circle of friends Professor Gilbert Murray, eminent Greek scholar and supporter of the League of Nations, and his wife, Lady Mary; Julian Huxley, noted biologist (later knighted), and his wife, Juliette; the novelists, St. John Ervine, John Galsworthy, Charles Morgan, Henry

W. Nevinson, H. G. Wells and Francis Brett Young; the dramatists, John Drinkwater and Robert Nichols; and the poet, Walter de la Mare. A lively correspondence developed between my parents and several of these persons, particularly Masefield* and Wells. General Smuts, whom I referred to earlier, also frequently corresponded with my family.†

Father and Mother made and retained these enduring friendships not only because they were charming and considerate hosts, but also because, as my brother Austin has put it, "They were intelligently and enthusiastically interested in ideas and their expression. Hence they naturally were attracted, and attractive, to people who had ideas and who were expressing their ideas, whether it was Cecil and the League, or Wells and his novels, or Masefield and his poetry." My parents entered with animation into the life of the mind, both giving and receiving constant intellectual stimulus. And in their four children—Thomas S., Austin, Eleanor A.** and myself—they kindled a zest for knowledge and a genuine intellectual curiosity.

When the friends from foreign lands whom I have mentioned visited America, they would very likely appear at my parents' dinner table or stay at their New York City residence

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* After my mother's death in 1952, John Masefield's letters to her were presented to the Harvard College Library, with the release date of January 1, 1978. With this Collection there also went to Harvard a number of Masefield's published books personally inscribed to Mother, as well as some of his original manuscripts, ephemera and a portrait by Charles Hopkinson.

† The original Smuts letters to my parents were given to the Smuts Archive at Capetown in the Union of South Africa. Complete photostat copies can be found in the Harvard College Library.

** The late Mrs. Charles C. Cunningham (1910-1961), wife of the Director of the Wadsworth Atheneum at Hartford, Connecticut. Cf. p. 10.

at 107 East 70 Street.* In fact, for many years that beautiful and spacious house was a sort of International Inn, with George Metcalfe, the incomparable Lamont butler, watching carefully over the welfare and comfort of every guest. Metcalfe was born in England, fought in the Boer War and emigrated to the United States while still a young man. In the employ of my parents for more than thirty years, from 1914 till his death in 1944, he became their chief household aide and a true friend to everyone in the family. Hard-working, exemplary in all his duties, Metcalfe was one of the most considerate and understanding persons I have ever known, always ready at any time to sacrifice convenience and leisure to perform some service for a member of the family or a visitor. Over six feet tall, he was blessed with a robust physique and, just as important, a fine sense of humor.

While we were growing up, we young people were frequently given the opportunity to listen to and participate in conversations and arguments on public affairs and international questions of every kind. These discussions built up into an informal education of inestimable value. I recall quite clearly, for example, dinner-table conversations with the John Masefields, with H. G. Wells and with General Smuts in the solarium on the fourth floor of our New York home. Father and Mother ate most of their meals in this small dining room, often with sunlight streaming through the windows. Both Mr. and Mrs. Masefield were most interesting conversationalists, roaming over the whole history of literature and art in stimulating fashion. "H. G.," with his squeaky little voice, was a convinced socialist and undoubtedly the most radical of my parents' foreign friends; and he would argue

* This house has become, according to the terms of Mother's Will, the headquarters of the Visiting Nurse Service of New York.

with them good-naturedly on the subject of differing economic systems.

General Smuts had a vigorous military bearing and gave the impression of great alertness and precision, both physically and mentally. His far-ranging abilities covered not only the art of government and the field of international relations, but also the sciences and philosophy. My mother and I used to have deep-going philosophical talks with him. In 1936 my parents went by boat all the way to South Africa to visit General Smuts; and he took them high up on the veldt on a memorable camping trip through the Kruger Animal Preserve.

In a special Postscript to the English edition of *My Boyhood in a Parsonage*, Father wrote briefly of this trip: "Twilight would have suddenly vanished and the big yellow African moon would soon be peeping above the rim of the world. We would be sitting around a roaring campfire, with the solemn tom, tom, tom of the Kaffir drums sounding through the night, the occasional roar of a hungry lion or the mocking laugh of the hyenas prowling along the banks of the sluggish river. And overhead in that marvelous star-spangled sky, with milky ways so vast that, like a great belt of diamond dust, they lightened all the heavens, the great Southern constellations wheeled their radiant measure across the firmament. The affairs of this world seemed remote and of little moment. It was the majestic march of the universe that held us enthralled, the troublous affairs of little men fading into a dim and misty memory.—'What is man that Thou art mindful of him?' "

In the winter of 1928 Father and Mother traveled to Egypt, saw the Sphinx and the pyramids, visited several of the famous royal tombs and sailed up the Nile. With my parents on this Egyptian tour were the John Masefields and their daughter Judith; and John L. Tildsley, Associate Superintendent of Schools in New York City and his wife, Bertha, Mother's

beloved classmate in Smith '93. When Father and Mother made trips to distant countries, they were more than likely to persuade a small group of congenial friends to go along with them.

Thus, in the spring of 1931 when they went to Greece, they had in their lively party the Walter Lippmanns and Gilbert Murray; and at Athens, Mr. and Mrs. Masefield joined the company. Professor Murray proved the best possible interpreter for bringing into focus the ways of ancient Greece as revealed in the unsurpassed relics and ruins on every hand. During that trip Mother wrote her children one of her superb descriptive letters. It was one which my brother Tommy and I both relied upon in our respective visits to Greece more than twenty-five years later. Here is what Mother said in that typical letter:

Nauplia, 1931

My dears,

It cannot be described. It is too utterly lovely. Eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the beauty of Greece. I am in a sort of daze of ecstasy most of the time.

Well, to begin with, Father has written you about our landing.* Too terrible. "The friend of King Constantine" and the Governor etc. etc. all came to meet us, and had arranged a special tender to take us ashore. Metcalfe did not know this, so half our luggage (42 pieces for all!) was on the common tender and half on the special, and Metcalfe and Josephine almost in tears, and all the other passengers glaring at us with hate as we made our quick getaway. When we landed,

* The landing was from the Italian liner *Saturnia* at the port of Patras on the Western coast of Greece.

Father said in a lordly way, "Let us go on to the hotel," and the poor Lippmanns obediently followed only to find at 11:30 P.M. that two trunks and two bags were missing. I am sure Father has written you of his heroic and frantic efforts to rescue these things from a tender in the middle of the Gulf of Patras at 1 in the morning. It really was awfully educational for Father, but was hard at the time.

The trip to Olympia was great and glorious. I got a tremendous kick out of it. I have never thrilled so over sculpture in my life.

The Greek landscape cannot be described. It is surpassingly lovely. The light is unlike any in the world; a sort of unearthly radiance shines over everything. The mountains and the sea are everywhere, always, the sea an intense blue, the mountains snow crowned.

I think that Delphi is without doubt the most beautiful place in the world, up and up on the side of Parnassus. It would be very easy for me to believe in gods and nymphs living there. The automobile ride to Delphi takes about ten hours, very fatiguing as the roads are like those shelled by the Germans in the war. You go from one deep hole to another, and why the cars stand up under it, beats me. Parnassus dominates the landscape for hours: we got nearer and nearer to this glorious snow-capped peak and finally climbed up its side to Delphi, with the blue sea at our feet and range after range of blue mountains glowing in the beautiful light. It has been wonderful having Gilbert Murray with us. He has made Greece live for us in a remarkable way.

When we are in Athens, we try to go to the Acropolis twice a day, once in the morning sunshine, and

again at sunset. It is one of the great places in the world.

I am writing this letter from Nauplia where we are spending two nights in order to see the Peloponnesos (Corinth, Mycenae, Tirynthus, etc.), all the Argive plain. It has been a wonderful trip down here. Mycenae thrilled me to the bone. To see the great, though ruined, palace of Agamemnon, and to see the line of mountains that Clytemnestra knew by heart and probably saw as she hurled the dagger at Agamemnon, all this is very exciting. We almost always have a picnic luncheon because the hotels are most of them so bad. We sit in the sun and read poems about Greece after luncheon. Walter Lippmann gave me a little book called "The Englishman in Greece" containing all the good poetry ever written in English about Greece.

Well goodbye my dears. I think of you all a lot and pray for all good things for you. I hope everything is going well and that the babies are well.

Dearest love to you,

from Mother

In a letter from Athens dated April 17, 1931, Father gave *his* version of the historic debarking at Patras. It was, he wrote, "like an Anthony Hope novel, or a light opera—better than the one that Kit Morley wrote and produced. The Governor of the Province, the Captain of the Port in full gold braid, a representative of the Greek Cabinet, the American Consul and Vice Consul—all came dashing out to the steamer in a special tender, lined themselves up in formal array in the saloon and tendered us the welcome of Greece. They insisted upon sabotaging all the steamer's landing arrangements—

despite our earnest entreaties—and in landing us and our 36 pieces of luggage before anything could happen. It was a struggle between the Governor and Metcalfe as to who should carry your mother's bottle bag and hat box. . . . The Governor marched us up the quay to the hotel, where they gave us a very decent and entirely informal dinner. They proposed one toast to us—calling themselves the descendants of the ancient Aegeans.

"After dinner it was discovered that two trunks were missing. Metcalfe was invisible. So I sneaked away from the Government officials and had myself rowed out in the midnight darkness to a lighter out in Patras Harbor. It was loaded with a thousand trunks and loose bed springs, which acted as traps to catch you as you searched with matches through the swaying trunks. But I located the missing ones and got back undiscovered."

On several occasions Father and Mother took the whole family to Europe. I remember as far back as 1908 when we had a cottage during the summer at Seaford on the English Channel. Our English landlord was fond of referring to the Lamont boys as "them three imps." When Father and Mother went traveling on the Continent, they left us in charge of Grandfather and Grandmother Lamont.

In the summer of 1913 my parents took a cottage, the Villa Roche Blanche, at Paris Plage on France's Channel coast. We enjoyed the splendid swimming, and all went well until one day when I rose suddenly from a wave and bumped accidentally against our tutor, Mr. Strickland, knocking out two of his front teeth with my head. On this same European trip we drove through the lovely hill towns of northern Italy, and spent two weeks in the Alps, at Mürren and Chamonix. We hiked up the mountain trails and took exciting walks, with guides, out onto the face of mighty glaciers such as the Mer

de Glace, where we were able to look down into the very depths of the crevasses.

The good friends whom Father and Mother had in Europe, especially England, were always most kind and hospitable to the Lamont children and helped to pave our way when we traveled abroad on our own. After I graduated from Harvard in 1924 I went to study at New College, Oxford, and my parents made arrangements for me to live at the home of the Julian Huxleys on Holywell Street. During term time I often rode my bicycle up Boar's Hill from the city to have tea or supper with the Gilbert Murrays or John Masefields. Sometimes after supper on a Sunday evening Masefield read from his poetry. I recall, too, driving out to John Buchan's for a meal, going for Sunday lunch to Lord and Lady Astor's at Cliveden and spending a weekend with H. G. Wells. For all these most stimulating contacts I had Father and Mother to thank.

My parents roamed far and wide not only in the world at large, but also in America itself. In 1914 they took the family to Flying D Ranch (altitude, over 5,000 feet) near Salesville (now Gallatin Gateway), Montana. Our cabins were only a stone's throw from the swiftly flowing Gallatin River. All summer long we rode horseback, fished, climbed, and went on pack trips. I used to go trout fishing with my father, both of us wearing high hip boots, in the nearby streams. The views of the jagged Spanish Peaks from the ranch were superb.

In the summer of 1915 we all went out to Oregon and stayed at White Pelican Lodge on the edge of Klamath Lake, named after the nearby Indian tribe and at the base of the Cascade Mountains. There we did most of our trout fishing by trolling from boats on the lake. The flat meadows along Lake Klamath were marvelous for riding, and we usually galloped our horses over them in high glee. Both in 1914 and

1915 there came with us to the West a most congenial family, Dr. and Mrs. John H. Huddleston and their three children. With a physician along, we were well prepared for any serious accident or illness, but nothing of the sort came our way.

These two summers in the heart of the West gave the Lamont children a lasting appreciation of the outdoor life, of America's rugged mountain scenery and of our splendid National Parks. At the end of the 1914 trip Father and Mother took us through Yellowstone National Park, with its unusual geysers, hot springs and brightly pigmented canyon, and through Glacier National Park in northern Montana. In 1915 we not only visited the unique Crater Lake National Park, which was not far from our Lodge in Oregon, but also went north into the Canadian Rockies and took a week's camping trip on horseback from our base at glorious Lake Louise. From Canada we traveled to San Francisco, the most beautiful and dramatic harbor in North America, to attend the World's Fair of 1915 (Panama-Pacific Exposition).

Father and Mother consistently chose most beautiful places to live in or travel through. For a permanent summer home they experimented with Easthampton, Long Island, where the sand beaches and surf bathing were unsurpassed; and then tried Northeast Harbor and Islesboro on the Maine coast. Finding the social life in both of those Maine resorts too formal and demanding, they finally settled down on the island of North Haven in the middle of Penobscot Bay. After renting houses for two or three seasons, my parents finally bought some property on the north shore of the island and in 1920 built there a large, rambling house.

Their place, called Sky Farm, was only a short distance from incomparable Pulpit Harbor, the entrance to which is marked by a rocky pile topped by a fish hawk's nest. Father and Mother provided comfortable cottages in the same vicinity

for each of their children. The big house on Sky Farm, now occupied by my brother Tommy and his family, stands on a bluff more than 100 feet high and looks across West Penobscot Bay, with its islands, to the Camden Hills. The views and sunsets from Sky Farm are a joy to behold. Its main flower garden, tumbling down a hillside towards the sea, has been celebrated by Evelyn Ames in a poem that is dedicated to my mother:

MAINE GARDEN*

There is something almost magic about these flowers:
Their size, their perfectness; the way, in fog,
The colors ring and rock and clash together
Outraging every garden catalogue.
Calendars they ignore; whatever hours
Feel like summer, they use (knowing how weather
Observes the seasons) and since between cold and cold
Are not too many days of outright sun,
Dahlias lift autumn heads beside Sweet Peas,
And Bleeding Heart, which ought to have begun
Bleeding in May, has clearly not been told
To stop by August. To these inclemencies
Add the few inches that there are of loam
Between this shelf of granite and the sky—
A flower's a miracle on such a coast,
And yet—no more than any who defy
The rock and fog we're born to and who bloom—
The more superbly for hardship being their host.

*P. 67 in *The Hawk from Heaven*, Dodd, Mead and Company, 1957.

For some forty-five years the Lamonts have made their summer headquarters at North Haven, with its active, informal life of boating, sailing, tennis, golf and berrying. Father and Mother did not themselves do much sailing, but preferred to explore Penobscot Bay and its innumerable islands in their motor yachts, of which I remember with most pleasure the *Reynard*, given by Father to the United States Government at the outbreak of World War II, and its successor, the *Little Reynard*. These fine craft were skippered respectively by Captains Christensen and Hansen, both Norwegians.

Not infrequently we went off for a whole day in one of these boats, sometimes on a deep-sea fishing expedition, but more often landing on some lovely island with a far view of hills and sea. We would swim, explore and take our ease while enjoying the beauty all around us. Occasionally after lunch we would climb a high hill, as at Isle au Haut, now part of Acadia National Park. A favorite trip was to Seal Island, a bare and rocky out-thrust at the edge of the ocean where it was thrilling to watch the foaming waves rush unrestrained upon the reefs and dissolve in tumultuous spray. There, too, it was fun to stand by Squeaker Guzzle where the sea gushes up into a deep and narrow cleft to make a weird, whistling sound.

The Lamonts became especially enthusiastic over Hurricane Sound and its cluster of pink-white granite islands. For picnics, big Hurricane Island was always a wonderful place, with its fine sea views, its walks through woods and alder bushes, and its abandoned granite quarries to roam and clamber over. The Vinalhaven poet, Harold Vinal, has immortalized this island in the verses of his Maine Coast Chronicle, *Hurricane*, describing it in the early years of this century when it had a prosperous granite industry and a good-sized village. When we first landed on Hurricane Island in the late 'teens, many wooden frame houses and two churches of the deserted village re-

mained standing. Today there is little left but rotting timbers, stone foundations and old wells. Even so, on Hurricane one still stands and muses, in a nostalgic mood, about the pulsing life that once flourished there.

Half a mile from Hurricane is the outermost White Island, which has high granite cliffs on the west and south, a thick evergreen covering intersected by a path or two, and dramatic views on every side. The Lamonts fell in love with this fascinating little island, and finally Father bought it. Actually, Lamont ownership has made little difference, since everyone is in any case welcome to its shores for picnicking, camping, swimming, or climbing over the huge boulders.

Father and Mother had another beautiful home, high up on the edge of the Palisades, at Sneden's Landing, New York, just north of the New York-New Jersey State line. They moved there in 1929 from Englewood, New Jersey, where all of us children had been born and brought up, as was our mother before us. Englewood was an attractive suburban town sprawling out along the broad slope down from the top of the Palisades. It was a congenial place to live in because it had a real country atmosphere, with woods and cliffs nearby for walking and riding, and because both my parents and we children had many good friends in the town. I have happy memories of Englewood.

The Lamont place at Palisades was named Torrey Cliff and had breath-taking vistas north to Hook Mountain on the west bank of the Hudson River. Our property extended some distance into the woods where pine-needled trails took you across an exquisite brook, with leaping cascades, to the sheer 400-foot wall of the Palisades. From high lookouts at the summit, there were magnificent panoramas of the river and the countryside beyond. On a clear day you could see all the way to Long Island Sound.

Towards the end of her life Mother gave all the buildings at the Palisades estate, and much of the woodland, to Columbia University to serve as a headquarters for its new Geological Observatory. When she officially handed over this property in 1950, Dwight D. Eisenhower, who was President of Columbia at the time, came down to the 70th Street house in New York for a brief ceremony of acceptance. After my mother had presented to him the deeds of ownership, he made a few appropriate remarks. The Lamont Geological Observatory has made great strides during its first decade; and under the leadership of its Director, Professor Maurice Ewing, an able geologist, has built up a nation-wide, and indeed a world-wide, reputation.

In her Will, Mother set aside about twenty-one acres of woodland and cliff from the Palisades estate and left this section to my brother Austin and me, stating that the property should be preserved permanently in a wild and natural state. Approximately twelve miles from the George Washington Bridge and bordering the Palisades Interstate Park, the Lamont Sanctuary offers hikers and nature lovers an exciting network of trails, constant glimpses of birds and wild life, and rare beauties of forest and cliff. The Audubon Society of Rockland County is the official custodian of the Sanctuary.

In this essay I have stressed Father's and Mother's international contacts and interests. At the same time they had a host of devoted American friends from almost every walk of life, many of whom we children came to know and appreciate. I think especially of Chester Aldrich, the architect, and his sister, Amey; John Corbin, the author, and his wife, Amy; Eleanor Robson Belmont (Mrs. August Belmont), well known as an actress and as the guiding spirit behind the Metropolitan Opera, and Mrs. Helen Rogers Reid, former President and Board Chairman of the *New York Herald Tribune;* Robert

Frost, and Walter Lippmann; Judge and Mrs. Learned Hand; Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Jay; Arthur Lockett, another of Father's classmates at Exeter and Harvard, and his wife, Olie; Dwight W. Morrow, a Morgan partner with Father, and his wife, Betty; President William Allan Neilson of Smith College; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Perry, he the Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy for more than thirty years; and three persons I mentioned earlier: Mr. and Mrs. Tildsley, and Jeremiah Smith, Jr., whom Father called "the most entertaining man I think that I ever met."

In the business world Father was, of course, particularly close to his partners in J. P. Morgan & Company. Besides Mr. Morrow, to whom I have just referred, these were Henry P. Davison,* Russell Leffingwell, George Whitney, Arthur M. Anderson, Thomas Cochran and J. P. Morgan himself. Other bankers whose friendship he greatly valued were Norman H. Davis, financier-at-large; William C. Potter, Chairman of the Board of the Guaranty Trust Company; Seward Prosser, President of the Bankers Trust Company; and Myron C. Taylor, Chairman of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

The Tildsleys, the Morrows and the Huddlestons all had children of an age with the Lamont progeny, and this happy circumstance made for much extra pleasure and merriment when the Lamonts were with one of these other families. The Huddlestons, as I have said, we got to know intimately during our two summers in the West. The Morrows we saw a great deal the whole year 'round, especially because they lived near us in Englewood and had a summer place at North Haven.

The Tildsleys had a vacation cottage in Maine, first at Buck Harbor and then on Little Deer Isle. Both places were within two hours by motor boat from the Lamonts at North Haven.

* In 1933 Harper's published Father's biography of Mr. Davison, entitled *Henry P. Davison: The Record of a Useful Life.*

Every summer "the Tildsley picnic," when the two families met on some enchanting island in Penobscot Bay, was a high point of the season. Often, after we had finished the delicious Tildsley fish chowder, the sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, the family elders read favorite poems aloud to the group.

After one of the first Tildsley picnics, in the vicinity of Eggemoggin, the Lamont motor yacht, *The North Wind*, ran onto a reef in a thick fog that, almost before we knew it, had blown in from the southeast. Some of us were playing bridge in the dining saloon when the crash occurred. The captain put the engines into reverse, but the boat was stuck fast and did not budge. So we lowered the auxiliary motor launch and made our way through the fog to take refuge with the Tildsleys at Buck Harbor. During all this excitement my brother Austin continued calmly to read one of Masefield's novels of adventure. The next day a tug came over from Rockland on the mainland and pulled *The North Wind* off the rocks at high tide. The yacht was only slightly damaged.

In these reminiscences I do not want to overlook the important role that some of my parents' relatives played in our family circle. Very close to my father was his brilliant elder brother, Hammond, a teacher of English at Harvard and Brown Universities who later became Managing Editor of the *New York Evening Post* and then Editor of *The Nation.* Uncle Hammond's house was just a step from us on Beech Road in Englewood, and his liberal views on public affairs had a significant influence on my father. He died in 1909 at forty-five, at the height of his career, after an operation from which he never recovered consciousness. It was a prime example of the tragedy of premature death.

Father's elder sister, Lucy, married John Palmer Gavit, another liberal and a most capable newspaper man who became Chief of the Washington Bureau of the Associated Press and

Managing Editor of the *New York Evening Post* several years after Uncle Hammond left that position. He also wrote *Americans by Choice*, a book about immigrants to the U. S. A., *College*, and *Opium*. Aunt Lucy and Uncle Jack combined a great interest in the sciences with an unwavering belief in Spiritualism, stimulated to a considerable extent by the early death, at twenty-one, of their promising son Joe.

Aunt Lucy herself purported to be a medium of sorts and thought that she was in regular communication with the spirits of the dead. For my twenty-first birthday she presented me with a poem supposedly dictated to her by Joe from "the other side." It was called "A Man Thou Art Today." On another occasion she claimed she was talking with the late J. Pierpont Morgan (the elder) and that he gave her an important message for my father. The message was: "Tom, you are doing a fine job." Father was not impressed and Mother was scornful. Despite these goings-on, there is no doubt that the Gavits, with their broad knowledge in science, journalism and international affairs, contributed much to the education of the Lamonts.

On my mother's side of the family were her elder brother, Charles, a successful business man, and his wife, Anne Parrish, a well-known American novelist and author of *The Perennial Bachelor*, *Golden Wedding* and other delightful books of penetrating satire. One of her finest achievements was *A Clouded Star*, an historical novel about the escape of Negro slaves from the South to Canada through "the underground railway." Aunt Anne had a keen and sensitive mind.

Of my four grandparents, the one who was nearest to us was Mother's mother, Mrs. Wilbur F. Corliss ("Mimi")—affectionate, lively, gossipy and at times amusingly caustic. She and Grandpa Corliss lived in Englewood, and we were constantly visiting back and forth. Mimi died in 1939 at the

grand old age of ninety-six. She spent her last years at Atlantic City where we went to see her occasionally.

The Gavits, the Charles Corlisses and my grandparents, together with other relatives and guests, came frequently to the big Lamont gatherings at Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's and Easter. Those parties were always enormous fun for everyone who attended. At the great Christmas banquet there were always at least three generations present; and the young people as well as the grownups displayed their histrionic talent between courses, reciting poems and singing songs. When we had finished dinner, we would go into the drawing room where we often separated into two groups for acting charades.

Here is a letter that Miss Amey Aldrich wrote my mother after our Christmas celebration in 1948: "I really cannot tell you what it was to me to have last evening with you all. That table full of laughing children, the sweet young voices, the genuine love and friendliness made it something to remember always with a glow of joy. . . .

"I was much impressed by the delightful ease and eagerness with which each child liked to play its part, and the spontaneous courtesy, down even to the littlest ones, that didn't let me feel an outsider for an instant.

"Bless you, beloved Grandma of so united and happy a family, for letting me share in that real feast of Christmas love. I went to bed feeling so happy to live in a world full of light and warmth and love."

From the time he entered J. P. Morgan & Co. in 1911, Father, except during the First World War, habitually took two or three months' vacation every year. In my opinion this was a major reason for his unfailing good health (until he was seventy-two), for his unceasing good humor, and for his calm and reasonable approach to whatever problems confronted

him. I almost never saw him angry or over-excited; and one of his mottoes, stemming originally from his golf game, was "Easy does it." To me he always seemed the most amiable of men. And I well understand what Jerry Smith meant when he said that Father's 1920 mission to Japan was successful because "he simply outsmiled the Japanese."

As a banker, Father was preeminently successful and moved continuously in the mainstream of American life. His chief side interests were journalism and education. He bought the *New York Evening Post* in 1918 and owned it for several years; and helped to launch *The Saturday Review of Literature* on its independent and successful career. Father was President of the Phillips Exeter Board of Trustees for more than a decade, served as a Harvard Overseer for many years and was a Trustee of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens.* At Union College he established a Lamont Professorship in memory of his father, at Brown a Lamont Professorship in honor of his brother Hammond, and at Harvard a University Professorship in Political Economy and the Richards Professorship in Chemistry.

In addition, Father's generosity was responsible for the Lamont Infirmary at Phillips Exeter and helped to make possible this school's Lamont Gallery, founded as a memorial to Thomas W. Lamont II, his oldest grandchild and namesake. His gifts were the predominant factor in the building of the Lamont Undergraduate Library at Harvard. Father was also

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* My brother, Tommy, has ably carried on Father's interests in the field of education. He is a member of the Harvard Corporation, and a Trustee of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and of the American School of Classical Studies. He was a Trustee of the Phillips Exeter Academy for twenty-six years and President of the Board for ten. He was also a Trustee of Smith College for ten years.

a Trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A beautifully remodeled wing of the Museum is named after him.

My mother's interests were likewise far-ranging, and frequently of a liberal nature. She supported not only several organizations concentrating on international affairs, as I noted earlier, but also the birth control movement, civil liberties, the American Association for Labor Legislation, Russian War Relief, the Women's Trade Union League of New York, poetry societies, and educational institutions such as Smith College and the New School for Social Research. Through a bequest in her Will, Mother enabled the Academy of American Poets to institute the Lamont Poetry Award, given each year to underwrite the publication of the first book of poems by a new American poet of promise. She also bequeathed large sums to seven outstanding women's colleges in the United States: Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar and Wellesley.

Mother had a genuine flair for philosophy and took an M.A. in that subject at Columbia University in 1898. Her Master's Essay was entitled "A Criticism of Browning's Dramas, from the Aristotelian Point of View: A Study in the Philosophy of Literature." In obtaining her M.A., Mother worked under Professor F. J. E. Woodbridge of Columbia, a brilliant teacher and one of America's leading naturalist (or Humanist) philosophers of the twentieth century. She and Father soon became friends with the whole Woodbridge family. Mother had originally intended to go on with her philosophy work at Columbia and to get a Ph.D. degree, but she dropped this plan in order to give more attention to her young children.

Nonetheless, she maintained an active interest in philosophy. She became a Trustee of *The Journal of Philosophy;* con-

tributed handsomely to Columbia's acquisition of the greatest Spinoza collection in the world; and often attended lectures on philosophy at Columbia and other institutions. Her acquaintance among professional philosophers was wide; and she numbered among her close friends not only Professor Woodbridge, but also Professors William Ernest Hocking of Harvard and William Pepperell Montague of Barnard.

Mother's life-long concern with philosophy was, of course, a significant factor in influencing me to pursue studies in the same fascinating field and to take a Ph.D. at Columbia. I likewise had the privilege of doing my research work under the direction of Professor Woodbridge. In 1951 I dedicated my book, *Humanism as a Philosophy*, "To My Mother, Discerning Companion in Philosophy."

Until the end of her life, Mother continued to disagree with me in philosophy, retaining her allegiance to a liberalized and modernized Christian faith. But over the years we repeatedly discussed in a friendly spirit the basic philosophic problems, and these conversations were both stimulating and helpful to me. In fact, the Lamont family circle early became a lively open forum where we debated freely and frankly most of the main issues in philosophy, religion, economics, politics and international affairs. Father and Mother, innately affable and tolerant, took pleasure over the years in listening to the offbeat ideas of their children. And their enlightening educational influence extended eventually to their grandchildren. Here, for example, is a 1939 entry in the diary of my nephew Tommy, then fifteen years old: "Had lunch with Grandma Lamont. We had good political conversation."

A lengthy volume, at least, would be required to render an adequate account of the lives of my parents—of all their travels, achievements, friends, interests, recreations, gifts and activities

in their chosen fields of concentration. Both of them left a vast accumulation of letters and diaries. A second stout volume, then, would be needed to publish the best from my parents' letters and records.*

In this brief sketch I have obviously not tried to fill in for the autobiographies that Father and Mother might have written; nor have I attempted to develop all the manifold memories of them that have come to mind. For example, I have said very little about their long and happy years in Englewood where they lived for more than three decades and enjoyed the companionship of a most genial and attractive group of neighbors. Again, I have not mentioned my parents' many vacation trips to southern climes such as Bermuda and Nassau, Florida and the Carolinas; or Father's all-male fishing sprees to Canada's Gaspé Peninsula on the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Father and Mother were, by nature, friendly and sympathetic. To their many friends and acquaintances they ever brought warmth, gaiety and an enthusiasm for the things of the intellect. And they were public-spirited in the best sense of that phrase. I do not mean to imply that they were models of perfection or that there was never any friction in our household. Like all of us, they had their shortcomings and inconsistencies. But in the large their lives built up into an outstanding achievement that radiated out to all who came into contact with them, and far beyond. As one of their sons, I can say that their children were truly blessed in possessing such affectionate, considerate and intelligent parents.

I shall close this Memoir by quoting the lines that John Masefield wrote about Father and Mother in 1954. They are

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* Most of my father's correspondence and records have been given to Harvard University. Special credit is due Mr. John G. Pennypacker, Father's financial Assistant over many years, for preparing these materials for Harvard.

inscribed on a tablet within the Great Cloister of Canterbury Cathedral, which their generosity helped to restore after its bombing by the German Air Force in the Second World War. The full inscription follows:

In the Memory of Two Friends of all great Causes

THOMAS WILLIAM LAMONT
&
His Wife
FLORENCE CORLISS LAMONT

O Passer-by, remember these two Friends,
Who loved this Church of Christ, and greatly gave
To build anew the wreck the bombings drave.

All lovely giving is a Heavenly seed
Dropped to the chosen heart as glittering corn,
That everlasting gladness may be born,
Bread never spent, Beauty that never ends.

Though darkness dim and dying take away,
The gladnesses of given kindness stay.
O Passer-by, think gently of these Friends;
The Light within them made God's Kingdom speed.

A MEMOIR OF PALISADES

by Margaret Lamont Heap

The bowl of dried rose petals stood on one of the tables near the backgammon table in the living room of the big house at Palisades. After luncheon a sunbeam, slanting through the window, struck directly on these rose petals, making them warm and vaguely scented. I remember standing there, sifting the petals through my fingers, watching my aunts and uncles and older cousins wander about the room while the coffee was brought out from the pantry. I remember wondering why on earth anyone would want dried rose petals in their living room, rose petals with no resemblance to their lovely originals in the gardens, rose petals now so dust-filled that I used to cough a little as I sifted them. And yet it was pleasant to stand there in the sun, waiting to be offered a tiny cup of coffee.

One night I stood by the rose petals looking at a bracelet in my hand. It was a beautiful bracelet, green stones set in twos, glamorous, and yet very much me. It was Christmas night, 1947, and Grandpa [Lamont] was lying upstairs under his oxygen tent, having been taken suddenly ill during dinner.

He had given me the bracelet, and in a moment I was told he wanted to see me. Up in the plain bedroom Grandpa smiled gently at me through the plastic oxygen tent, and I showed him the bracelet on my wrist. He said, "I wish it could have been real emeralds, Margot, but I hope this will please you as the first step. It looks lovely on you." It was the last time I ever saw him, because shortly afterward he went down to Boca Grande, Florida, where he died, most unwillingly.

Christmas at Palisades was a beautiful, wonderful holiday for all of the children in the family. Grandma and Grandpa had sixteen grandchildren. Often the Christmas gathering saw one or another of the families not represented, but nevertheless there always seemed to be a crowd. We Corliss Lamonts arrived Christmas afternoon from our apartment on Riverside Drive. Our Baltimore cousins would have had their presents and stockings at the Palisades house that morning, and we had a fine time examining their treasures. At supper these same cousins ate the butterballs whole, popping them one by one into their mouths. To see this was a unique and marvelous Christmas experience.

Santa Claus arrived before suppertime. We all gathered in the front hall dressed in our very best party clothes. Metcalfe stood attentively at the front door as we heard the sound of approaching sleigh bells. Santa Claus knocked and Metcalfe threw open the door (a magnificent door to throw open, incidentally, because it had a top half and a bottom half). The cold air and jolly St. Nick rushed into the hall; we children were thrilled to pieces, all-knowing about Christmas spirits as we might be. Each child had a present out of Santa's bag, and, as he or she went up to get it, Santa requested a poem or a song. Needless to say, we had rehearsed for this moment, and though it was undoubtedly our elders who really felt sentimental over the sight and sound of their little ones performing,

I look back on this particular part of Christmas with sentiment too. I enjoyed the songs and the glamour of the sparkling scene, and meanwhile I munched on "forbidden fruit," candies from the cornucopias which hung from the tree.

As I approach the moment when I shall tell or not tell our little son about Santa Claus, I want to make a full confession to all the members of my family who hoodwinked us so well all those years. I was hoodwinked until the very end. I never knew who was playing Santa, or where the costume was stored, or why the bells sounded as though they were on a sleigh pulled by reindeer; and I never rushed to the window at the end to see Santa disappear into the kitchen quarters. He always climbed back into the sleigh, spoke softly to all those well-mannered, patient reindeer, and simply took off in the sky. There are Santas in present-day exurbia who ride around in red convertibles, tossing out presents to the starry-eyed children on their block. If Santa Claus is a mythical figure, more in our imaginations than anywhere else, he should stay there, and not go traipsing around in a convertible, risking his life on icy roads.

Early supper for the smaller children was every bit as festive and exciting as one could wish for. The food was so delicious that we used to look forward to that alone. The prospect of pureed spinach, which we were never given at home, decorated with lemon and hard-boiled egg, was enough to send any six-year-old into a trance. Late dinner for the grownups and older children was, of course, even more wonderful. For one thing, it was a milestone in a child's life when he or she finally achieved a place at the Christmas dinner. I was admittedly a bit too excitable over such matters, but at my first late dinner, I lasted, picking unhappily at my food, until the pudding was brought in *flaming*. At this point, to my mother's consternation, I arose from my seat with all haste and rushed from the

room feeling very strange in the tummy. I crept into the bed next to my sister's, willing to forego all the glitter and sophistication of the grownup dinner for the safe, secure nursery world again.

After that inauspicious beginning, however, there were many more happy late dinners, with two turkeys being passed around, tiny table presents sitting in the Santa's sleigh centerpiece, and the poems and toasts coming between the second course and dessert (flaming). I got up one year and recited, "O Captain, My Captain," but much more stirring was the time Aunt Ellie [Lamont] with a son in the Pacific and her husband in England, sang with her children, "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer." Uncle Tommy is still giving us "Just before Christmas." The toasts followed the recitations, and more Christmas gifts followed the toasts, and by this time the scene had shifted back to that bowl of rose petals. I remember late one night when finally I had reluctantly gone to bed, I was out of bed again almost immediately, buttonholing Aunt Nancy on the landing to complain that Florence was breathing and therefore I couldn't get to sleep. Aunt Nancy wisely pointed out that there wasn't much she could do about persuading Florence to stop breathing, and she advised me to turn her over. I was rather incensed that I had not been re-invited to join the party, and with lagging steps I climbed again to the third floor to face that beautiful blonde sister who was breathing. Christmas was over once again.

Other holidays had their unique qualities too. Thanksgiving had great meaning for all of us because of the solemnity of the occasion brought about by the real prayers of thanksgiving. At Easter there was perhaps a slight element of forcing a custom because of the Easter-egg hunt. This was fine for the little ones, but some of us, as we got older, felt a bit ridiculous racing around filling our baskets with jelly beans found in

plain sight under a rose bush. The Easter-egg hunt was conducted in the Walled Garden in the middle of which was the pool with the false bottom. This was put in after Lansing, as a wee toddler, had the audacity to scare everyone to death by falling in. (Now of course many communities require fences around pools by law.) A statue of Tommy as a child still stands in the Walled Garden pool, although it has been many years since goldfish swam about in those shallows.

Before Easter dinner we joined Grandma and Grandpa at their church in Englewood where Easter service seemed awe-inspiring and I was swept into rapturous singing by "Jesus Christ Has Risen Today." We wore new Easter outfits and felt chilly in the often wintry wind. If we had spent the night at Palisades, we usually found that various beautiful, stuffed animals had joined us under the canopies during the night.

There were many other more sporting events, however, than hunting Easter eggs. One of these was chasing Uncle Tommy from one end of the grounds to the other, as he cock-a-doodle-dooed in the underbrush; we were never able to see him, never able to catch him. Another was playing croquet with Uncle Coco [my father] on a day when he might throw his mallet away, if he missed an easy shot, and then hearing Grandma tax him on a hasty temper as the mallet fell to the ground, shattered. Or going for a walk through the woods, past the Lookout point off which young Tommy fell and broke his arm, past the playhouse where we often acted out Hansel and Gretel, and on through the forest. Or getting up at six in the morning to watch the cows come in to be milked, and then arriving back at the house in a nonchalant manner to face the nurse or mother whose only thought in life seemed to be that activity on an empty stomach was one of the naughtiest things ever dreamed up. "You must be feeling faint," was the cry. Or wonderful snow-filled winter days of

sleigh-riding down the hill at the side of the house. And the fairy stage of dancing through the gardens, when my twelve-year-old friends and I would wind flowers in our hair and trip about the lawns, imitating the ballet stars of the moment.

Storms came up very suddenly at Palisades, and the frantic line of baby carriages, nurses, and toddlers hurtling down the hill from the sandbox looked as though it were propelled by one of the lightning bolts. Once inside the house, we put on plays or charades, played Hide the Thimble, read in the library, or looked at the views of statues and scenes in Europe through the stereoscope. It was during rainy-day lulls that I read *The Little Lame Prince*, and then devoured whole all the Elsie Dinsmore books. The buckets of my tears, brought on by the trials and tribulations of the brave Elsie, which fell on the chaise longue in the Pink Room, did not fall in vain. I finally came to the startled realization that I was reading pure sentimental drivel. Tea was served in true English fashion, that is, cookies, cakes, bread and butter; and soon it was time to wend my way upstairs for a bath in either a rose, blue, or lavender tub with a rose, blue, or lavender soap ball, impossible to hold, impossible to equal for scent and luxury.

One of us might put a toilet out of order, resulting in vast quantities of water flowing out all over, and requiring the administrations of John. Or one of us, probably I, might have a cold, requiring a tray in front of the fire. I can see myself, basked cozily by the flames, waiting for my supper in my bedroom. A gentle knock would come at the door, followed by Metcalfe or Mary with the tray. This would be laid on a special table, and I would look down on a lovely array of china, the hot dish covered by a round, hat-shaped bowl with a hole in the center. Happily I would down coddled egg, pureed spinach, hot cocoa, and applesauce. It was the nearest thing to being a princess in a fairy tale. *The Blue Fairy Book*

and *The Red Fairy Book*, which I found in the bedroom bookshelf, told me all I needed to know about such a life. When I was bedded down later, the menacing shadows began to appear, and if I summoned up the courage to look under the bed, I might fall asleep reassured that only I inhabited the room. But often I lacked the courage, and in the high canopied bed I lay perfectly still, moving only my eyes, on the theory that the intruder would do me no harm if I appeared asleep. It is a fact that once when I was sleeping in Tommy's room up on the third floor, the door opened very slowly with all the proper accompanying creaks, and forever after I hated that room, and refused to sleep in it. Tommy adored it with a passion and kept his museum there for years, and wrote nostalgically about it long afterward.

It is strange that in the Palisades environment of security and warmth, an element of fear existed on the odd occasion. A couple of cousins agree with me in this matter, though I have no doubt that my imagination ran rampant, given such a setting. After reading *Wuthering Heights*, for instance, I really did think Cathy was trying to get in my window one night. There is a possible explanation, however, for the slight menacing atmosphere which hung over us as children at Palisades. From the time of the Lindbergh kidnapping, Grandma and Grandpa had taken a few precautions, one of which was a man, armed, sitting on the second-floor landing. I can remember this inside guard, but I don't recall the guard who watched us as we played outside. I suppose the usual children's games of cops-and-robbers and bogeymen got taken more seriously by some of us than by others, when coupled with real guards around.

This was only a tiny drop in the bucket, however, and soon our daughter will be playing contentedly with the dollhouse I had as a child at Palisades. It sat serenely at one end of

Grandma's morning room. No shadows hovered around this house. It was always sunny and warm in those tiny rooms, and behind me in the chaise longue Grandma read Blake's "Little Lamb, Who Made Thee?" to a cluster of rosy-cheeked children. The tinkle of a special music box filled the room with tentative music, and the romantic pictures of Grandma through the years smiled down on us. Grandma usually had her breakfast in bed and we children trooped in afterward.

On good days the nursery set cavorted up at the babies' sandbox, and we could swing right up into the sky, over our sisters and brothers, higher than any tree, almost out over the vegetable garden. Here a "mysterious" band of children once threw rotten tomatoes at Hayes, who was not amused. Beyond, past the weeping willow tree, the tennis court and swimming pool and extra rooms for overflow guests stood virtually unused during the last years of Grandpa's life. The swimming pool was enclosed and unheated, and was a white elephant. We were in it enough to allow Tommy to get stabbed in the foot with some sort of door prop, and to play with the longest matches I ever remember, and occasionally to swim in the cold water. The woods stretched just outside, and here we built lean-tos of pine branches and made dams in the brook; we observed the birds, the shy deer, and the chatty chipmunks. It was also possible to work up a healthy respect for snakes. Copperheads were found on infrequent occasions, and once I was running along a path and noticed a great big black snake running alongside me. I was not amused.

In the evenings, back in the living room, when the younger children were in bed, we waited for supper to be announced. We sat in front of a crackling fire, the red damask curtains drawn across the night-filled windows, with cocktails or tomato juice, and bacon-and-peanut-butter hors-d'oeuvres. At supper, perhaps consisting of creamed lobster and salad, the

dressing for which was made on the spot by an aunt using a most complicated collection of bottles, the conversation usually became most animated. While Metcalfe was mixing the dressing into the salad, I was suddenly aware that Grandpa had just asked me what I was studying in history. I answered that I wasn't having history at my school, but social studies instead, whereupon the great debate was on. "Do you really think progressive education is educating your daughter?" Down the table Lansing was passing up ice cream and chocolate sauce, to my amazement, and the Chinese wallpaper of birds, bird cages, and delicate fields was weaving its spell of outer-space, other-worldliness, escapism. I used to hear the arguments wax eloquent over the merits of Willkie and Roosevelt, but I was often drifting off into the wallpaper, imagining all sorts of lovely things.

Several times during the war I rode the Fifth Avenue bus up to 168th Street and Broadway to the bus depot. Here I caught a bus which crossed the George Washington Bridge and went up Route 9W, to the Sneden's Landing road. I was often the youngest person on the bus to be traveling alone, and though it was no high adventure to step down from the bus into the chauffeur-driven car sent down to meet me by Grandma, it intrigues me all the same that I should have felt drawn to go out to Palisades by myself. One evening while I was having supper alone with Grandma and Grandpa, I inquired why so many other places were set at the table. Grandma answered that she liked the table to look symmetrical, and three at an oval table simply wasn't symmetrical. At that same supper, later on, she was moaning slightly to Grandpa over her lost figure, but she said she thought she could still be proud of her ankles. He said he thought she could. Perhaps this is why I went out to Palisades those times during the war: I had Grandma and Grandpa to myself!

In spite of the shadows, the bedroom to which I was assigned seemed beautiful and luxurious, the bathtub curiously like velvet, the closet vast and aching for clothes. When I arrived I carefully hung my coat on a huge hanger and draped my hat on a hat peg, and then dashed down to supper. Upon my return I found my bag unpacked, my pajamas laid out on the bed, each separate garment in a separate drawer, and like all silly young things, I regretted that my clothes were so plain and some of them in need of mending. Luxurious as such surroundings might be for a young girl, or for anyone, Grandma had some good ideas which I have remembered. I think it is a splendid idea to have one's bedroom furnished with a comfortable reading chair or couch, and a good reading lamp. In this way, one can retire from the hurly-burly associated with a living room. My bedroom at Palisades was certainly a retiring place for me and gave me a chance to read for long, undisturbed hours. In the morning I had a lovely breakfast, just for me, served at the oval table in the dining room. As I ate the crisp bacon and buttered the newly-baked corn muffin, I gazed out the window to the Hudson River, misty in the distance.

Once in a while I ask little Jonathan and Andrea, "Who will take care of me when I am sick?" And as we all laugh a little hysterically at the thought of Andrea staggering upstairs with a coddled egg on a tray, I am greatly refreshed to think of all those butterballs, Santa Clauses, copperheads, Elsie Dinsmores, symmetrical tables, scented soap balls, creaking doors, voices, voices, voices, and dusty rose petals, misty in the distance, at Palisades.

A RESOLUTION ON THOMAS W. LAMONT

Adopted by the Phillips Exeter Board of Trustees on May 29, 1948

Thomas William Lamont was what we like to think this school means.

He came here from a country parsonage, with resources slender in material things but strong in high purpose. He sought eagerly what this school had to offer. His mind toughened with the rugged teaching and the uncompromising insistence on excellence, and quickened with the stimulus of being made to think for himself. In the freedom of this school he learned self-reliance, and in its equality of opportunity he learned leadership.

He knew here all sorts and conditions of boys. Some of them widened his horizons; some of them became friends for whom he had a deep and warm and life-long friendship; from all of them he distilled an abiding understanding of the human mind and the human heart.

From this school he went forth, out and on and up until he walked in the high places of the earth. He became the first private citizen of his country, private only in the sense that his service to the public had its wellsprings, not in official

position, but in his own unhesitating assumption that public problems should be the private concern of all of us. And so he made public problems his own, facing them firmly, investigating them in the clear light of his reason, dealing with them calmly and patiently, and pressing through to the solution called for by informed intelligence.

Few lives have been as broad in sweep or rich in content as his. The alert, searching quality of his mind, awakened we like to think in this school, led him not only into prominence in his own calling, but into an enlightened and enlightening interest in journalism, poetry, government, literary criticism, economics, the arts, education, indeed all the facets of human activity which shone back at him the light of his own interest in them.

Few men have achieved what he achieved and been the kind of man that he was. The warmth of his personality, nurtured we like to think by the varied friendships he first formed in this school, could be measured by the light in the eyes of those who knew him.

He walked in the high places of the earth, but never did he forget this school. Indeed, we like to think that here was one of his deepest loyalties. He was generous to the Academy with a princely generosity; he presided over this Board of Trustees with felicity of phrase and crisp, good judgment; he gave to the school unstintingly of his time and interest and wisdom and devotion.

His school, which meant so much to him, here records its deep gratitude for all that he has meant to it.

TWO STATEMENTS ON THE DEATH OF FLORENCE C. LAMONT

(Both Printed in *The Times*, London)

John and Constance Masefield *December 30, 1952*

A cable brings the sad news that Mrs. Florence Corliss Lamont, the Widow of the late Thomas W. Lamont, of the Pierpont Morgan Firm, died peacefully at her New York home this morning.

The news, though for some days dreaded, will bring great grief. Few spirits more brave, daring, gay and delightful have ever gladdened friends.

To this country she was ever the staunchest of allies. Few English visitors to New York during the last forty years have failed to find in her a welcoming clever hostess, thoughtful, helpful and fore-seeing, whose friendship, later, endured and grew.

There was in her look and bearing such a spirit of gaiety, life and wisdom that none who knew her will ever think of her as dead. This living gaiety was of her very nature. It gives a matchless charm to those Letters from China and Japan published by her early this year.

England has had no finer friend. Those who knew her will ever remember her as a most rare spirit, active, even to the last, in all great human causes.

St. John Ervine *January 3, 1953*

There must be many men and women in England to whom the news of Florence Lamont's death will bring a sense of deep and irreparable loss. Her gift for friendship was one of her finest qualities, and it made her life gracious to those who had the chance of knowing her. She had grace in herself, and she gave grace to her friends, enriching them with her abundant kindness and her extraordinary power of enlivening any assembly with happy laughter. We who knew her intimately feel bereft. It is incredible that we shall never see that good and kind and generous-minded lady again; but the memory she has left behind her will not fade, nor will it grow dim.

PART IV

RECOLLECTIONS AND POEMS

by John Masefield

SOME MEMORIES OF THOMAS WILLIAM LAMONT AND FLORENCE CORLISS LAMONT

I am glad to be allowed the privilege of writing in the memory of the late Tom Lamont and his wife, Florence Corliss Lamont.

They stand out in memory as examples of what America possesses beyond any nation now in the world, what Whitman calls "an average stock" that is able on occasion to occupy any post and deal with any situation that the chances of life may bring.

I well remember being once asked by them how (in my opinion) American youth compared with European youth. I answered that as far as I could see, and know, European youth had always a tradition of a past perhaps two thousand years old, and, that owing to this, in certain feelings, knowledge and custom, European youth had an advantage.

I felt that certainly, the average youth of Europe knew more history; he was more deeply rooted in the past, and had nearly always also some of the prejudices of old quarrels. He belonged, moreover, to a Continent no longer living in the

imagination, but in societies of critics, collectors and curators. His contribution to thought was mainly the criticism of what the past had thought. In such societies the European youth had some advantage, or (if it were not direct advantage) at least this difference.

The American youth (as far as I could see) was a very different being. He had a national past, stirring indeed, but comparatively recent. His immediate ancestors had often been pioneers or rebels, and in either case had had to face death on more than one frontier within each generation.

Danger, freedom and immensity of opportunity had brought together and made one the natives of all Europe. When one considers that only a hundred years ago most of the Far West was the Wild (or very Wild) West, the achievements of American youth cannot but stagger the considerer. Three generations of American youth took to heart John Soule's advice,

"Go West, young man, and grow up with the country." They had, as their descendants still have, a vast continent to subdue, to plan, to bridge, to people, and to make splendid. In action, in achievement, in hope, as in every inventive and mechanical faculty, they were and are far ahead of any European youth.

Tom and Florence Lamont were of the settled European stocks that did not go west. They were of the Scotch and Dutch strains of the New York and New Jersey settlements. I would say that no human beings could have a finer, more sterling parentage. Both were robust and lively children of the very best of parents, who gave to them their own high character and purpose, and the best of schoolings and trainings in lovely country.

These are advantages of birth that outweigh the advantages that fortunate youth in Europe so often has (or had)

of an assured position in society and the influence of family wealth and position.

They knew from childhood that they would have to make their own ways by what light and instinct their natures gave. Both had (I would say) in a high degree the high American eagerness to make their own ways. From the very first, the light was clear and the instinct bent on excellence.

From early youth, both were eager readers, with unusual aptitude for writing. Those years of the eighteen-seventies and eighties were great years for readers; the thoughtful youth had not then the counter-attractions of today: even the safety-bicycle had hardly begun among us. Reading was the main recreation. Books were plentiful at prices undreamed of today: in England an immense range of fiction at sixpence the volume, later at fourpence half-penny a volume. In America a still greater range of fiction could be had at five cents, then two-pence half-penny, a volume. Then there were in America Sunday newspapers of some of which it was said that a single issue contained more reading than the Bible. Many reprints of masterpieces could be had for five or ten cents. Even the poorest youth could buy at least a hundred good books in a year without feeling the pinch. Among the many books then appearing were many cheerful and welcome books of light verse, such as Little Breeches, Hans Breitmann, and the gayer pages in Bret Harte.

Long since, I was allowed to see some light verse by Tom Lamont written, I believe, at Harvard. I felt from what I saw of this, that he had a talent for that way of writing. He kept throughout life a fondness for poetry.

I shall never forget how he once thrilled me by telling me how, while at Harvard, he sometimes saw William Cullen Bryant walking across the campus.

"And did you, once, see Shelley plain?"

At an early age, when the exacting life can be most delightful, he had some varied experience as a journalist. From what I saw of his work, many years ago, I should say that his Editor must always have blessed him for his grasp of the essential and the perfection of his statement. I would say, too, that his compositors blessed him for the well-formed, swift, neat clearness of his hand-writing.

Florence Lamont had a similar interest in writing, and a comparable talent for it. Her reading was probably always mainly in religion and philosophy but she read widely in all that shed light, or tackled human problem. At all times, she excelled as a letter-writer.

Each of the two, towards the end of life, wrote a book of memories. Both books are quite unusually good reading, full of the bright sense and happy gaiety that enchanted all who knew them.

Her handwriting was less beautiful than her husband's, but not less remarkable for character. All who saw either hand would have known that an attractive and unusual person had written the piece seen.

In their persons, both showed what William Blake called the greatest beauty, a presence that changed little with the years, that depended on the quality of the nature within, not at all upon the colours and liveliness of youth. I never saw them in youth, but neither of the two seemed to age at all; both looked young, and kept the active youthful mind throughout life. Both had also, to the full, the happy American distinction of a sprightly carriage. Americans nearly always look well-dressed: these two looked always subtly well-dressed.

I remember that Florence was staying with us in England, when the news was cabled to her that she had become a grandmother. The late W. B. Yeats, the poet, who was with us

that afternoon, on hearing the news, looked at her in some amazement. He then said to her:

"Do I hear that you are a grandmother?"

"Yes."

He paused an instant, then slowly said: "Not thus did grandmothers appear when I was young."

Like most Americans, both Tom and Florence Lamont had at all times, a natural aptitude and readiness for speech. Their minds were ever clear, and both would speak in conversation or in public with natural delightful point and purpose. As both had seen much of the world, its wonders, its rulers and its chosen, their conversation was unusual in range and interest. Their political views, national and international, were ever generous and liberal. They always seemed to me to be in touch with the generous and the liberal of every country known to me.

Much rubbish is written (and more talked) of the evils of great wealth. Wealth is a form of power, and frequently an abused power, or a power wilfully and selfishly withheld from use. But much of what good there is in the world comes from a generous and liberal use of wealth. Few people in modern times, even among the generous Americans, can have made more generous and enlightened use of their great wealth.

Surely the evils of the world come not from wealth but from a poverty of soul, of mind, of nature, which every generous act helps to lessen.

All who knew them must have talked with them in many delightful discussions of great matters; but after these came always the delight of multiform amusement, ranging through Bridge, Backgammon, many noisy and merry children's games, from hide and seek to the game called "Murder", to charades and serial story-telling till it was time for Bridge again. All these were episodes in the art of friendship that

they knew so well how to practice. As friends, they were famous among America's many famous.

Few Europeans (of the many whom they guested), ever knew, at first, what thought their hosts gave to the comfort of foreign friends as they travelled about America. In time, they learned, to their wondering gratitude, that while they travelled in the United States their New York hosts had frequently intervened in secret for their greater comfort, and that the lucky seat in the over-crowded train, or the unexpected berth in the crammed ship, had been due to one of these forethoughtful marvel-workers in distant New York City.

In all the years of my friendship with them, they were eminent in world affairs of much importance to the nations. They travelled much among these nations and knew many people then governing. Of these matters and people of course we could not talk; but from most of their journeys they brought back clear views of the scenes and admirable descriptions of the life lived. They also brought back from some of their rovings a fund of songs, which they sang delightfully.

They had long delighted me with their singing of Negro hymns, such as "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Give me that old time Religion". On their return from their visit to General Smuts, in South Africa, they brought some enchanting Dutch songs (with English words).

It was a rule of Tom's that in affairs of importance the friendly way was always the best, and that every friendly way should be tried, with every well-meaning hopeful suggestion, with an unfailing patience and forbearance, and that usually this way would win even the stoniest opponent.

I remember that while they were with General Smuts in South Africa, a herd of wandering antelopes kept them penned within the house for a day or two. They told of this most

marvellously. Old W. H. Hudson could not have told it better.

There was an English lady who once asked Mrs. Lamont "Where her husband did his calculations"? thinking, seemingly, that there was a kind of bookmaker's stand somewhere, in which the operators booked the bets and took the frenzied signals from their partners outside.

"The calculations" became a frequent phrase between us, though, of course, their nature and their details were never mentioned.

Still, in the years of a long friendship, the nature of the calculations seemed to resolve itself into a kind of international gardening, in which, in each land, certain crops were fostered and harvests hoped for. These fields under cultivation had been chosen, and were watched, by a small number of friends with wise intelligence. The Lamonts knew all these friends, and visited them frequently. One formed a picture of a highly intelligent supervision, intuitively perceiving what would prosper when helped, and what deserved wise permanent endowment.

This supervision was beneficent in two ways: it helped the present through the difficulties of the time, and, visibly, in many lands, laid great enduring bases to profit future times and people.

When things went well, all prospered; when things went ill, all prospered, for the direction was linked by old friendship and clear intelligence.

Once, long since, I happened to hear that a most unusual man, slightly known to me, had formed some scheme, like himself, out of the common, that seemed to need help into the world, yet might not be richly rewarding.

As it came from a most unusual man, it was a matter that deserved study: the bare outlines of it were moving.

Some people nearer home had treated the suggestions as

crazy, and had been rude to the begetter, who had deserved, at least, the courtesy due to genius.

Tom Lamont, who must have heard many appeals in his time, gave to the case his instant attention. With patience and thoroughness he saw the genius, recognized his quality, encouraged him, and put him into touch with fitting help.

In conversation, Tom especially delighted me with his knowledge of American history and of the main characters of its critical years. He knew much of the war of Independence and of the Civil War, had visited many of the sites, and grasped the movements in the panorama in a masterly way. He had a clearness found in few minds, and must have made a great name had he given his gifts to history.

In conversation, Florence delighted all hearers by the gaieties of her stories, and the eagerness of her enquiries into the truth or value of statements and methods found in books new and old. She mixed much with people wherever she went: she heard many stories: she read much, met many writers, and never failed to question their pronouncements with the cleverness of a most shrewd enquiring counsel.

Throughout life, they played a good deal of golf together. In the summers they went away with the family to the great event in their year, the rapturous weeks at Sky Farm on the coast of Maine. This was the place of bliss and peace, of endless sailings, races, picnics on lonely islets, fishings and cruisings, looked forward-to from year to year, and ever ended with regret.

Both of them had seen many of the places most famed for beauty in three Continents.

To both of them the Maine Coast seemed the most beautiful of all. If they ever hesitated, before some unusually lovely scene, they often spoke some word of apology to Maine for seeming to hesitate, and then said that Maine was better. I

suppose that Maine is a great austere scene having nothing in it that is not a power abiding from of old, and that it could not fail to haunt the feeling heart.

I remember well, how, when I first talked with Florence Lamont, she eagerly sought for some such undying power in minds and systems.

She had read widely in philosophy in a search for some system that explained or illumined the chaos into which life had fallen. In the eagerness of her search, the keenness of her sense of value questioned everything that system or friend tried to offer. She searched the bases of every position held or proposed. The traditions, the old mines of human joy, may disappear when shrewdly questioned from every angle, but they exist, and reappear.

Galileo, when shrewdly questioned (on a rack, by experts) agreed that the earth stood still, but on the slackening of the tension is said to have murmured, "And yet it DOES move."

We, here, in the nineteen-twenties, felt that Maine had given to her both the explanation and the joy for which she sought. Those rocks and waters abiding from of old held a peace for all from a power undying, however changing.

It is said that the Indian seeker wanders India till he finds the one Guru, or Teacher, who can teach him what his being needs.

In life, if no teacher appear, there is still the universe, speaking with many voices, to which some souls are tuned.

During the years of our friendship, there was, both here and in America, a great city-population hungry for Nature. This population eagerly read books about open-air life, on the plains, in the forests and at sea. The clever writers of these books added to them tales of animals and birds. There sprang up (in both countries) a new interest in the lives of wild creatures, especially in the little known lives of birds. All of that

time will remember the eagerness with which we followed the books of John Burroughs, Bliss Carman, C.G.D. Roberts, W. H. Hudson, Thompson Seton and the many gifted others, down to the wonderful Major Jim Corbett.

Mrs. Lamont, like other active readers, delighted in these books. When in England, she was keen to learn what she could of the British birds, the nesting migrants and the natives. She wished to be able to identify them by sight and by their songs.

In this house of bird-watchers, she made much progress in the study. Often when walking and talking in the garden here, she would seek to see some singing bird, or ask what bird it was that sang. In a leafy garden the bird was seldom seen clearly, but she came to know about twenty British birds by their call, cry or song, and nearly all of the following by sight: rook, crow, jackdaw, woodpecker (all three sorts), heron, moorhen, wild duck, pheasant, partridge, starling, pigeon, dove, brown owl, tawny owl, blackbird, thrush, chaffinch, bulfinch, grasshopper-warbler, peewit and robin.

Few observers can resist the charm of the English robin. Mrs. Lamont was delighted with him. At that time we had with us, following us about the garden wherever we went, a very tame robin with only one leg.

This bird was accustomed to eat from the human hand the dried currants always carried for him. He gave Florence Lamont one new little bird-experience that she often recalled with pleasure.

She held out her hand with three currants upon it to try to tempt the bird to her hand for them. He was, at first, too shy, but by keeping very still and closing her eyes she gave him confidence; he came to hand and took the currants.

The next trial was to lure him to take currants from her lips. This was a sterner trial to his courage; but showing the

currants between her lips, closing her eyes and keeping motionless, she at last persuaded him; he fluttered in, took a currant, and then returned for the others.

This is always a strange experience to one who does it for the first time. The eyes are closed so that one cannot see the bird, only feel a tiny fluttering eagerness very close and exquisitely delicate, with terror and swift certainty. There is also a thrill, as though the bird brings its gladness as thanks. There is also a joy at being so trusted by a thing so tiny, so lovely, and so wild.

Most of our best friends in England and France knew the Lamonts; the knowledge was a bond the more in friendship.

Death has since then sadly thinned the company, but the survivors will ever voice the feeling of all of them, that Tom and Florence Lamont were a wonderful couple who gave to friendship a thought and sympathy uncommon in the world.

THE WESTERN HUDSON SHORE

by John Masefield

Verses in the noble memory of Thomas W. Lamont and his Wife, Florence Corliss Lamont.

In a long life's first independent day,
As a Septembral mistiness grew bright,
I saw the Hudson River where it lay
Westward, all silver in the windless light.
There, like a giant guard,
Ranked as a rampart, proud yet battle-scarred,
Were precipices silent in array.
Endurance in eternity grown gray,
Sentinel in implacable regard,
Watching the ending of another night.

"What is the cliff?" I asked. "The Palisades."
Thereafter, daily, I would look across
And watch the silences of their brigades,
Enduring their eternity of loss,
The sun, the wind, the cold.

Often I watched the setting sun glow gold
Down to their summit at a day's decline.
I saw no dwelling in the rocky line,
No lighted window starred the dusking shades,
Sombre the fort, from rampart-top to fosse.

Often I wondered what the rampart hid.
What was it that the cruising eagle saw
Below the forest tree-tops as he glid
Searching the rock for quarry for his claw?
Was it the West, untamed?
Manless, as yet, with creatures yet un-named,
With ashes of the Indian camp-fires strown,
The earth as yet unploughed, the grass unmown,
Where nothing of adventure was forbid,
And knife and bullet gave the only law?

Whatever wonder or alarm might be
Beyond those clouds aflame as the sun sank,
I felt that something great awaited me,
Awaited all who sought beyond their rank.
There, in that haunted ground
By present search the future might be found . . .
The hardly-hoped, new, unexpected thing,
That must be sought-for, seeing naught would bring
The pearl within its nacre from the sea,
Or nuggets from the mountain torrent's bank.

Daily that solitude of frontier lured.
Before the winter struck I rowed to find
What people, by such rampart reassured,
Beyond such wall, were wonders of mankind.
I neared the rocks; I saw

The eagle and the cranny-nesting daw;
No sign of human life but screes and crags,
With scanty sumach showing scarlet flags,
An ebb that passed, an iron that endured,
In stony silence daunting to the mind.

But in a gully, as I came to land,
A couple, lad and lady, stared at me,
Seemed, for an instant, prone to lend a hand,
Then, doubting, changed their minds and let me be.
They seemed about to speak . . .
I made the boat secure within the creek,
I wished to speak to them, but did not dare,
(Myself a boy) and, wondering what they were,
I left them to the river and the strand,
And picked my way through boulders up the scree.

Above the cliff the timber scattered sparse
In land no coulter yet had made to yield.
All was untended waste, of unfenced grass,
An untamed naught, not forest and not field.
No sight of house, no farm,
No church-bell struck, no dog barked an alarm,
Save for the flies, no moving life at all.
Naught but the splendid silence of the Fall.
Whatever dangers lurked to see me pass,
None gave a symptom, nothing was revealed.

But, pushing on awhile, I found a track,
I followed as the latest hoof-marks led
(Hoofs going westward, that had not come back)
Into a grassy woodland just ahead.
I paused: I heard no sound.

I seemed alone upon a no-man's ground;
Saw nothing but October-coloured trees
From which, at times, a leaf, by slow degrees
Came rustling to the seepage rotted black
From branches still in blueness overhead.

But, the sun southing, it was time to go.
I meant to ask those friends, as I returned
What farms were westward; surely they would know.
But both had vanished thence I soon discerned.
All desolate the scene,
Rock to the sky in majesty of mien,
Rock above water, water below rock,
Waiting the dawn when destiny should knock.
I pulled into the trouble of the flow
Eyeing the patches where the sumach burned.

I travelled to that rocky coast no more,
But often thought about that vanished pair.
Seemingly sole possessors of the shore,
Often I wondered who and what they were.
Three ships about to speak
The strings of rolled-up signals at the peak,
But then, by impulse, never broken-out,
Their nation and their nature left in doubt,
For memory (regretting) to restore,
And fantasy (regretting) to make fair.

What could that couple, man and girl, have been?
Had they come fishing? Was their boat at hand?
Were they two lovers, being King and Queen
In two young hearts, supreme o'er sea and land,
Where, in that Jersey side,

(Seemingly peopleless) did they abide?
Had they but spoken, what would they have said?
If questioned, what reply would they have made?
Why should their apparition come to mean
Something too great for me to understand?

Long afterwards, I trod New York again,
Earth's loveliest, liveliest City, shining new:
And new friends asked, who never asked in vain:
"Come up the Hudson and enjoy the view . . .
Old Yonkers from the West."
They took me, straightway, to the very crest
Just where I once had climbed, but, oh, what change,
All the old waste was utterly made strange,
With traffic hooting onwards in a chain
And all the Sunday merry with ado.

There, underneath, the Hudson sought the sea,
Beyond, a miracle of city shone,
City, where only forest used to be,
The lovely New York City thrusting on . . .
All shining city now,
There Yonkers lay . . . I well remembered how.
I said, "I worked there, many years ago,
I rowed once, to the gully here below . . .
Two strangers saw, and almost spoke to me,
Later, I looked for them, but they were gone.

"Strange that that man and girl should haunt me so.
Say, could it possibly have been that you
Came, one October Sunday, just below,
And saw me pass . . . were you the very Two?"
They answered: "No . . . not we . . .

Though we were living near, it could not be.
Then we were still in Puritanic days,
Our Sunday mornings passed in holier ways.
Forget the couple that you didn't know,
Take us instead and try to make us do."

Friendship is sunlight scattering man's cloud,
Making a life a sunbeam's spangled dust,
Soon they were showing me, when time allowed,
How far the energies of Man had thrust
Bringing that shore to use,
Giving, and promising to give, no truce
To that unknown alluring Jersey shore.
The distance I had hungered to explore,
Was now inhabited, adorned, endowed,
Its Might-Be, brought to Being by Man's Must.

All, changed or not, those friends together showed.
Westward and northward, seeing all, we went,
Through forests where autumnal maples glowed,
Up golden miles of turbulent ascent;
Past West Point, flagged and fair;
By clearings that old pioneers laid bare,
And gave, or kept, the Dutch or Indian name,
Each having still its little touch of fame,
Its storied ferry, or remembered road,
Or, on the green, its laurelled monument.

After long years, those glad companions built
A woodland mansion near the rocky crest
That in my youth the setting suns had gilt.
I lived for days in that enchanted West,
Walked there, and came to know

The unknown country that had lured me so.
There, as the destinies decreed, I learned
The change that follows when a soul has earned
Leave to proceed . . . as earthly flowers wilt
So mortals change and enter into rest.

They died, but, dying, left that house of theirs
To be a seat of knowledge, home and shrine
To those who track the Hidden to its lairs
Down in the depth of cosmical design.
To probe beneath the crust
For ancient rocks that made the modern dust;
To bore beneath the bottom of the sea;
To learn the doings of eternity,
The frosts and fires of immense affairs,
Incalculable, splendid and divine.

Still, therefore, now, my thought turns every eve
To that great wall of rock, with fancies fond,
Of what the Sun, in sinking, must perceive,
By me, unseen, undreamed of and unconned.
Thus far the search has gone:
Over the River, into Jersey, on,
By bridge, by ferry and by multitude
Into the secrecies where none intrude,
Into realities where none can grieve
Feeling the certainty of Truth beyond.

Such are the links between the rocks and me,
The lure that seemed to promise, and the thrill
That what the promise seemed might come to be
Spite of all punishments that thwart us still,
Chains of old time, old lacks,

The stones in wallet on the pilgrims' backs;
Then, spite of all, the unexpected friends,
The widening of the scope that never ends,
The Sun forever sinking in the Sea
Lighting a path to consecrated will.

TO THE GREAT FRIENDS IN LIFETIME

by John Masefield

This, I believe, that we remain in Time
Holding the purpose of a quest incurred
Outlasting Death, to struggle and to climb
Mountainous Life with living deed or word,
Achieving light (if lucky) out of grime.
So, when Life's breath has gone,
Aspiring spirit smiles, and ventures on.

Newly arrayed, the spirit re-assails
Despairs unconquered in the past, and longs
For fellow treaders on the ancient trails
Loved in the past's forgotten toils and songs,
Old friends, linked by old chain
Re-met, are welcomed and are friends again
Exultingly the old ship spreads her sails.

Naught that is living can the soul forget.
Companions now were helpers in the past
Erasing blottings, nullifying debt.

Lovely, all lacks secured,
Attended, recreated, reassured,
Manful, in life more hopeful than the last,
Onward the great soul goes to greater yet.

* * *

Never has such assumption seemed more true
Than now, when lovely spirits, lost to sight,
In memory return
Nearer than ever to the hearts that yearn,
Giving again the happiness they knew,
Reviving occupations of delight
And winning, all too late, the praises due.

That we are linked in long-established schemes
Is, still, my thought; and so
That we shall meet again I dearly know,
Under the tidal moon, swayed by the sun.
Darkness besets man's living with its dreams,
Eternity from mortal conquest streams,
Joy, Order, Peace and Wisdom's Justice done.

PART V

OF THE FAMILY PAST

by Thomas Stilwell Lamont

The initiative and devotion of my brother Corliss produced this book. All members of the family owe him gratitude for having assembled and edited these papers about our family past, and for his own particular contribution: the warm-hearted and perceptive Memoir of our beloved parents, whose interests and friendships were so broad, achievements so high, hearts so generous.

The memoirs contributed by my brother and by his daughter and by Mr. John Masefield make my parents come alive. On the other hand, I confess to finding my Grandfather Lamont's book, reprinted in full within these covers, to be dull reading here and there. I find his story of the courage and achievements of our ancestors in America lacking in unity and vigor. In this paper, therefore, I have selected and emphasized some of the more interesting facts unstressed in Grandfather's account of the past of our family; and I have supplemented them by further facts and quotations from family letters, diaries and other genealogical material. I have not found time to examine many letters and diaries in my possession which could have enlivened the story.

Need for a Sense of the Past

Most Lamonts of today, like most Americans, pay too little heed to their own worthy past. More's the pity, since the reading of history and biography enlarges our understanding of life by creating a more perceptive awareness of the contrasts between present and past, of the interplay of old repetitions and new surprises. I do not think it vainglorious to examine the lives of one's own ancestors. I have found it a pleasant pursuit. Though my grandsires did not write the Declaration of Independence or hold high command in the Revolutionary armies, they played their part in making the United States of America what it was in its beginnings and what it is today.

I like to think that this account of who my ancestors were and what they did will give the Lamonts of our branch of the family a renewed appreciation and knowledge of their heritage, of the character and purposefulness, not just of our Lamont grandsires alone, but of all our forebears, and of their honorable and active participation in the life and progress of the English and Dutch colonies in America and of the growing young nation. I hope it may stimulate us to learn more of our ancestors, their history and how they lived. The means by which to pursue such learning are near at hand.

For example, there is the Sherwood-Jayne House on Long Island. Only a few of us have motored forty-five miles out of New York City to Setauket to visit this beautiful saltbox home, built about 1730 by one of the sons of my great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, William Jayne. This lovely old house, with the white plaster walls of its formal rooms so gaily decorated with painted designs of the mid-eighteenth century, was faithfully restored fifty years ago by Mr. Howard Sherwood,

an Exeter classmate of my father's. It is now owned by the Society for the Preservation of Long Island Antiquities.

Any Lamont with an interest in genealogy would be fascinated by the cemeteries in which so many of our forebears found a resting place. They are at North Hillsdale, New York, on the western edge of the Berkshires, and in Charlotteville, across the Hudson in the Catskills.

The Hereditary Mixture

Only a very small part of me is Lamont. I am a Jayne and a Ferguson and a Corliss and a Parmelee and a Fitch. I am a Bradford and a Paine and an Allen and a Stilwell and a Lansing. So what I write of our forebears for three centuries past involves hundreds of men and women who, though they never heard of the Lamonts, had, nevertheless, some hereditary share in making the Lamonts what they are today. From such data as is now available to me I find that all my ancestors, going back for over three and a half centuries, were of Scottish, Irish or English blood, with but a single exception. My great-great-grandfather, David Allen, married Hester Lansing of Lansingburgh, New York, and the Lansings were among the earliest of the Dutch families who settled along the upper reaches of the Hudson River.

Some of my own children as well as nieces and nephews have introduced other new strains into our predominantly Anglo-Saxon blood. One niece married a husband of Scandinavian ancestry, another has married a Rosenthal of Jewish parentage, and a third, a young man whose mother was Mexican. A nephew has married a Silkovskis, born a Latvian. One son of mine has married a Jung, whose great-grandparents were German, and another has married a young lady half French in her ancestry. All hail to the Lamonts of the future through whose veins will flow an enriched potpourri of all good bloods!

"Evangelizing the Sons of Ham"

I referred above to the Jayne House at Setauket, built in 1730. The Jaynes, beginning with the earliest Jayne in America in 1670, were a clan always characterized by energy. Yet few of their Lamont descendants know how lively they were. My Great-grandfather Jayne, whose adventure I now recount, typified the Jayne vigor.

Two years ago my zealous and purposeful niece, Nancy Lamont Bowles, was preparing to depart with her husband for Northern Nigeria where they were both to teach school. She was naturally quite excited by the challenge and opportunity; quite pleased and proud that she was the first of our family, as she thought, to venture a life of service in a new African country just emerging from colonial status. On the other hand, I was proud that Nancy was the *second* of our family to serve in Africa, the first having been her great-great-grandfather, Walter P. Jayne. He was my Grandmother Lamont's father. In 1838, in response to an appeal by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, he volunteered to go to that part of Africa then known as Liberia. It was not yet a nation, only the beginning of one—an experiment in resettling, among the primitive tribes of that area, American slaves who had been freed.

So far as I can discover, Walter Jayne was the first of our kinsmen to write anything longer than a letter or a will, the first, therefore, of nine or ten Lamonts and near relatives who were writers: authors of books, editors and journalists. After he reached Monrovia in Liberia, Walter Jayne was placed in charge of printing a missionary periodical, *Africa's Luminary*. It has been said that this was the first English-language journal ever printed in Africa. Walter Jayne also kept a diary of his

adventure.* It began on December 12, 1838, with the following entry:

"This morning about ten o'clock I took leave on the Battery [New York City] of my dear wife and family to embark on board the ship *Emperor* for a distant clime, the shores of benighted Africa, to assist, in the fear of God, in evangelizing the sons of Ham. . . . Nothing but a sense of duty to God, whom I desire to love and serve, could tempt me to bid adieu to my happy country, my family, my friends, my all, and go to a distant and sickly clime, even for the noble object of assisting my brethren in spreading the knowledge of Salvation to the heathen tribes of Africa."

Walter Jayne was not quite twenty-nine when he set sail for Africa; and he left behind him a young wife of twenty-four and two children, aged five and two. He had an extremely hard time in Liberia, and he became very ill of what he called "the fever"; probably it was yellow fever or malaria or both. They were endemic in that tropical land. Life was on a primitive level. The heathen tribes were not too friendly to the white missionaries, and the tribes themselves constantly warred upon each other. A score or more of Walter Jayne's fellow missionaries in Liberia died of "the fever" while he was there. He was lucky to return alive, on June 30, 1841, when his diary recorded his ship's American landfall: "This afternoon we had the great satisfaction of being overhauled by the pilot. All hearts were made happy. . . . All of us are in joyful hope of embracing our friends soon again." Walter Jayne's return in late June 1841 was very lucky for us because his daughter

*The diary has been given by me to the Library of Drew University, Madison, New Jersey. Drew is a Methodist-related University; and its theological school, founded in 1866, has always had a particular concern for missionary work.

Caroline, my Grandmother Lamont, was born a little over nine months later on April 15, 1842!

The reader will know that in writing of Walter Jayne's African experience I have not meant to belittle the devoted service in Africa of my lovely niece, Nancy, whose adventure bears witness to her courage and spirit. I hope that she too will soon return in safety, as happy to reach our shores as was her great-great-grandfather. I have mentioned the trials of our grandsire, Walter Jayne, to remind all of our family that we are from a breed of men and women who ventured boldly. The knowledge of such a heritage should inspirit us.

At another time I should like to write a more detailed story of our Jayne forebears. Suffice to mention for the record here that Walter Jayne's father and paternal grandfather were both sea captains.

The Name Lamont

Before writing in detail of our Lamont forebears I would present some explanation of the varied spellings and pronunciations of the Lamont name. Its spelling and, I believe, its pronunciation also, were changed in the 1850's. My father wrote an account of this change in which he stated that at that time "the then young women in our branch of the family, who had been studying French, got an idea that the name was French and suggested the [new] spelling. . . . It was adopted," my father continued, "by a good many members of the family. . . . About thirty years later, however, we began to look up all the records very carefully and found that the name was indubitably Scotch where the spelling has always been as I spell it. So," concluded Father, "we went back to the old spelling."

I have a family Bible which I believe was the property of one of my great-aunts, most likely Aunt Lucy Lape. Between the Old and New Testaments of this volume there are the

customary blank pages reserved for recording births, baptisms, marriages and deaths. These are well filled with the written record of these events in the lives of my grandfather's brothers, sisters, parents and grandparents. All the writing is in the same Spencerian hand, and I judge it to be a lady's hand. Every name listed—and there are dozens, including that of my great-grand-father, Thomas W. Lamont—is spelled "La Monte."

I believe that two or three years before his death in 1853 Great-grandfather Lamont had succumbed, in part at least, to the blandishments of his daughters, since I have one of his books on the flyleaf of which he has written "Thomas W. La Mont, 1852"—La Mont without the "e"! Yet I have a letter of his, written shortly before his death, in which he signs his name "Lamont," just as had his parents and his other American forefathers. References to his death in the local press all used the original spelling. So it was probably a year or two after his death that Great-aunt Lucy and other "young women in our branch" succeeded, after assiduous efforts, in persuading many Lamonts to change the spelling of their name to La Monte.

My La Monte Bible, a very fine edition published in New York City, bears on its title page the year of its publication, 1860. I suspect Great-aunt Lucy of buying the new Bible for the definite purpose of writing within it the records of all her family, spelled in the new—and perhaps to her more glamorous—fashion. Actually, it was not till the late 1880's that my grandparents and their children, including Father, reverted to the correct spelling of the name.

However, some of my father's first cousins, in particular the children of his Uncle George, continued to spell their name "La Monte," and their descendants still do today. Incidentally, Great-uncle George was the only one of Grandfather Lamont's brothers who went into business. He became a most

successful paper manufacturer, making his home in Bound Brook, New Jersey. I well remember a visit in my boyhood to his home to meet some of my numerous second cousins. In the earliest years of this century we Englewood, New Jersey, Lamonts regarded the Bound Brook La Montes as the affluent, worldly—and worthy—branch of the family. They were fine people and still are.

It is probable that when my more recent progenitors adopted the French spelling they also changed the pronunciation, accenting the second syllable. The evidence indicates that our earlier ancestors in this country pronounced the name as it was and still is pronounced in Scotland and Ireland, Lam′-ont, with the accent on the first syllable. Should any American Lamonts wish to reassume the correct pronunciation of their name, I give them my blessing. And I would gladly present ties, or even kilts, of the Clan Lamont tartan to those of the Bound Brook La Montes who should decide to spell their name correctly!

The Lamonts in America—The Earlier Generations

The first Lamonts of our branch to come to America were Robert, from whom we are descended, his two brothers and their mother, Mrs. John Lamont. They settled about 1750 in the Hudson Valley at North Hillsdale, Columbia County, New York, about fifteen miles east of the river. For the next century and a quarter, most of the Lamonts remained in or near the Hudson Valley. One of Robert Lamont's three sons was William, a Revolutionary soldier and my great-great-great-grandfather. He moved to the west of the river in 1801, and cleared a farm in the forest near Middleburg, Schoharie County. That area in the Catskill Mountains west of the upper Hudson River was, as my Grandfather Lamont wrote,

"a beautiful country of high hills, lovely valleys, heavy forests and rushing brooks."

The first four generations of Lamonts in America were pioneers. They built their cabins in the wilderness, cleared the land and farmed it. Into the fifth generation of American Lamonts, that of my great-grandfather, husbandry was their second nature. Yet by the second quarter of the nineteenth century Great-grandfather Lamont, and his brothers and numerous cousins as well, began to supplement their agricultural activities by shopkeeping and trading and school teaching. As the land was cleared, as forests changed to fields, so the Lamont dwellings changed from cabins, located in scattered and isolated clearings, to neat frame houses clustered near the crossroads. And thus the village was created. It was not until my grandfather's generation, the sixth in America, that the transition of the Lamonts from lives centered upon the farm to lives of varied occupations become complete.

Perhaps it was a bit easier for the Lamonts of central New York State in the eighteenth century to protect and secure their freedom than it was for our other and earlier American ancestors of the seventeenth century who, like the Lamonts, lived for the most part away from the coastal towns. But, whatever the relative hardships, Nature itself was the stern taskmaster, and its tough demands exacted unusual efforts from those who would carve a good life out of the American wilderness. Thus our forefathers were bred in independence and self-reliance. On into the last quarter of the nineteenth century, our ancestors, men and women alike, had to be adept in every homemaking talent and in all agricultural skills. The constant struggle to improve life in a frontier community steeled the character of its people and sharpened ambition to better their lot in life.

The Prolific Progenitors

One of the best ways to improve living standards in the agricultural economy of Colonial and post-Revolutionary times in America was to produce children. Put to work at an early age and for long hours on the family farm, sons and daughters were assets of very considerable economic value. The farm came first; schooling came only after the crops were harvested. The long summer vacation of three months or more, a unique feature of the nation's schools and colleges today, is a survival of the pattern of farming and education established in America's early days. So large families were the rule, especially among those who tilled the land. That was certainly the case with my own farmer forebears. The men were virile, the women sturdy and prolific, the children numerous.

A good example of procreative persistence was my grandmother's first maternal ancestor in America, William Jayne. He came from London, a widower, in about 1670. He was then fifty-one years old, having been born February 4, 1619. He left behind him three adult sons in England. In 1675 he married Annie Biggs of New Haven, his first American wife. By her he had four children, from one of whom, William Jayne II, we are descended. Annie Biggs died in 1692, but seventy-three-year-old William Jayne married soon again, taking for a wife Mehitabel Jenners. By her he had four or five more children, the last being Stephen Jayne, born in 1700 when old William was eighty-one years old. I must assume he stopped trying after that! He lived on to the ripe age of ninety-six without any further additions to his brood.

My Grandmother Lamont's grandparents, James and Jane Ferguson, reared a family of twelve children. They were farmers in Delaware County, New York.

Corliss, Parmelee and Allied Family Histories is the title of the volume containing detailed genealogical records of my

maternal forebears. I have counted my great-grandfathers listed therein who had ten or more issue—some with the help of a second wife. The impressive result shows that five grandfathers of various degrees of "great" achieved each a family of ten children; seven had eleven children; one had twelve; three, thirteen; and one, fourteen.

Though Robert Lamont, the first male of our Lamont line in America, had only three sons and a daughter, his son, William, my great-great-great-grandfather, with the help of two wives, boasted eleven or more children: seven, including four sons, by his first wife, Phoebe Perkins, who died in 1789 at the age of twenty-seven, four or five more by his second wife, Polly Rodman. William Lamont, Jr., born of William and Phoebe, married Jane Stilwell. They had a family of twelve children, including seven sons. The twelve children did their best to emulate their parents as producers of large families.

My own great-grandfather, Thomas William Lamont, with thirteen children, bettered his parents' score by one. He married Elizabeth Paine in August 1826, when she was fifteen years old and he twenty-three. Elizabeth's fifth child was my grandfather, Thomas Lamont, born October 6, 1832. The young couple had wasted no time after their marriage. Five children in seventy-three months, or one new child about every fourteen and a half months, is not bad going. Following my grandfather in succession, at intervals of a little less than two years, came the other eight children, making altogether six boys and seven girls. The last of the brood was born in 1847, when Great-grandmother Lamont was thirty-six years old. Great-grandfather Lamont died six years later at the age of fifty. Like his father before him, who was known by his neighbors as Captain Lamont (for his War of 1812 service) and occasionally as Squire Lamont, Thomas W. Lamont—the first of that name—was a born leader, well known and greatly

respected throughout the Catskill country. His superb qualities as a man are described in my grandfather's book. My magnetic, vigorous and interesting great-grandmother lived on forty-five years longer, till 1898, a widow, never remarrying.

Teachers and Founders of Schools

As the harsh wilderness changed gradually into pleasant rural country, our ancestors turned from self-education and guidance of their children at home to the organization of good schools. They aspired highly for their many children, and they realized that good education was necessary if their children were to live full and useful lives.

Following the Revolutionary War, in which he served, my great-great-great-grandfather, Cornelius Lansing, became a successful businessman. But he had a marked interest in education. He was a founder of the public library in Lansingburgh, New York, and a trustee of Lansingburgh Academy; by his will he made a substantial bequest to the Academy. Lansingburgh, in Rensselaer County (now a part of the city of Troy), was a village peopled by Lansings, much as Charlotteville became practically an anthill of Lamonts. But the Lansings had settled in and about Beverwyck (later Albany) in 1650, a hundred years before the Lamonts came to America.

My great-great-grandfather, Benjamin Hoyt, was a founder and trustee of Wesleyan University. My great-great-grandfather, Elias Parmelee, was one of the organizers and a member of the first Board of Trustees of Rensselaer School, established in 1824. This school later became Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

As for the Lamonts, beginning in 1850 they really gave their pedagogic all to the establishment and support of Charlotteville Seminary, in the village of Charlotteville, Schoharie County, New York. Charlotteville was located on Char-

lotte Creek, a tributary of the Susquehanna. It was here, forty-four years earlier, that my great-great-grandfather, William Lamont, Jr., had settled—five years after his father had also moved to Schoharie County from the Lamonts' first home in North Hillsdale, east of the Hudson. The Lamonts remained in Charlotteville for three generations.

By the middle of the nineteenth century it had become apparent to the Lamonts that better educational facilities were needed in Schoharie County. As a matter of fact, schools with standards which could qualify their students for college were few and far between in the rural areas of New York State. It was the objective of its founders that Charlotteville Seminary should prepare boys for higher education—and girls for useful lives!—and many of its graduates attended Wesleyan or Yale or Union. Great-grandfather Thomas W. Lamont played a leading part in bringing about the establishment of the Seminary in 1850. He was the first President of its Board of Trustees. His children, his cousins, his nieces and nephews —the whole family—pitched in, playing their brief parts as administrators, teachers or students in the Seminary. The main building of Charlotteville Seminary was built in 1850; but unfortunately it burned to the ground in 1854 at what was probably the high water mark of the school's prosperity. Yet the Lamonts, undaunted by adversity, continued to run their Seminary for another sixteen years.

Grandfather Lamont, both before he matriculated at Union College and at periods during his somewhat interrupted college course, had taught at three different schools in Schoharie and Otsego Counties. After he graduated from Union in 1856—sporting a Phi Beta Kappa key—he taught at Charlotteville for three years as an ordinary member of the Faculty. But then he was honored by appointment as the school's Principal in the fall of 1859 at the age of twenty-seven. Let's hope

that it was his experience and ability as a teacher which earned him the job—not just nepotism! He continued to be the school's leader for two and a half years before resigning to give full time to a pastorate in the Methodist Church.

I have a copy of the "Tenth Annual Catalogue of the New York Conference Seminary and Collegiate Institute, Charlotteville, Schoharie County, N. Y., published January 18, 1861." By then my great-grandfather, Thomas W. Lamont, had died, but his son, my Great-uncle William, was listed as a trustee of the Seminary. The roll of the faculty starts off with my grandfather, impressively listed as:

Rev. Thomas La Monte, A.M.,
Principal,
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

The roster of students attending the Seminary in 1860-61 shows ninety-three girls (six "La Montes") and 153 boys. There were several score students from New York State, including New York City, twenty-eight from New Jersey, twenty-one from the New England States, nineteen from Pennsylvania. There were four students from the South and two from the Middle West.

Later, in 1865, the rest of the buildings of the Seminary were destroyed in yet another conflagration. The school carried on for five more years in an abandoned hotel in the village before it finally expired. My grandfather writes that the school to which "the Lamont family gave much in efforts and contributions, may be said to have had a history lasting about twenty years." Yet it had served its useful purposes. For ten years or more its enrollment had totaled from 250 to 300 students, and two or three times in its earlier years attendance had approached 400. It was a challenging example to other

communities: within six years after its founding in 1850 similar academies had been founded in eight different towns within fifty miles of Charlotteville. Certainly in the rural areas of New York State at this time the good people seemed eager in their pursuit of better education.

Grandfather Lamont's other brothers and sisters took to teaching like ducks to water. The 1861 Catalogue listed David Stilwell Lamont, my grandfather's older brother, as Registrar, and he had earlier taught in the grade school in Jefferson Village, New York. His identical twin, William T. Lamont, taught school in Worcester, New York, before later seeking a medical degree. I have a daguerreotype of these two great-uncles of mine, David and William. They were identical twins and their identical faces were adorned with identical beards, reminding one of the Smith Brothers of cough drop fame!

The oldest of Grandfather's brothers, Jacob, had taught school for four years in the 1840's. Then he married, became a farmer and later, in 1855, moved to Keokuk, Iowa. Great-uncle George La Monte started teaching at Gansevoort, Saratoga County, in 1852. Later, in 1856, after attending Union College, he taught at the Valley Institute and Female Seminary at Winchester, Virginia; and in the fall of 1857 his sister, my Great-aunt Jane, joined him there as a teacher of music. In June 1858 George married Rebecca Kern, another teacher in the school at Winchester. (Later, after the Civil War, George came north and became a man of business, as already mentioned.) Jane Lamont returned from Virginia to join the Charlotteville faculty in 1859. The Seminary's 1861 Catalogue lists her as "Preceptress and Teacher of Piano and Guitar Music." My great-uncle, Austin Lamont, the youngest brother of my grandfather, taught school in 1858 at Chatham, New York. William Lamont Wood, Grandfather's first cousin, had preceded him as Principal at Charlotteville; and

there were many other teachers among my grandfather's numerous cousins.

My Grandmother Lamont also came from a family of teachers. Her mother, Eleanor Ferguson, my great-grandmother, taught, before her marriage, in the district school in the village of Deposit, Delaware County. One of Great-grandmother Ferguson's brothers, Samuel Dunshee Ferguson, established in 1847 the Fergusonville Academy in Fergusonville, Delaware County, eight miles southwest of Charlotteville, downstream on Charlotte Creek. Fergusonville Academy kept its doors open for boys and girls on into the 1890's. Sandford Ferguson, another brother, was Superintendent of Schools in Delaware County; he later joined the administrative staff of the Fergusonville Academy. Grandmother Lamont's father, Walter P. Jayne, taught school in Waterbury, Connecticut, in the 1830's, before he embarked upon his African adventure which I earlier described.

This pattern of interest in education continued into the later generations. My uncle, Hammond Lamont, was an Instructor in English at Harvard and later Professor of English at Brown University. My father was long a Trustee of Phillips Exeter Academy and President of its Board. He served two terms as an Overseer of Harvard. He was a Trustee of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. My brother Corliss was for many years Lecturer on the Philosophy of Humanism at Columbia University. My brother Austin has taught and practiced anesthesia as a member of the medical faculty at the Johns Hopkins University and at the University of Pennsylvania. I have aspired to emulate my father in service to Exeter, Harvard and other educational foundations.

The next generation of our family circle has given evidence

of a similar attraction to the teaching profession. I have already mentioned my niece, Nancy Lamont Bowles, who with her husband has taught in Nigeria. Her sister Lavinia is married to Alan Rosenthal, member of the faculty of Hunter College in New York City. My nephew, Hayes Lamont, plans to follow the teaching profession after he has spent the next year or so in advanced scientific studies. Prior to her marriage my own daughter, Elinor, taught at Shady Hill School, Cambridge, and at Grace Church School, New York City, for a year each.

The Warriors

A characteristic of our ancestors was their readiness to fight for good causes. They fought to hold their lands and preserve the safety of their families on a dangerous frontier; and they fought for their personal freedom. First there were the Indian fighters. My great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, Nicholas Stilwell, was an Englishman who, for religious reasons in which he felt his individual liberty involved, chose to live with the Dutch of New Amsterdam. His bowery, or plantation, was well outside the walls of New Amsterdam at Deutil Bay, now the area in Manhattan called Turtle Bay. Unfriendly and thieving Indians made life in his country retreat almost too rough for Nicholas and his wife Ann and their nine children; so now and then they had to return to town—below the Wall—for a period.

But Nicholas Stilwell's adversities raised his dander and he achieved renown as an Indian fighter. It was said of him that he was bold and skillful in defense, vigorous and resourceful in battle. He was chosen by the burghers of New Amsterdam to be leader of their military company, and he was given the rank of lieutenant by the Dutch Government. His military ardor carried him far afield. In 1644 Nicholas Stilwell left

New Amsterdam to serve a year as leader of the forces organized by the English colonists in Virginia to prosecute their recently renewed hostilities against the Indians. Incidentally, it is of interest to note that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the ranks of lieutenant, captain and major, whether of Colonial soldiers of the King or in Washington's armies, carried with them command responsibilities over bodies of troops considerably larger in number than such ranks commanded in our recent wars.

My great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, Major William Bradford, was also a doughty Indian fighter. He led the Colonial troops in the Narragansett Fort Battle of King Philip's War, December 19, 1676; and he was wounded in that action. Major William was the son of an even more distinguished father, William Bradford, who sailed to America aboard the good ship *Mayflower* in 1620, and served from 1621 onwards for forty-two years as Governor of Plymouth Colony. The Governor, my grandfather prefixed by seven "greats," was the first of our ancestors in direct line to set foot upon the American continent.

My grandfather, to the sixth "great," James Fitch, as well as his son, my grandfather to the fifth "great," James Fitch II, were both in active service for their King in the French and Indian Wars. So were other ancestors of mine in the last half of the seventeenth century.

It would be an endless effort in genealogical research were I to attempt to learn all that my many ancestors of the late eighteenth century were doing during the Revolutionary period. I imagine that some were Tories, unswerving in loyalty to King and Crown; if so, they too were brave. The readily available family records tell only of my Patriot ancestors. From them I have extracted the information that at least six of my sixteen great-great-great-grandfathers—and

there may well have been more—served in George Washington's armies: an Allen, a Corliss, a Fitch, a Parmelee, a Lansing and a Lamont.

The Allen was David Allen. He was lieutenant in the Fourth Regiment of Connecticut Militia. His home and barns and shop at Fairfield, Connecticut, were destroyed in the raid of the British forces on Fairfield, July 7-8, 1779. Elihu Corliss, of the New Hampshire Militia, fought at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and in 1777 he served for a time in the garrison at Fort Ticonderoga. Jabez Fitch seems to have had a record of continuous service with a Connecticut regiment from 1775 through 1780. He held the rank of captain. Hezekiah Parmelee, Jr., was a member of the Connecticut Militia. Cornelius Lansing was a captain commanding the Sixth Regiment of the Albany County Militia which was engaged at the Battle of Saratoga, October 1777, when the English under General Burgoyne were defeated. He would not have known young Private William Lamont of the Ninth Regiment of the Albany County Militia which also fought at Saratoga.

Private William, my great-great-great-grandfather, served the Patriot forces with honor; so did both his brothers. William began his service in 1775 at the age of nineteen. He was in uniform off and on for six different periods through June 1780; and, as indicated above, he served in the Battle of Saratoga and throughout the prior campaign of which it was the successful culmination. His army record was typical of many: active service for a period of months, release to work on the farm, return to military duty again. William's brother, John, while fighting on the frontier, was captured by Indians under the command of Brant, the famous Indian leader. John Lamont remained in captivity for two or three years. His Indian captors forced him to run the gauntlet; and in this test of courage he performed with such sang-froid that he was

presented with a squaw. However, the red lady did not so attract his affections as to deter him from an eventual escape back to his own people. His son, Captain John Lamont, Jr., fought and died by a British bullet in the War of 1812. The details are recounted in Grandfather Lamont's book. William Lamont, Jr., my great-great-grandfather, was captain of the local military company in Fulton, New York, during the War of 1812, but perhaps due to his age, he did not see active service.

Throughout most of our nation's wars there were always some ancestors, collateral as well as direct, to be found in the fighting forces. The record is unclear as to which of our direct forebears in the Jayne family may have fought in the Revolution. In any event, the original William Jayne had six sons, and his six sons had twenty-one sons, and the twenty-one sons had sixty sons, many of whom were of fighting age at the time of the Revolution. Grandfather Lamont's book indicates that Jaynes entered the Revolutionary armies by the dozens. My great-great-grandfather, Peter Jayne, was born in 1779, much too late to be a Revolutionary soldier, but he had older brothers who participated in the Revolution, and one of them lost his life in the assault on Fort Washington, November 16, 1776. In the War of 1812, of the seven sons (and five daughters) of my great-great-grandparents, the James Fergusons, the two oldest sons while still in their teens joined the American Army as volunteers.

When the Civil War came the sons of my great-grandfather, Thomas W. Lamont, unlike the sons of his great-grandfather, Robert, in the War of Independence, did not join the colors. My Grandfather Lamont, when drafted for the Army, hired a substitute to take his place; and I find no record of military service by my great-uncles. The engagement of substitutes was a very common practice, permitted

by the Federal Government and followed by many thousands of young men in the North. Large numbers of immigrants, mostly from Ireland, newly arrived and arriving at Atlantic ports, were ready to serve as mercenaries for those who were willing to pay them $100 or so.

During the Civil War Grandfather Lamont continued for a time with his job at the Seminary in Charlotteville. Then in 1862 he returned full-time to his calling as a Methodist minister, assigned by the Church to occupy the pulpit in the small village of Ridgebury, New York. He records in his book: "Those were the days when ministers needed to be extremely careful in their pulpits as to allusions to any political questions. I made no secret of my sympathy with the national Administration in its efforts to crush the rebellion and save the Union, and I made it a habit publicly to pray for our rulers, our country and our armies. Some members did not like it. They said: 'The Dominie is a rabid, black Republican.' I was accused of preaching politics when I had no thought of doing so."

I am not familiar with the course of public opinion during the Civil War in rural sections of our country, but I have always been puzzled by these statements of my grandfather's. It was surprising to me to learn that a congregation of Methodist farmers in a small upstate New York community would take umbrage at a minister's prayers for the unity of his country and the victory of its armed forces.

I have a diary which Grandfather Lamont kept. It runs from 1860 to 1916; and it contains, throughout the Civil War period, numerous detailed allusions to the war news and frequent expressions of hope and prayer for a Northern victory. Yet on balance the evidence indicates that the Lamonts of the 1860's were not imbued with the same patriotic ardor

which characterized Lamonts in earlier and in later tribulations of our nation.

Grandpa Corliss volunteered for the army at the outbreak of the Civil War but was turned down on account of an asthmatic condition.

The family once again served with credit in World Wars I and II. My first cousin, Gordon Lamont, Uncle Hammond's son, has written me a gay letter describing his miliary service in World War I:

"I succeeded in getting in the first Officers' Training Camp at Madison Barracks, N. Y., in the spring of 1917. As you may have heard, at Exeter and Harvard I was known as 'Skinny' Lamont, and with good reason. I weighed 125 pounds and was six feet tall. I didn't fit the picture of a good soldier. But I drank about two quarts of water, crouched an inch off my height, and the kind-hearted examiner passed me. But at Madison Barracks my sin found me out. What with the drill and the marching, and the really terrible food, I even lost a pound or two, and the medical examinations were made without giving me a chance to get to the water spigot. They carried me up to the end, but refused me a commission on medical grounds. Even the draft would not have me.

"After that slap in the face I went to the Royal Canadian Flying Corps recruiting fellow on Fifth Ave.; and they would take you if you had a pulse. They bought me a ticket to Toronto, and after the usual ground school I was posted to flight training. (This was still in 1917.) I got my wings and commission as second lieutenant, but instead of being sent overseas, I was assigned to the job of pilot instructor. The armistice found me at the School for Special Flying, Armour Heights, where I and other dizzy pilots were engaged in what was then known as 'precision flying.' In this group we convinced ourselves that we were the very hottest pilots who

ever touched the joy stick of that flying orange crate known as the Curtiss Jenny! But we had never fired a machine gun in anger."

Another Lamont, cousin and friend, fought and died gloriously in World War II. He was Rogers Lamont, son of William Stanley Lamont, my father's first cousin. The first Thomas William Lamont was our common great-grandfather. Rogers was a partner in the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell of New York City. From Hitler's earliest days Rogers felt that eventually this evil Pied Piper would lead the German people into aggressive war against the neighboring nations of Europe. He made up his mind that were this to happen he would do all that he could to defend Liberty. To him, as it has meant to so many idealistic and sensitive individuals in the history of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, this meant his personal involvement in military service. Immediately following Great Britain's declaration of war, after the Nazi invasion of Poland, Rogers Lamont went overseas by way of Canada. Once in England he volunteered as an army cadet and was accepted. Rogers was then forty years old, a bachelor, a wise and mature man. He was bound by no particular sentimental ties to England; but like his ancestors of Revolutionary days he was bound by the ties of honor and high ideals to the cause of Freedom which England led.

After serving in Artillery Training School, Rogers was commissioned a captain in the Tenth Field Regiment and sent to France. He was killed in action on May 27, 1940, as his artillery regiment covered the retreat to Dunkirk; his armored vehicle received a direct hit from a German antitank gun. His commanding officer wrote: "He was as good an officer as one could have wished to soldier with, and extremely daring and cool-headed in action." He was the first American to die in combat as an officer in the Second World War. His

partner, John Foster Dulles, wrote of him: "There are all too few of his type in every generation; idealistic to the bone, he was an able, gallant and unselfish figure, courageous in life as in death. The like of him we shall not soon see again."

Even my father, aged seventy-one at the time of Pearl Harbor, found a military activity in World War II—an activity which for a time heavily engaged his mind and energy. He headed a civilian committee appointed by Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, to cooperate with the Army Air Forces in collecting all manner of maps, photographs and other information which could be guides to the location and to the relative importance of manufacturing plants on the European continent. His own familiarity with European industry, and his acquaintance with other American businessmen having specialized knowledge in this field, made him an ideal leader for this particular project. And of equal importance, his stature in the American business community made it easier to attract the interest and cooperation of all American industries that were in a position to contribute information to our Air Forces. From the material gathered under my father's direction the staff of our Air Force received the greatest help in selecting important targets for our bomber commands in Europe.

My own service in World War I was insignificant. I was a member of the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps during my freshman year, 1917-18. I attended the summer encampment of the Harvard ROTC in 1918 and then enlisted in the United States Army. I was admitted to the Field Artillery Officers' Training Corps and ordered to report at Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky, early in November. I was there only a week before the armistice was signed on November 11th. I remained there in training till mid-December. However, when we officer candidates were

given an opportunity to obtain an immediate honorable discharge I applied and received it. I arrived home by Christmas proudly strutting about in the uniform of a private.

In World War II, I again enlisted and flew overseas to England in July 1942 as a major in the Services of Supply. I was stationed in London. Soon after reaching there, I obtained orders assigning me to continued service in London but with the Eighth Air Force. My job was the procurement from British sources of supplies, equipment and services under Reverse Lend Lease. Our procurement unit spent the equivalent of hundreds of millions of dollars in obtaining for our air forces, through the Royal Air Force and the Ministry of Aircraft Production, huge quantities of general supplies and aircraft equipment, much of the latter being highly technical and specialized. Without this important help from the British, our bombers and other aircraft of America's strategic air forces based in the United Kingdom would have been much longer delayed in becoming operational and much less effective in action.

During my service in London in the years 1942-44 raids by German aircraft dropping high explosive bombs were not infrequent. Anyone who lived in that embattled city in those days will vividly recall the mournful wail of the sirens announcing that enemy bombers were about to pay a visit. After the sirens had given their warning there would be an uneasy quiet for a minute or two, and then one would begin to hear the distant booming of the antiaircraft guns, as London's outer defenses tried to impede the progress of the Germans in their flight to the center of the city. The sounds of an air raid always reminded me of an approaching summer storm, though the action was, of course, in much faster tempo. There were the first claps of thunder in the remote distance, and then the rising crescendo of noise as the storm's center came nearer.

It was only a few minutes after the first warning before the Germans were overhead and the night skies crisscrossed by a hundred searchlights attempting to pinpoint the bombers for the antiaircraft gunners. The storm center was upon us and the thunder of London's ack-ack guns—supplemented in late 1943 by the roar of Hyde Park's massive rocket barrage—made, together with the bomb detonations themselves, a deafening cacophony. Two or three times in the so-called Little Blitz of March 1944 there was a downpour of incendiary bombs with resultant conflagrations. I remember one such raid where the number of separate fires in the neighborhood of my apartment house was considerably more than the fire brigades could attend to.

A week after D-Day, that is, on June 13, 1944, the Germans started the bombardment of London with their V-1, jet-powered, flying bombs, commonly called buzz bombs. This attack was much more unpleasant and more devastating than the air raids which I had experienced. For some weeks the buzz bombs, flying noisily only a few hundred feet overhead, came almost continuously day and night. But by the end of July gradually improving defense techniques had changed the steady rain of explosives to an occasional drizzle. Altogether 7,840 of these flying bombs and another 500 rocket missiles (V-2's) came to England. There was no defense against the latter, and almost all of them found their London target. Of the flying bombs (V-1's) about 2,500 got through the defenses on the South Coast and hit London. Buzz bombs were not blockbusters, but one of them could completely destroy two ordinary-sized city homes or a church or a theater. The flying bombs and, to a much smaller extent, the rockets caused heavy destruction and casualties, with 8,908 killed and 24,448 injured, mostly in London.

The officers of the American military contingents based in

London had to get on with their jobs. We were the supporting services for thousands of our troops and men of our tactical air forces already on the Normandy beachhead. We could not seek protection every time we heard or saw a buzz bomb coming in our direction. Nor could the people of London run away either. In point of time a minute, and in distance 300 yards, I missed the fall and explosion of buzz bombs several times. So did a million others.

I remained in London until early July 1944 when, having previously transferred to the Ninth Air Force, the tactical force in direct support of our troops, I crossed the Channel to Normandy. In Normandy, particularly before July 25th when the American forces finally made their break-out through the German defenses at St. Lo—and put the Heinies on the run—I experienced the excitement which comes with nearness to the front line and with hearing and seeing guns fired in anger. A tent pitched on a pasture in the Normandy beachhead was not replete with all the comforts of a London flat or office, and enemy aircraft made the nights unpleasantly noisy. However, on balance, life for me in Normandy, minus buzz bombs, was much less tense than in London, plus buzz bombs. I remained in France for the rest of the summer. For various reasons I sought a discharge from the Air Force prior to the war's end, and I retired from active service in October 1944 with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

The war record of my own son, Thomas William Lamont II, has been set down in another volume. He volunteered as a submariner, and upon his third patrol in Far Eastern waters his ship was lost and he never returned. In connection with a memorial to my son at Phillips Exeter Academy, my dear friend, Francis T. P. Plimpton, wrote a poem which describes Tommy's qualities of mind and heart and refers to the hon-

ored name he bore, the name of his grandfather and of his great-great-grandfather. Francis Plimpton wrote:

I

He bore an honored name, another's name
That stood for high achievement, leadership—
Most boys who start with someone else's fame
Are quite content to let their lives just slip
Along prepared and easy grooves; not he—
He was himself, and no one else. He thought
His own way through until he reached the free
Convictions of a searching mind that's taught
But tests the teaching. His the sturdy kind
Of independent thinking that insists
That no idea has any right to bind
Men to it, but that each idea exists
For man, not man for it. And so began
What happens here—a boy becomes a man.

II

Whatever others did, he stood erect
And straight for what he thought was right, without
The unsecure and qualified effect
That's left by those whose faith is really doubt.
And then the war, that cut across the length
Of all our lives. His generation lost?
Not lost, but found in their awakened strength—
They faced their task although they knew the cost.
He chose the silent service, submarines,
Where courage isn't flame, but means the test
Of taut and tightened nerves against machines.
And now—the restless sea, it gives him rest.
He bore an honored name, but what is more
He added honor to the name he bore.

Tommy's brother Edward, two years his junior, served in the Navy toward the end of the war and was in the V-12 Naval Officers' course at Princeton when the peace came.

Pioneers Don't Stay Put

As stated earlier, Great-great-grandfather William Lamont, Jr., the first Lamont to settle at the crossroads which later became Charlotteville, had twelve children; and each of them, including especially my Great-grandfather Thomas William Lamont, reared very large families. By the middle of the century Charlotteville was mostly Lamonts or their relatives, as the old village graveyard still bears witness. Yet there was also a certain amount of leakage out of Charlotteville. The Lamonts of Scotland, and for that matter the Scottish people as a whole, have always tended to leave home and settle in regions far away. So, in due course, did the Lamonts of Charlotteville.

It is fairly clear from his book that for himself my Grandfather Lamont was quite content to remain in the Hudson Valley. He was less adventurous than his forebears or even his descendants. He wrote with a measure of disapproval of the departure from Charlotteville of his brother, Jacob, his sister, Elizabeth, and his cousin, William L. Wood, all three of whom went west to settle in Iowa. As I have already written, his brother George married a girl of Winchester, Virginia, and lived there till after the Civil War. Beyond Grandfather's brief mention of the two brothers and the one sister who departed the Charlotteville family circle, and who were obviously regarded by him as rather restless creatures, he failed to make a clear record in his book of where some others of his lively brothers and sisters and cousins wandered. But wander they did, and perhaps after further research I can discover whence.

It is apparent that many Lamonts went west year by year, and in increasing numbers, throughout the nineteenth century and on into the first quarter of this century. I would be reasonably sure that some of these Lamonts—cousins and second cousins of my father, grandfather and great-grandfather—were responsible for the fact that there are eight communities in our country and one in Canada named Lamont. The family metropolis is the town of Lamont, California, with a population of 3,600 people; in fact, of all places bearing our name, except a village in Alberta, it is the only Lamont that boasts a population in excess of 600! The good people who made these communities in Idaho, Oklahoma, Wyoming and other states did not give them names like Lamontville or Lamontown. With proud and admirable forthrightness they named their villages Lamont. Indeed, there is only one town named Smith in the United States, only six named Jones, only one Kelly. But mark you, eight Lamonts!

Here I shall digress, later to make my point. My Grandmother Lamont and her brother and sister often visited Fergusonville, Kortright Centre and Walton, the little villages in Delaware County where so many of their mother's family, the Fergusons, had settled. Thus it happened that Grandfather Lamont, who lived in the neighboring village of Charlotteville, met my grandmother. And it was when visiting Fergusonville that her sister Sarah likewise found her husband, George B. Oliver. A local Fergusonville boy, he was a student at her Uncle Samuel's academy.

In the course of a Directors' trip on the Santa Fe Railway in 1948 I visited the great Palomar Observatory in southern California. We got off the train early of a May morning at the town of Escondido, thence to motor over the mountains to Palomar. As I stood on the station platform awaiting our bus, I was introduced to a Mrs. Rombauer—now Mrs. Woods

—of the Santa Fe staff at the Escondido station. My visit with this charming lady was from my point of view all too brief. She had an idea, she said, that she might in some way be related to me. As she told me of her parentage I exclaimed: "Related? Why, of course! We are second cousins." Mrs. Woods' grandmother was none other than my great-aunt, Sarah Jayne Oliver, born 1836; and Caroline Oliver, the mother of my new-found cousin, was Great-aunt Sarah's first child, born in Fergusonville in 1859. From Dorothy Woods I have subsequently learned more of Great-aunt Sarah Jayne and the Olivers.

George Oliver was a very lively young man, and in 1856 or soon thereafter he went to California to teach. But before his departure he had become engaged to Miss Sarah. Early in 1858 she too took passage from New York to San Francisco. Her first letter home described the long voyage around Cape Horn on a sailing ship. She wrote with a measure of gay and understandable satisfaction: "I never had to go to dinner alone. I always had an escort." Doubtless Sarah Jayne's charm had a strong appeal to the California-bound escorts, but she remained single-minded in her purpose to join her betrothed, as soon she did, at Stockton in the San Joaquin Valley. There she married George Oliver in June 1858.

The alliance of Fergusons and Olivers had the highest Ferguson approval. This is attested by the following letter of recommendation which Sarah's uncle, Sandford Ferguson, Warden of the Fergusonville Academy, wrote in December 1855 for his future nephew by marriage, just before the latter sailed for California: "Being personally acquainted with Geo. B. Oliver, who has, for two years past, been a student in the Fergusonville Academy, I am happy to say, he is a young man of irreproachable moral Character, and of unexceptionable personal habits. He is very Cheerfully Commended to the

favorable regards of those with whom he may become associated."

The young Olivers returned to Fergusonville within a year and busied themselves in building a family. In 1870, once again, and for good—and with four small children—they turned their backs upon the East and went to Burlingame, Kansas. Here George Oliver turned from teaching to farming and shopkeeping. But the lure of the Far West remained strong; and after about twenty-five years in Kansas, George and Sarah Oliver with three of their daughters followed the setting sun to Rialto, California. There on the edge of the desert the Olivers and their three able and active daughters developed a fine grove of orange trees. From time to time they sent boxes of their oranges back across the continent to the relatives they had left behind. Mrs. Woods has given me a letter written by my Grandmother Lamont to her sister Sarah in February 1900. Grandmother was acknowledging the gift of a box of "delicious" oranges. Such a delicacy was one which at that time a minister's wife in the Northeast could ill afford to purchase. My grandmother was grateful for "the chance of eating all the oranges I wanted for *just once*."

Meanwhile, in 1888, Caroline, the Olivers' oldest child, married Melville L. Howell, and they settled on a cattle ranch near Burlingame. In 1905, some years after the senior Olivers had gone to California, the Howells—lock, stock and barrel and eight children—pushed on, beyond the Sierras, close to the shores of the Pacific.

Thus it has come about that descendants of my great-grandparents, Walter and Eleanor Ferguson Jayne, are now legion throughout southern California. In or about Escondido alone there are over forty of them. The trail of travel blazed by Sarah Jayne, and the spread of her progeny across the nation, were characteristic of scores of our collateral forebears. La-

monts, Jaynes and Fergusons, like so many other Easterners, were seized by wanderlust, especially in the last half of the nineteenth century. Perhaps they felt "cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd" by the lovely little valleys of the Catskill Mountains. In any event, they left their valley farms in New York and they crossed Charlotte Creek and they crossed the Mississippi. They joined the great national trek ever pushing onward to the westering frontier.

Father used to boast about having forty-two first cousins, but as a boy I saw hardly any of them. That was because they had ended up in every part of our country except the East. That was why Father could write of his final visit to Charlotteville some thirty-five years ago: "The byways and the whole village were filled with ghosts. Lamonts had come, had seen and had conquered, and then had all gone, leaving only memories behind them."

The Writers

The Lamonts of the present and of recent generations have written a great deal. It has been in the family tradition. After college Father started his career as reporter for the New York *Tribune;* and prior to that he was President of the *Harvard Crimson*, as I myself later became. My library shelves contain many bound volumes of old school papers and college literary magazines to which my father or my sons contributed. My son Tommy was editor of the *Phillips Exeter Monthly*, and the volume, *Things To Be Remembered*, attests his skill as a writer of prose and poetry, diaries and letters. My son Lansing started his career as a newspaperman and is now a reporter on the staff of *Time* in its Washington Bureau. Then also, of course, I have the books by both my parents to which reference is made in my brother's Memoir; and my collection includes Corliss' own numerous volumes.

Father's older brother, Uncle Hammond, took his first job after college as a reporter on the *Post Intelligencer* of Seattle. Later, as I have already mentioned, he became a member of the faculties, successively, at Harvard and Brown. During his academic years he wrote a book on rhetoric and one or two other textbooks on English composition; at the turn of the century these were widely used in the schools of this country. Uncle Hammond became managing editor of the *New York Evening Post* in 1901, and in 1907 editor of *The Nation*, which was a weekly magazine well regarded in the literary world and known for its vigorous expression of liberal opinion. Uncle Hammond's son Gordon was a reporter on the *New York Evening Post* and for three years its city editor.

My uncle, John P. Gavit, who married my father's sister Lucy, had a long career as a newspaperman with the *Hartford Courant*, the *Albany Journal* and other publications. For some years he headed the Washington Bureau of the Associated Press, and he later became managing editor of the *New York Evening Post*. The three best books he wrote are on my shelves.

We Share Our Pride of Past

Having identified some of our ancestors individually by word and deed, I would question the prideful implications of my story. Why should an American heritage which goes back to the seventeenth century warrant more pride of past than the heritage of parents or grandparents who may have come to this country only fifty years ago or less? The latter were usually classified as "immigrants," but they too were pioneers. By what right or reason can one evaluate less highly the quality of an immigrant's courage than that of an earlier settler on our continent? It will be argued that the life of the earlier pioneers was a much harder one and their risks greater.

That is true, but it is also true that life in the British Isles and throughout Europe was much more difficult in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than in the nineteenth. Thus the strength of will required of one who was setting forth to a new life in a new world may have been of like measure at all times. I make this point so that, as we think of our own forefathers' bravery and initiative, we remember also that those qualities are not exclusively inherent in an ancestry like ours which is readily traced back to the earliest Colonial days.

Nor should we Lamonts forget that many thousands, perhaps millions, of other Americans can boast as easily as we—and some more impressively!—that they were of Colonial stock. I doubt not that many thousands of our countrymen could, if they wished, write as I have of ancestors whose lives were equally deserving of their descendants' pride.

Some readers may feel that I have given an impression that I assumed our forebears to be the exclusive possession of our small branch of Lamonts. A look at the past generations of Lamonts clearly reveals that we can have no monopoly of pride even in as recent ancestors as Great-grandfather Thomas William Lamont and his good wife, Elizabeth. Their descendants are now numbered in the hundreds. Therefore, as we think proudly of our fine heritage, let us not forget that we share the same ancestors equally with thousands of other living Americans.

There must be, for example, several score thousands of Americans who can claim, as I have, direct descent from William Bradford. The Governor was of the seventh generation of my great-grandfathers, which makes him only one of 512 grandparents of mine in his generation. Thus the blood of this Puritan, to the extent that we Lamonts possess it, can be no more than a few drops in each of us. Should any of us happen to have characteristics akin to Bradford's, it would be coin-

cidental rather than hereditary. It could be argued, therefore, that this paper of mine implies too intimate a relationship with our earliest forebears in New England and New York—the Bradfords and Stilwells, the Jaynes and the Lansings. But interesting, lively and courageous people are worth writing about; and they were our grandsires from whom we are directly descended. I claim no more than that.

Actually, beginning with William Bradford's generation of my ancestors, I have had a total of 1,020 grandparents! Today's Lamonts may perchance through heredity have acquired a few of the traits of our earlier ancestors. It is likely, however, that a much larger hereditary influence upon the Lamonts in my generation would be the talents and temperaments of the recent generations—our parents, our grandparents and our eight great-grandparents: a Lamont, a Paine, a Jayne, a Ferguson, a Corliss, a Hoyt, a Parmelee and an Allen.

And heredity, of course, includes the bad with the good. My parents, grandparents and great-grandparents were all good people. Yet among my forebears it would be normal to expect that some few had been men and women whose aspirations were not high and whose manners and mores were second-rate. Surely in such a numerous company of grandparents there must have been ne'er-do-wells and rolling stones. Yet neither in my grandfather's book nor from family memorabilia have I been able to find any reference to our black sheep. They remain hidden in the past.

Lamonts Past and Present—The Contrasting Lives

As indicated in an earlier section, our forebears in America up to the middle of the nineteenth century were, in the making of their families, greatly influenced by the necessity to provide both physical and economic security. The agricultural economy of the new continent encouraged a binding union

of husband and wife and a unity of the whole family. There was in fact no great oversupply of wives ready to leave the seaboard towns and live in log cabins; and being scarce, their value to pioneer husbands was high and their position as homemakers and mothers quite secure. Economic necessity, therefore, was a great influence in preserving the family unity; but marriage vows, the sexual urge and love played their part then as now. In those tough old days the love of a husband and wife grew more tender as mutual respect developed from the sharing of hardships.

How utterly different were the lives of our ancestors from those lived by the Lamonts of the mid-twentieth century! None of us has had to join with our parents and brothers and sisters—after family prayers each morning—in sharing the hundred and one chores which were part of the everyday life of most of my American ancestors. None of us living Lamonts collects the ashes and the skillet drippings to make the soap. We do not drive the cattle, milk the cows and churn the butter. We do not clear the stones, hold the plough which the oxen pull, cradle the grain and thresh with the flail. We do not dig potatoes nor slop the hogs. We do not even get a chance to indulge our sweet tooth by tending a "sap-bush." No daughters are needed to help mothers bake the bread and sew the quilts. Where we happen to have a vegetable garden or a fruit orchard, I haven't noticed any Lamont mothers of today preserving their produce in order to keep their families well fed and healthy during the long winter. Instead we swallow little red capsules in order to get our winter's quota of vitamins. Further back, in the generations before my great-grandparents, there were the added chores of a pioneer life: clearing the forests, building the cabins, preparing defense against the Indians, fighting to create a new nation.

A little over a century ago social evolution in rural New

England and New York began to accelerate. Economic pressures changed. Itinerant labor became available. Textile mills started to produce cloth better in quality and cheaper in cost than that produced by my great-grandmothers on their spinning wheels and looms. Both the need for large families to run the farm and the economic importance of wives began to decline. Life eased up a bit and hardships, which bred mutual respect and love, were ameliorated. The growing cities of the nation attracted ambitious youth, and the old homestead lost its importance as the center of a unified family.

Of course, the average American family today has no easy time establishing itself upon a secure economic base. It is a real struggle for millions, and the struggle still strengthens character and nurtures mutual respect within the family. But with our small branch of Lamonts things are different. Thanks to America's freedom of opportunity open to my father, his children and his grandchildren inherited a good measure of material security. Our marriages and our families have to stand or fall—and they do both—without the same old-time economic compulsions to prop them up. The evidence indicates that our ancestors were for the most part a happy breed of men and women. I like to think that today's Lamont families are equally so, but circumstances make the achievement of happiness harder for us and for our children. This isn't a complaint. It is an inescapable fact.

So many of our forebears were highly motivated toward achieving a better life for their families. As a natural result many became leaders in their communities. Their spirits seemed indomitable. Today's easier conditions of life can discourage initiative. The high aspirations, the drive, the sense of purpose of the earlier Lamonts will be difficult to pass on to future generations. However, most members of the next generation—sons, daughters, nephews, nieces—are already hard

at work and appear serious in purpose. Is that good luck or a good upbringing or a good heritage? What of our grandchildren's generation? I don't know the answers.

Destiny and Duty

We have been brought up in an atmosphere pervaded by the high standards of performance of parents and grandparents for generations back. It is up to us to maintain that tradition of high performance, and to instill it in the generations which follow. We owe it to our Past, to ourselves and to our World. We must continuously and always explore our talents fully, seeking every challenge, and never leveling off our full efforts before we bump against the ceilings of our capacities. I hope the Lamonts will enjoy the benefits of abundance without becoming ensnared in its disadvantages. I hope they will find some equivalents of the frontier's hardships to strengthen their characters.

It is possible that those equivalents lie just ahead, still unseen by us whose sights are dim. Perhaps they are already here. Our country and our world may be nearer to the edge of a greater change than has been witnessed for centuries of history. I do not refer to a nuclear catastrophe (which I do not anticipate) or to a visit through space to the rest of the universe. I am speaking of our own world's future. It seems probable to me that the new forces of science, and the renewed aspirations for liberty and economic progress, which have found their power in the pervasive spread of modern communications—these may soon bring changes to our nation and the world, changes as basic as were the beginnings of a system of agriculture and the invention of the wheel so many millennia ago. All our institutions, our relationships between peoples and their governments and between nations, our societies and the nature and form of our economies—all

these may well be changed by the new forces and influences which are stirring the minds of men.

Thus I'm inclined to feel that Lamonts now living, as well as their descendants, may be faced with greater challenges and greater opportunities than their pioneer ancestors ever met. To prepare themselves for this future, Lamonts would be wise to tend the cultivation of the inner spirit, to reaffirm by their lives and thoughts their basic faith in a Divine Power, a Power which shapes our great world and even each of our own small worlds, a Power whom they would seek to please by their will to goodness. Beyond this fundamental way of life are all its outward manifestations including courage, energy, imagination and generosity.

The Lamonts must ever defend the cause of individual freedom within this society of ours which so frequently tends to curtail it. They must have the ability to discriminate between a happy dream and a practical solution—yet with tolerance of the dreamer and no easy acceptance of the opinions and acts of those who would oppose every change and of those who would abandon each worthy concept of our past. All these qualities may be required of Lamonts of the future much more than they were required of Lamonts of the past.

Grandson and Grandmother—The Captured Hearts

Several pages back I wrote of Love. I almost implied that it was something only to be found in log cabins. Yet every day of our lives its beauty blossoms about us, and love will find expression in all our families till the end of time. With all Lamonts of the future, as with Lamonts of the past, every hoped-for strength will be stronger when love is in their hearts. So this last chapter, written by others than I, will be of love.

I shall quote briefly from a letter written by a young man, and at greater length from a young lady's diary. Their expressions are alike in intensity of spirit, in the earnestness and reality of their emotion—of love newly come into their lives. Here are the inmost secrets of their hearts. Doubtless it never occurred to them that years later their thoughts would appear in print to warm the hearts of others, of those who would keep fresh every happy memory of them both. Yet, under all the circumstances, I doubt the writers would object to this revelation of their thoughts.

In a city in the northwest part of our country there lives a lady, a happy wife and mother with a long and tender memory. A year or so ago she gave me a final message which she had received from my sailor son Tommy, aged twenty, who loved her as she also loved him. He had written it early in June 1944, but a few days before he left on assignment to submarine duty in the Pacific, never again to return. He wrote:

"My dearest: I feel I should set down on paper a few thoughts while I have the time. . . . Most boys my age have had their lives before them, but for us there remains only the temporizing heaven of a week or so. . . . a week or so which will be shadowed and haunted by the terrible certainty of separation. . . . I love you, darling, and believe me these weeks, snatched with a smile and tear from the great, cruel, befuddled rush of war, have been the happiest in my life. . . . But why should I be sad when the very thought of you is a treasure few men find? I love you, darling, on and on into the stars which have no end."

The letter which I have quoted was written by my son fifty-two years *after* the diary I am about to quote. He was the first grandchild of Florence Corliss, my mother, the diarist. And this is from her diary which she started writing at Smith

College when she was eighteen years old. The first passage is for November 17, 1890:

"I went to . . . [Harvard's] Commencement [last June], and of course had a glorious time. The fellow I liked best was Thomas W. Lamont, Esq., now a junior. . . . He liked me quite a good deal too. Though I don't think he would pine away if he never saw me again. But I had *very* good fun with him. . . . We sat on the stairs and had fun. He announced some quite startling things about his head and heart. In spite of what that boy says, *I* think he is the worst flirt I ever met. Sunday afternoon we went to Mt. Auburn Cemetery. He walked with me. Monday we went on the Wellesley Drive. I sat with him. . . . That's the last time I've seen him. . . . "

"February 26, 1891—Well, the great 22nd has come and gone, and what a good time I did have! I asked Mr. Lamont up and he came. I like him very much, more than I ever liked anyone before. . . . I wore my old rose dress. I was very much rattled when I first saw him for I did not know what to say or how to act. . . . In the afternoon was the Glee Club concert. He had sent me two dozen lovely roses and I carried some of them—the yellow ones. He stood by the platform and I talked to him between times. . . . And then the evening—how shall I tell about that! I don't think I ever had such a nice time in my life. T.W.L. told me a lot of interesting things about myself and himself. I think he really likes me very much, and is not fooling with me as I thought. . . . We walked home via Hubbard House and my rubbers kept tumbling off. He said he would see me in the spring. Oh dear, I wish it would hurry and be spring."

"May 5, 1891—Last Saturday . . . I drove over to the Harvard-Amherst ball game. T.W.L. was there. . . . He said he would come up to the Hatfield House as soon as he got to Northampton. . . . So I was all ready and waiting real early.

At last we heard a heavy tread coming upstairs. I thought it might be the maid and held my breath in expectation and it was T.W.L.! Needless to say I was extremely happy. The next morning it poured. We went to church and after church took a walk in the pouring rain, which I enjoyed immensely. . . . After supper we took another walk, the nicest of all. . . . He left early the next morning. I wish I knew how well I liked him. I am so afraid to say I really like anyone very much after all that has happened to prove how fickle I am. So I guess I won't say it."

"Sunday, July 3, 1892—I was twenty years old last Friday. . . . [Tom] told me last night how dearly he loved me, and I told him I loved him too. . . ."

"September 27, 1892— . . . I am so glad I love Tom so much and so glad he loves me. I ought to be the thankfullest girl in the world. I do so long to be more and more to him—to be everything to him, to love him, to help him, to inspire him with every beautiful and fine thing. For he said I was an inspiration to him though I do not understand how. Dear Tom—I wish I could begin to be the fine girl he deserves to have and to love. But I shall try hard anyway."

And finally an undated letter writen on a Sunday evening sometime that same year:

"Tom dear, it does all seem so wonderful—that you should love me so very much, and that I should love you so very much. It all seems too good to be true. But it is true and I am very, very happy. I shall try so hard, dear, to be strong and true and unselfish and I shall love you so much, and I shall try to help you all I can about everything. I have thought of you a great deal today. . . . Good night, dear. . . . With love, Florence."

Sky Farm, *August 1962*
North Haven, Maine

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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—C. L.

Appendix

CLAN LAMONT NAMES AND SEPTS

FAMILY TREE

CLAN LAMONT NAMES

Lamond	La Monte	Lemond	MacLimont
Lamont	Lamound	Limond	M'Clymont
La Mont	Lawmont	Limont	MacLymont
	Lawmound	MacLamond	

CLAN LAMONT SEPTS

Black	Lyon	McIllewie	M'Sorle
Blue	M'Alduie	McIlquham	M'Sorley
Bourdon	McCaragan	McInnes	Toward
Brown	McConnochie	MacInturner	Towart
Lagman	McGildhuie	MacLucas	Turner
Lamb	M'Gilledow	MacPatrick	White
Landless	M'Gilligowie	McPhadrick	Whyte
Luke	McGillivie	M'Phorich	Yeats
	M'Gorrie	M'Queen	

LAMONT FAMILY TR

Thomas William Lamont
(b. Sept. 30, 1870, d. Feb. 2, 19

m.

Florence Haskell Corliss
(b. July 1, 1873, d. Dec. 29, 19

Thomas Stilwell Lamo
(b. Jan. 30, 1899)

m. Elinor Branscombe M
(b. Apr. 29, 1901)

oyden Lamb
, 1906)

Thomas William Lamont II
(b. Oct. 1, 1924,
d. April 1945)

Edward Miner Lamont
(b. Dec. 10, 1926)

m. Camille Hélene Buzby
(b. May 19, 1926)

Edward Miner Lamont, Jr.
(b. Jan. 3, 1954)

Helen Buzby Lamont
(b. Dec. 9, 1961)

Lansi erling Lamont
(b. M ec. 6, 1939)

m.
(b. Ja

Douglas Ranlet Lamont
(b. June 23, 1955)

Lavinia Llo
(b. Mar.

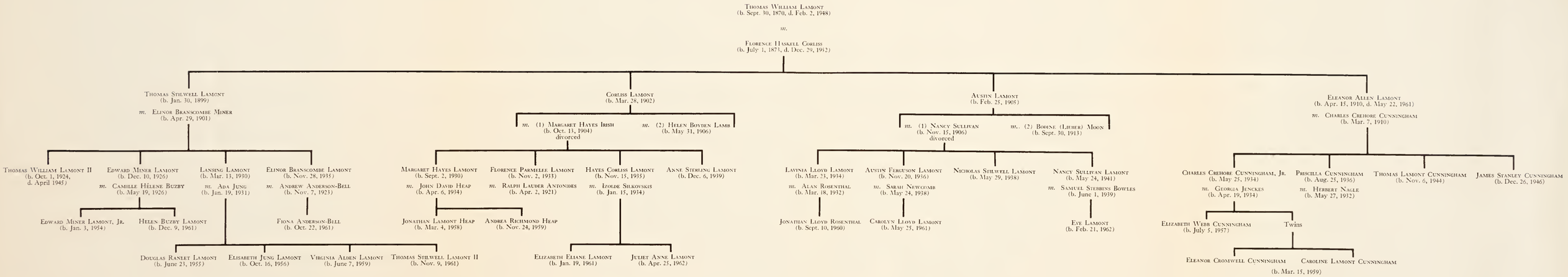
m. Alan
(b. Mar.

Jonathan Llo
(b. Sept.

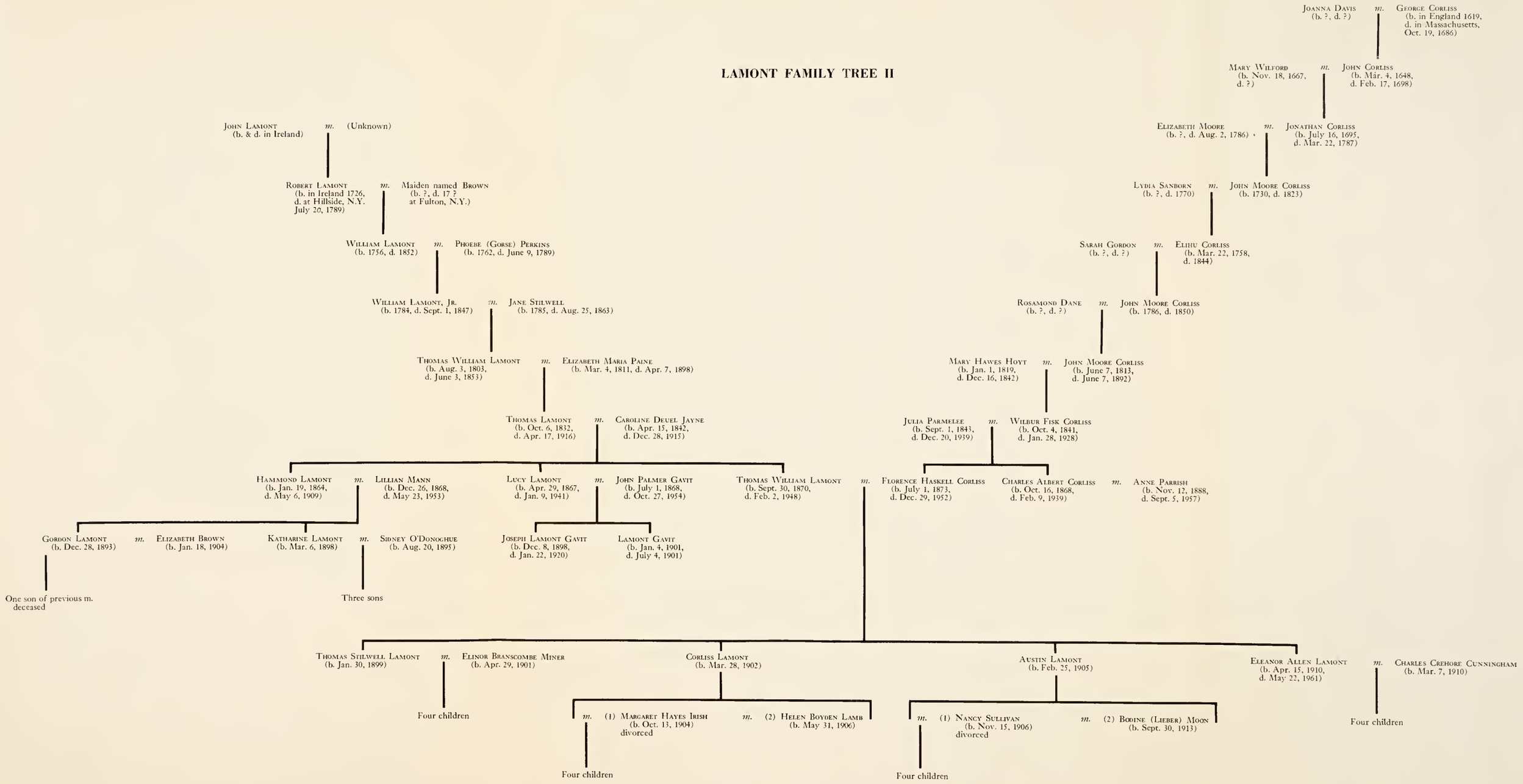
GORDON LAMONT *m.*
(b. Dec. 28, 1893)

One son of previous m.
deceased

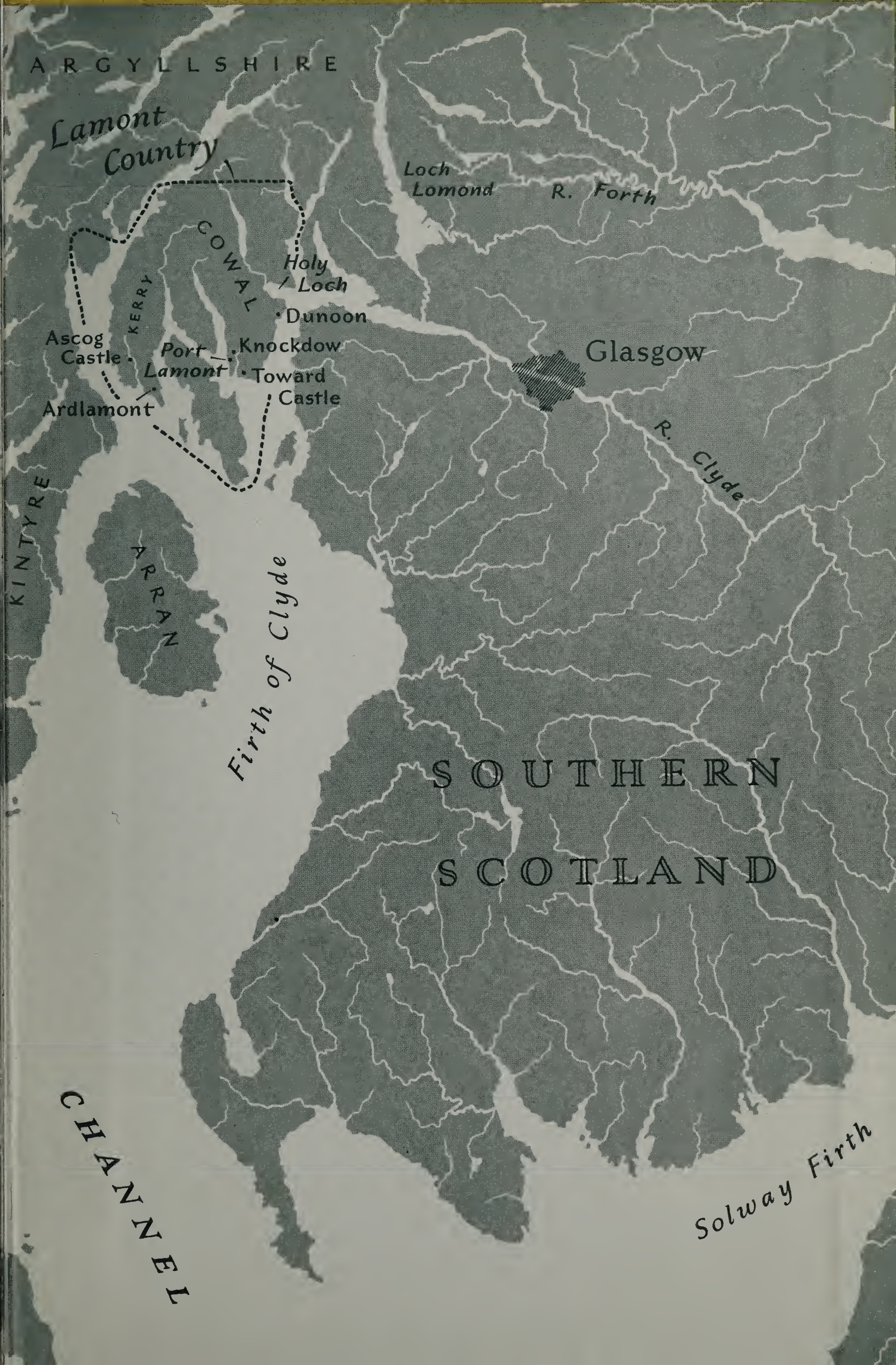
LAMONT FAMILY TREE I



LAMONT FAMILY TREE II



Original Lamont Country in Scotland and main locale of settlements in County Antrim, Ireland


ARGYLLSHIRE
Lamont Country
Loch Lomond
R. Forth
COWAL
KERRY
Holy Loch
Dunoon
Ascog Castle
Port Lamont
Knockdow
Toward Castle
Ardlamont
Glasgow
R. Clyde
KINTYRE
ARRAN
Firth of Clyde
SOUTHERN SCOTLAND
CHANNEL
Solway Firth